

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXI., No. 5 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. MAY, 1897

THE GROWTH OF HISTORICAL STUDY

Those who have the literary interests of the country at heart may find good cause for encouragement in the extraordinary growth of the historical feeling in this country during the past twenty years, and in the increasing activity of students and writers in the field of American history. Of the older group of historians, only one devoted his life exclusively to the study of our own early history. Motley found a noble subject in the heroic story of the Netherlands, Prescott wrote of Spain and Mexico, Irving found romantic material to his taste in Grenada and the adventures of Columbus. Bancroft alone among his contemporaries of the first rank found his field at his own door and worked it with life-long fidelity.

Parkman belongs to a later generation, although for so long a time contemporaneous with Bancroft; and it is one of our undischarged obligations to this long-suffering and fascinating writer that he first made Americans aware of the rich material within reach not only of their historians but of their novelists. The contact of the Spanish and the French with this continent was destined to be casual and temporary so far as political institutions and control were concerned, but it left everywhere a deposit of sentiment, feeling and romantic episode which makes rich soil for later writers of imagination. The introductory chapter to Miss Grace King's *New Orleans*, one of the most charming pieces of writing which has come from an American hand for many a day, and the stories and sketches of Gilbert Parker, C. G. D. Roberts and Mrs. Catherwood bring within our vision a mass of material rich in the potentialities of the drama and of fiction. The formal, monumental character of Bancroft's work makes it an impressive background for our historical activity, but it does not uncover the springs of poetry and romance in our early history. The recent historical movement is significant in its extent, its direction, its hints of possible literary uses, and in the deepening and widening response of popular interest which it is evoking. Mr. Fiske was one of its leaders in point of time, and remains one of its foremost figures. Probably no man has done so much to put a living sense of their past into the minds of Americans. His fresh feeling, lucidity of arrangement and charm of style have made history not only acceptable but fascinating to that large audience who must be entertained before they can be instructed. Then came in quick succession Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Schouler, Prof. McMaster, Prof. Woodrow Wilson, Dr. Edward Eggleston, to mention a few representative names, and to say nothing of men who, like the late Mr. Douglass Campbell, and those accomplished students of the Huguenot story, the late Dr. Baird and Prof. Henry M. Baird, have explored the courses of special streams of influence in the national development.

That the universities and colleges have had much to do with the widespread activity in historical study is beyond question. Twenty years ago history was taught, as a rule, in the most perfunctory fashion; the text-book was in possession of the field; the student learned his stint, heard a few lectures, and that was the end of the matter. To-day, under direction and guidance, the student deals with the sources and authorities as directly as his instructor. He studies past events with as deep an interest as he brings to the happenings of his own time, and he has made the great discovery that his own locality is stored with the material upon which the histories of development and tendency must be based. Such work as that which has been carried on at the Johns Hopkins University by Prof. Herbert B. Adams, has been of great value in freshening the historical feeling and uncovering the mass of historical material which had been so largely overlooked in this country. The recent historians have touched the sources of political habit and character, the springs of spiritual movement, much more clearly than their predecessors. They have visibly widened the popular no less than the professional conception of historical writing; they have made it inclusive of those more elusive but penetrating ideas and influences in which the secret of national character and spirit lies. There is, in consequence, a large and increasing number of well-trained scholars and writers in America, who are making faithful and searching investigations in many sections, and who are rapidly bringing the events of our national life into real order.

Further than this, the public interest has deepened and widened with the increasing activity of students and writers. Historical societies have sprung up in all parts of the country. Historical places, houses, localities and objects of every kind are being marked, cared for and cherished as never before. Private students are everywhere digging into the soil about them, and there is reason to hope not only that true civic pride is being developed, but that significant material may be brought to light. The reports of the public libraries show a demand for historical books, which is not only unprecedented in extent but which seems to evidence serious and systematic study on the part of a rapidly increasing number of men and women. It is significant that so many people are looking up their pedigrees and investigating their personal relations with the past; that ancestral participation in the Colonial and Revolutionary struggles is coming to be highly prized. There is no doubt a great deal of snobbishness and some vulgarity in this particular development of the historical feeling; but there is something real behind it. Americans are coming at last to that national self-consciousness which not only includes all sections of the national life but the past as well.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

EDITOR'S SYMPOSIUM

AN OPEN TABLE-TALK ROUND THE LITERARY BOARD, WHEREAT ANY MAY SPEAK WHOSE ART IS NOT TOO AWKWARD TO UNITE TRUTH AND BREVITY WITH COURTESY AND WIT

MARCH melts into April, April warms into May, and still with daily avidity we skim the newspapers beside our morning coffee and cross-examine the periodicals under our evening lamps, for the latest tidings or the most animated or lucid accounts concerning the scene and fortunes of two heroic and bloody struggles. These two beautiful islands, lying thousands of miles apart, strangers to each other and differing in territorial extent as four is to one, are yet most interestingly alike in maritime situation, in shape, topography, climate, fertility, the distribution of their ports, their commercial privations, their political hardships, the extent of their civilization, and their pending insurrectionary struggle for larger and better liberty, and our interest in both of them is sustained and quite equaled by our eager and hopeful sympathy for their insurgent patriots. But what is the fundamental basis of our ardent wishes for the success of both these revolts, one of which, the one in the Mediterranean, is likely to have triumphed before this page can get printed? Is our sympathy romantic and theatrical, or is it rational and well timed?

We call both these fierce uprisings patriotic—certainly. But is their patriotism—as the schoolboys' debating societies say concerning conscience—is their patriotism a "correct moral guide" for our sympathies? There are those who are beginning to call patriotism an antiquated virtue scarcely up to date and a trifle narrow for the cosmopolitan breadth of view in keeping with our day. We have actually attained, it seems—not so certainly in Congress, but in reform clubs and elsewhere—such a pitch of humanity, or something, that patriotism with arms in her hands and blood on her brow has to explain herself.

And after all, is it wise to treat this fact ironically? Had we not better take it in simple earnest, as something which not only is but is right? Men rise and slay, or fall and die, in the name of self-government, but the question still besets them and us, Will their self-government, when they win it, be better, and enough better, than the government against which they are rebelling? We really can't think

A Bit of Theory as to Patriotism much of a Sioux Indian's patriotism. True, a suffering and exasperated people may rise in pure frenzy, unprepared, and with no clear designs for the future, and yet deserve a whole world's sympathy; but even so, that sympathy will find it hard to keep up with that patriotism, if the patriotism does not make haste to plan and pledge a future better, largely better, than the past. A modern patriotism has got to have ideas as well as emotions; profound purposes as deep and true as its ardor is reckless and devoted; "honorable intentions" along with its "grand passion," toward civil liberty. To put it roughly, patriotism without politics, like faith without works, is dead. At least it is a gun without ammunition.

But here lies the pleasant aspect of the present

matter; it is the good politics behind the patriotism of the Cretans and of the Cubans, as compared with the politics against which they have risen, that holds the best claim to our plaudits. The bottom secret of our wish to see the followers of Gomez triumph is not our all but incurable American tendency to side with the weaker for right or wrong so only he is brave. Nor is it the mere emotional magic of any such catch-word as that America must be ruled only by Americans. Jamaica or Barbadoes revolting against England, or Martinique against France, would win from us no such approval. We have no disdain for, or impatience with, Canada, because she still affectionately cherishes the rule of a transatlantic sovereign. It is not that we feel at all sure that "Cuba free" will be, at any near date, Cuba prosperous, orderly, secure, enlightened, refined and happy; we remember Mexico, as she was through all the middle third of the century; and we see Brazil to-day. No; whatever this Cuban rebellion stands for on its own island, in the depths of our sympathies it signifies—however unmoved our own political boundaries may remain—the overthrow of the most odious remnant, and last American stronghold, of the seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century colonial policy of European dynastic power. It signifies—however unchanged our own political boundaries, with which we are so cheerfully satisfied, may remain—the extension, to the fairest of the Antilles, of those principles of free representative government, whether definitely or only virtually republican, which have swept monarchical greed and oppression off the two vast mainlands of America.

As to Crete it is much the same. These great theories and systems of political liberty which we so proudly call American, the Englishman rightly enough calls British and the Frenchman quite as justly calls French. The best name to give them—using the word in its historical and geographical significance—the one name almost, though possibly not quite, comprehensive enough—is Christian. It is a fact of which at times we may be only half-conscious, that that is the meaning we give this term when we oppose it to Turkish or Moslem. It is not mainly or at best for their Christian religion we side with men who too often massacre their suppliant foes and who do not always stay the sword for sex or age; it is for their affinity, however primitive and faulty, with Christian civilization as a whole and its ideals of civil liberty and social order.

THE Greeks, whose intrepid espousal of the Cretan cause has, up to the present writing at least, put them into such brilliant contrast to the seven great powers, say much about the brave islanders being of their own blood, Greeks. But, really, is that what they mean, or is it not rather only a small part, or even only a shadow of their best meaning? Of all illustrious races the Greeks have always been the

The Patriotism of Ideas

hardest to hold together by the bonds of race. In the days of their ancient glory they never held stanchly together save in moments of profoundest peril. No, the "Pan-Hellenic idea" means not mainly the reunion of a disrupted race, but of something of far greater value and power, the revival of a civilization, with all that word's finest significances to political liberty, religion, arts, literature, commerce, society, and beauty and happiness of domestic life. It may be convenient, it may be expedient, to lay heaviest stress just now upon oneness of race, but oneness of race is not the supreme requisite of national strength and splendor, and from this side the ocean, at any rate, it does seem a mortal pity if Servians and Bulgarians cannot count themselves, or be counted, Greek enough for this issue.

Where in all the enlightened world is there to-day a nation under one government, the scarlet thread of whose ancestry leads back to one unmixed race? One alone there is; one pure race of unquenchable genius; and its people only, or at least most conspicuously among all our modern civilizations, are to-day, as they have been for ages, without a government of their own and without a common country; the Hebrews. Or consider so different a people as the Irish. May it not be that their devotion to the idea of a national freedom narrowed to the insular bounds of a comparatively pure racial unity—be the blame whose it may—is at least one drawback to their attainment of political power and of affluence? Wherever in our modern world brute force has given place to the rule of thought, and in proportion as the rule of the few is based on the free choice of the many, nations will be as strong, noble and extensive as the idea or ideas that supremely dominate them as a whole. They cannot be more so. And so, while oneness of race may, secondarily and under certain provisions, be a great advantage—its opposite a serious drawback—to a nation's greatness, no nation can attain or retain the three united conditions of stability, freedom and breadth of populous domain, without the domination of great rational and catholic ideas; or, to come at one bound to the thought we want to end with, without the social, civil, political attitude that makes room for a great literature of its own; a literature conserving, beautifying and from time to time renewing and expanding, or else entirely replacing with better, the great axis of central ideas around which its national life, hopes, affections and undertakings roll forward through time and history. A noble literature—a free and noble literature, gentlemen of Congress—makes oneness of blood, faster than any decent freedom of immigration can destroy it. Height, weight and breadth of ideas and nobility of affections and ambitions, let these be the patriot's prayer, be he Greek, Cretan or American. Oneness of blood has never, of itself, been quite sufficient to make these; but these work forever to produce all the oneness of blood that is worthy to be prized.

IT WAS words to this effect, spoken by us some days ago under the kindling influence of wise company—symposiac influence, as Jeremy Taylor would say—that moved the spirit of one for whose

periods may there always here be room, to echo back the following, with "leave to print":

All sentiments are compound, some more so, others less. Of the simpler sentiments patriotism has hitherto always seemed to be the simplest. It has always had all the force and unity of an Absolute. Whoever **Cosmopolitan Patriotism** suggests that in time it probably will become a relative, marks himself down at once as a small-souled wretch.

For patriotism has heretofore gone hand in hand with the passion of independence. Every patriot's desire was that his country should stand on its own feet and take no dictation from any man. That it might develop its own genius in its own way, and without impediment or oppression from outside—that was what his heart's blood was ready to be spilled for. Now, however, the passion of independence, as a practical ideal, has no longer the unique and unrivaled power that it used to have. People want independence as much as ever, and insist upon having it as much as ever, but they are beginning to see that interdependence is at least the second law of nature. The permanent attributes of patriotism are love of the soil, the family, the clan, the people, and willingness to sacrifice self to their continuance and integrity; its old (and perishable) attitude is that whatever this soil, family, people produce is better than anything that could ever be produced elsewhere. Now, this attitude consorts well with the ideal of independence, but it jars with some of the notions that interdependence, as, in its turn, an ideal, brings in its wake. For, said a French critic not long ago, writing of this modern perception that no nation has all that it needs, but that each may acquire, to its benefit, something from other nations, "for," said he, we must "accept our surroundings without submitting to them." In other words, we must accept our surroundings with the will and the heart, love them and cleave to them, but not intellectually surrender to them.

The present writer is quite willing to confess he has a hobby. To such a person any star is good to hitch his cart to. That the interdependence of all races and peoples seems to be the newly discovered star of this age, happens to suit the present purpose very well. Now, the writer would like to ask, since patriotism of the more arrogant, more intolerant sort appears not to be in the line of the best advancement, why a more generous literary system might not be adopted in the education of American boys and girls? Why should not an intelligent comparative study of all foreign literatures be a part of our secondary and collegiate instruction? The awakening of the youthful imagination comes through literature, the wider and nobler conception of patriotism is implanted through literature, the most fruitful stirrings of the emotions are due to literature. Why should we contract and localize all this inestimable influence by limiting its operations chiefly to what the English-speaking race has achieved? It will be objected that every other people does the same thing in the education of its on-coming generation. But with us this course has peculiar dangers. A people with a national art and with traditions extending into a ripe past has possessions rich enough to nourish in very varied ways the imagination, the power of sympathy of its youth, while confining itself strictly to racial subjects. We have neither the national art nor the ripe traditions; and we do need, for the proper enriching of our imaginations and sympathies, a knowledge of the ideals, of the theories of progress and evolution of other races.

That species of knowledge tends, without a doubt, to develop cosmopolitan rather than local patriotism. Cosmopolitan patriotism! A term of opprobrium! A contradiction in terms!

And yet is it this? The patriotism which sees behind and around its object—which is patriotic in spite of, as much as because of, what it sees—is it of the worst kind? We do well to ask, for it is the kind we all coming to.

MR. HENRY JAMES'S new novel, *The Spoils of Poynton*, is before the critics and the reading world, allowing itself to be admired or fretted at according to conviction or caprice. Concerning it, however, whatever we may feel the call or impulse to say later, we do not choose to speak now. We can say in sincerest homage to Mr. James's genius that no one need get into any kind of hurry about any new book of his; it is in no hurry itself; it has come to stay.

And besides here is his earlier novel, *The Other House*, not a great many months old. If he has for once trod on his own heels we need not follow the example; he is not going to get the habit of it, he is too painstaking an artist for that, as well as too calm a spirit. As long ago as Christmas, *Current Literature* commented upon *The Other House* and found latitude enough in its impressions for such wide-apart characterizations as—"a constant suggestion of unreality and stagecraft"—and—"surprisingly and absorbingly interesting"—things like that. And now here and on this wise speaks a guest at this present repast, in recalling attention to this achievement of high art (for nothing Mr. James ever does can be denied that title or rank):

The *Other House* provokes among its readers—its lay readers—a good deal of adverse comment on two points. Many of them declare its central figure impossible, "untrue to human nature," and many object to what they call its sensationalism. And these tea-cup criticisms are typical; they represent certain attitudes of mind that it is well to examine.

Take the first count—the matter of Mr. James' knowledge of human nature. Of course there is no law of the land forbidding anybody to question anybody else's knowledge of human nature, but there is a law of fitness in all things, and to get the good of anything we must come into right relationship with it. Ought we not to make clear to ourselves what we have and what we have not, a right to find fault with in works of art? Is not the discovery of such lines of demarcation necessary to our getting the good of the art works? There is nothing the Philistine is readier to impeach in novels, masterpieces and all, than their truth to human nature; but now, really, when it is a simple question of what is possible, is not any respectable novelist better authority than the usual Philistine? Some rights are inalienably ours—the readers'. We have a right to like or dislike any book, just as the spirit moves us; we have a right to object to the way the thing is done; we have a right to object to its being done at all. Our voices may not be authoritative, but it is part of that total mass of opinion which finally makes a verdict. Our enunciation of our little notions on these points does not assume our own superiority; we can't all tumble on a trapeze, but we may be quite able to judge whether a man who is so tumbling gets a fall or not, and everybody is assuredly permitted his opinion as to whether or not an author slips up in doing what he is trying to do. But when it comes to saying a novelist tells something which is outside the possibilities of human nature, we are assuming boldly that we know more than he does, and a thoughtful pause while we count ten might result in a more modest attitude. To be sure, there are story-tellers with whom human nature is no part of the game; who work and sometimes work admirably with puppets. We should judge

"Each work of wit

With the same spirit that its author writ."

Then, of course, there is a sad number of novels where the effort to make human beings is unsuccessful. The figures do not convince one that they are alive. But that

is quite another matter. What is found fault with here is such assertions as that "No man would do a thing like that." It seems seriously doubtful if the mind of man ever thought of any deed that was below the depths of human nature, or of any that was above it, or of any that was too inconsistent for it. Human nature is the most wonderful, limitless and subtle study in the world, and good novelists dealing with character are the people best fitted to teach us something about it. We may not want to know anything about it; a great many of us violently object to hearing of any phases of it more profound or complex than appear in the horse-cars; in that case, surely, though it be possible for us to argue against authors telling what they know of mankind, we cannot claim the power to judge their facts. Others of us who do like to know something about this world will profit by taking the word of our betters, or at least suspending judgment on such questions of the possible as they undertake to answer.

Yes!—but—just there, if you please—are you not venturing a step too far? It is such a risky matter, this arguing from credentials or rank. Even that "the king can do no wrong" is now sometimes questioned, and the term good, as applied to a novelist, is not absolute. Have you not just said, yourself, that "the mind of man probably never thought of any deed too inconsistent for human nature"? Are "good" novelists exempt from this probability, and are you not actually yourself, making use of the "No-man-[good-novelist]-would-do-a-thing-like-that" form of pleading?

But, now, what we really must insist on is this: that the perfect novelist has not yet emerged, and that the work of the best of all good novelists falls short of unassailable perfection whenever in the course of a story it strikes that discord in the mind of the reader—the lay reader, if you please—which provokes him to say, not in idle caprice, but in sincere disappointment, "No man would ever do a thing like that." The imperfection of such art does not lie in the human improbability of the fictitious act or incident. The lay reader knows well enough how very probable the improbable is—how possible is the habitually-supposed impossible—in human character. The imperfection lies in the failure of the narrator to prepare the mind of the reader sufficiently for the acceptance of a thing ordinarily so improbable. The improbable is not what is resented; what is resented is the incredible—the failure to present the improbable convincingly. Ask any lawyer if the same failure doesn't happen in court every day! Only a week or so ago some one was impeaching the possibility of such a superb creature—soul—as Diana of the Crossways, in that wonderful work of Meredith's, idly betraying her lover's state secret to a newspaper! Whereas the very grandeur and humanness of the story rests right there. The only trouble is that Mr. Meredith did not with sufficient thoroughness make it clearly credible. That is the only trouble—if there really is any; as to that we should like to re-read once more before deciding. But we are interrupting—

As to the second complaint against Mr. James' sensationalism, the grief experienced on this account by many of his admirers can, if genuine, hardly be assuaged. There are persons who sincerely do not wish to read about passion, murder and sudden death, and as many of these do like to read about "The Figure in the Carpet," they feel defrauded when Mr. James turns from little things to big ones. Sympathy for a disappointment is all that can be

offered them. But there are others who are not sincere; it is only that they have an idea that sensationalism is unintellectual, a thing for the elect to scorn; they associate it with the obscure history of Three-Fingered Jack, or the Cowboy Burglar. They are influenced by an illogical association of ideas and the fashions of an hour. Let them recall that Hamlet is perhaps the most sensational thing in the language, and be happy in gratifying sound and fundamental instincts. Let them keep their laments for sensationalism that gives no sensation—that is the kind to protest against and excommunicate.

Well said! We should vote, however, to extend the excommunication one degree farther, to the sensationalism which, while it gives sensations, gives sensations only, and fails to arouse true and due emotions: the emotions, however earnest, however mirthful, which properly belong to the subject and the situation, as viewed by our intelligent and aspiring mind. In a word, whether as to sensationalism or improbability, our just demand is that an author shall *secondarily* be true to nature, but *primarily* true to art. That is, that he shall so write as to get the full and honorable consent of our intelligence to *fancy*, not necessarily to believe, that things occurred, or men and women spoke and acted, so and so; to the happy and profitable arousal of the appropriate emotions in us.

ADJECTIVES, equivocal adjectives, are among the most frequent disturbers of the world's peace. Take, for example, so small and gentle a word as—good. What strides it has made when harnessed to such a noun as Art! Good art: how well it sounds! but the world of art, and of morals, might be more comfortable, or even happier, if every one who proposes to tell what he means by good art would first tell what he means by "good" as applied to art. Hear this correspondent:

The Moral Question
in Art Again

The battle shout, What art should and should not do, still rages. Mr. James A. Herne enters the lists in the Arena and takes part with those who contend that art must have an ethical value. He avoids the word ethics and talks about art for truth's sake, opposing his phrase to the cry of "art for art's sake," but he makes it plain that by truth he means ethical truth. An artist who does not believe that the promulgation of doctrines is the end of art might be perfectly satisfied to say he worked for truth's sake, but he would not mean what Mr. Herne means. Mr. Herne wants to confine art to one class of truths. The other side insists that that particular class, and that class only, must be barred out, no moral lessons allowed, and unfortunately the other side has appropriated that fine phrase, "Art for art's sake" for their rallying cry. They ought not to be allowed to keep it. But unluckily this discussion is carried on by artists, and artists are rarely tolerable abstract reasoners; they frequently misunderstand their own motives.

The true question is not what the artist should do, but what he wants to do. "Art is feeling, passed through thought and fixed in form." There is a perfect definition, and if kept well in mind it prevents a deal of confusion. The man who says, "Go to; because I'm convinced in my mind that here or there is the proper recipe for a work of art, I'll sit down and make one according to it," that man is a dunce. When the man has a feeling about something, and wants some one else to share it, or at least to understand it, and when he can think about his feeling to such purpose that he is able to put it in some one of the forms of art, in a poem or a story or a picture, then he is an artist; for to be able to get the feeling in the form justifies

his technique; and as to the question of his work being art, it does not matter a copper whether his feeling was a purely sensuous one for the glints of gold on an old brass kettle or a complicated spiritual passion for the moral beauty of Jesus of Nazareth. Only if a creature with a genuine fondness for old brass kettles should, because of what he reads in the newspapers, think it his duty to teach only moral lessons and, merely because it is his duty, begin painting such scenes as Hogarth gave us, we shall have some more bad pictures cumbering the earth—pictures not at all like Hogarth's. Equally, if he, with an overtopping spiritual passion for moral beauty, is likewise convinced that in his art he must crush all his strongest feelings, we lose an artist, or at best get a weak one for a strong one. All feeling, any feeling, has a right to repeat itself in art, if it can. Little art has as much right to be as big art; and the difference between little art and big art is not either, as the foregoing illustration might be held to imply, the result of an ethical quality in the big and the absence of it in the little; great art is the result of great feeling passed through great thought and fixed in great form, and lesser art is art that is inferior at one or more of these points, and the question of ethics does not directly touch the matter at all. Somebody might say that only ethical questions arouse the greatest feelings, and probably if argued with he would soon declare that only feelings concerned with ethics can be great. Reasoning in a circle he becomes to his own sense invulnerable, but ask him before he gets so far if the Venus di Milo and Falstaff are not born of great feeling, and he will hardly deny it, but he may declare that these masterpieces are creations (God save the mark) of ethical value. Now is the chance to fly to the dictionary betimes. We find that ethics is the science of human duty. Since when has it been seriously laid down that it is our duty to be beautiful, or to be witty and humorous and overflowing with animal spirits? The time may come when the penal code will enforce the obligation to be altogether charming, but at present ethics is quite busy enough just trying to keep us alive in peace and decency. It is one of the blessed powers of art to cultivate in us things that ethics must, for some millions of years, neglect, even some that most ethical systems fear and frown upon, such as the pride of life and the lust of the eye. We may suppose there is an ideal of human duty that ministers to all loveliness, but the race has not yet found it; it continually and nobly gropes for it, and in the meanwhile the duty of man varies with every age and civilization. But what is good art once is good art always and everywhere; it reports the feelings of men, and the feelings of men remain in some degree the feelings of man. On his emotional experience ethics rests, though only on a part of it, and art is invaluable ethically, because it, and it alone, gives any authentic account of this experience. But when the artist puts his opinions before his feelings, even though (and the process is common) he passes his opinions through his feelings before fixing them in form, he is an artist no longer, though perhaps an artistic preacher. An artistic preacher may be a good thing; to fulminate against the possibility is silly; but an artist, even a little one, may be a better thing than a merely artistic preacher.

It is every man's duty as a man to be good; acceptance of this duty purifies art indirectly, but when the artist gets to work, he has no duty in his labors but to be successful in embodying feelings that crave expression. He cannot be successful without some thought, and the deeper the better, but the less his set opinions move his feelings as an artist, the better too. Set opinions check and bias impressionability—his precious stock in trade. Shakespeare, of all writers, shows the least trace of them. The same opinions are now found pious, now pestilential, but emotions are forever part of "the deep heart of man."

We shall try to come back to this subject at some later writing, but just now we must rise and go.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A Spring Duet, O. C. Auringer, The Book of the Hills

Sings a robin in the spring,
 "Merrilee."
 Sings a bluebird answering,
 "Cherrilee."
 I can see and hear them now,
 Perched with airy beck and bow,
 On the budded apple tree—
 "Merrilee!" "Cherrilee!"

Robin is a boisterous boy,
 Merrilee.
 Wild and noisy in his joy,
 Merrilee.
 How he makes the orchard thrill
 With his stormy notes and shrill,
 Boasting from his apple tree,
 "Merrilee!" "Cherrilee!"

Bluebird is a mimic rare,
 Cherrilee,
 Mocking robin's boastful air,
 Cherrilee,
 Echoing with dainty throat
 His loud carol note for note,
 Laughing still in fairy glee,
 "Cherrilee!" "Cherrilee!"

Thus they do and so they sing,
 Merrilee.
 Till the orchard arches ring
 Cherrilee,
 Yestereve I heard them there,
 Merry tantalizing pair,
 With their jolly minstrelsy,
 "Merrilee!" "Cherrilee!"

And all night within my brain,
 Merrilee.
 Rang the merciless refrain,
 Cherrilee,
 I could neither rest nor sleep,
 I could only toss and peep,
 Haunted by that melody,
 "Merrilee!" "Cherrilee!"

Now 'tis morn, no rest I gain,
 "Merrilee."
 Echoes still within my brain,
 "Cherrilee."
 Oh, I'm taunted! I'm enchanted!
 By this melody I'm haunted!
 Break the spell and set me free
 From "Merrilee!" "Cherrilee!"

Death an Epicurean..... Jean Wright..... Lippincott's

Death loveth not the woful heart,
 Or the soul that's tired of living.
 Nay, it's up and away
 With the heart that's gay
 And the life that's worth the giving.

Seldom he stops where his welcome's sure,
 Where age and want are sighing.
 Nay, it's up and away
 For he scorns to stay
 With the wretch who would be dying.

Ah, it's youth and love and a cloudless sky
 The epicurean's after.
 Nay, it's up and away
 When the world's in May
 And life is full of laughter.

The Lost Travelers..... G. K. Turner..... Chap Book

One night they sailed in unknown seas,
 A low moon glowering on their track
 Along a line of blue-black hills;
 Then in a gray dawn's damps and chills
 They reached the land of the plumèd trees,
 And nevermore came back.

They found an untried river's mouth
 And stole into it silently;
 Huge hills rose wide on either hand;
 Straight back through a strange wooded land,
 The dim stream sought the unknown south
 As far as eye could see.

South through a country in a swoon
 They sailed for many weary days.
 Dim shapes rose sudden in the nights,
 And dull flames flickered on the heights,
 Unnatural noises at high noon
 Came booming through the haze.

Strange days came then; at times they lay
 Like some huge painful beetle, pinned
 Upon a smooth and shining floor;
 Then while they watched this mood was o'er—
 They saw their craft push on its way—
 Straight up against the wind.

And days and days, in mute despair,
 They watched the great volcanoes burn,
 Far south at the dim river's source,
 But yet they could not change their course.
 Some unseen power in the thick air
 Forbade them to return.

And no man since, on friendly seas,
 Has seen in trade's frequented track
 Their sturdy craft veer to and fro,
 For in a gray dawn, years ago,
 They reached the land of the plumèd trees,
 And nevermore came back.

In May..... Archibald Lampman..... Lyrics of Earth

Grief was my master yesternight;
 To-morrow I may grieve again;
 But now along the windy plain
 The clouds have taken flight.

The sowers in the furrows go;
 The lusty river brimmeth on;
 The curtains from the hills are gone;
 The leaves are out; and lo,

The silvery distance of the day,
 The light horizons, and between
 The glory of the perfect green,
 The tumult of the May.

Art..... Charles G. D. Roberts..... The Century

Said Life to Art, "I love thee best
 Not when I find in thee
 My very face and form expressed
 With dull fidelity;

"But when in thee my craving eyes
 Behold continually
 The mystery of my memories
 And all I long to be."

The Shepherd, A. C. Benson, Lord Vyet and Other Poems

The shepherd is an ancient man,
His back is bent, his foot is slow;
Although the heavens he doth not scan,
He scents what winds shall blow.

His face is like the pippin, grown
Red ripe, in frosty suns that shone;
'Tis hard and wrinkled, as a stone
The rains have rained upon.

When tempests sweep the dripping plain,
He stands unmoved beneath the hedge,
And sees the columns of the rain,
The storm-cloud's scattered edge.

When frosts among the misty farms
Make crisp the surface of the loam,
He shivering claps his creaking arms,
But would not sit at home.

Short speech he hath for man and beast;
Some fifty words are all his store.
Why should his language be increased?
He hath no need for more.

There is no change he doth desire,
Of far-off lands he hath not heard;
Beside his wife, before the fire,
He sits and speaks no word.

He holds no converse with his kind,
On birds and beasts his mind is bent;
He knows the thoughts that stir their mind,
Love, hunger, hate, content.

Of kings and wars he doth not hear.
He tells the seasons that have been
By stricken oaks and hunted deer,
And strange fowl he has seen.

In Church, some muttering he doth make,
Well-pleased when hymns harmonious rise;
He doth not strive to overtake
The hurrying litanies.

He hears the music of the wind,
His prayer is brief, and scant his creed;
The shadow and what lurks behind,
He doth not greatly heed.

Eily Considine... Robert W. Chambers... With the Band

At the barrack gate she sits,
Eily Considine;
Now she dozes, now she knits,
While the sunshine, through the slits
In the trellised trumpet-vine,
Warms old Eily Considine—
Warms her heart that long ago
Set the Regiment aglow!
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

I remember your first beau,
Eily Considine;
That was years ago, I know.
Do you ever think of Stowe—
Stowe, lieutenant in the line—
Shot by Sioux in '59?
Do you sometimes think of Gray?
I can almost hear him say:

"Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flame like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—"
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

First came Fairfax of the Staff,
Eily Considine;
You forgave him with a laugh—
You're too generous by half.
Years ago he died—'twas wine
Killed him, Eily Considine—
Killed him—'twas a death of shame,
Yet in death he cried your name!
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips of flame, like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

If you wept when Fairfax left,
Eily Considine,
Surely Donaldson was deft
To console a soul bereft
In so very brief a time—
Lonely Eily Considine.
After Donaldson came Hurse,
He it was who wrote this verse:
"Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flame like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—"
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

Santa Anna settled Hurse,
Eily Considine;
Then it went from bad to worse,
Yet, if loving was your curse,
Bless me with this curse divine,
Bless me, Eily Considine!
Phantom dim of long ago,
Misty, faint and sweet—I know
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Is that you,
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine?

At the barrack gate she sits,
Eily Considine;
Now she dozes, now she knits,
And the sunshine through the slits
In the trellised trumpet-vine,
Falls on Eily Considine,
On her thin hair, silver bright;
God may wash her soul as white.
Sweeter colleen ne'er was seen
Than Eileen;
Lips that flamed like scarlet wine,
Eyes of azure, smile divine—
Peace to you
Selling apples
Where the golden sunlight dapples,
Eily Considine!

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

A GLIMPSE OF NANSEN

THE GREAT EXPLORER'S HOME LIFE.....LONDON WORLD

With the modesty characteristic of him, Dr. Nansen rather minimizes the dangers besetting the accomplishment of his undertakings, the successful issue of which is mainly to be ascribed to his minute and accurate calculations and the elaborate preparations in victualling the expedition, which had occupied him for many years previously. He would almost persuade you that his and his crew's three years' isolation in the Arctic regions was little more than a pleasure trip, relieved by the interesting pursuit of scientific observation and the wholesome regimen of hard work. And although he cheerfully describes their musical evenings, their whist parties and general entertainments, enlivened by lime juice grog, there comes a wistful look in his eyes as he speaks of the anniversary of Christmas days and birthdays, when wives and children were the toast, and when strong men felt a lump come into their throats, silencing the flow of eloquence for a while. Parenthetically, it is worthy of note that an English insurance company was found with sufficient commercial enterprise to insure the lives of all the married men on board, and at a premium by no means extravagant under the circumstances. But such reminiscences lose their value for you and him as his little daughter, Liv, dashes into the room, climbs on her father's knee and presently drags him off to the dining-room, where Mrs. Nansen's bright and attractive presence lends a charm to a repast thoroughly Norwegian in character. Much sympathy was naturally felt for Mrs. Nansen during her husband's absence in regions from which no word could reach her. To the years of anxiety, responsibility and suspense there has now come a period of supreme relief, not unfitly illustrated by the picture of the great explorer seated before his own brightly burning hearth, his child asleep in his arms, while Mrs. Nansen makes sweet music at the piano.

As a boy, Fridtjof Nansen always lived in the closest communion with nature, not only on the farm of Great Froen at West Aker, which belonged to his father, Balder Fridtjof Nansen, an eminent lawyer, but as a youth whole days and nights would be spent by him in the recesses of the woods of Nordmarken, where he lived a sort of Robinson Crusoe life, subsisting on a crust of bread and the spoil of his fishing rod, while every work on travel and exploration was greedily read. After he had been two years at college the spirit of adventure ran too rampant in him to be longer restrained, so that he eagerly accepted the offer of the post of naturalist and zoölogist on board a whaler bound for an Arctic cruise. On his return the appointment of Curator to the Museum of Bergen awaited him. Here he settled down for some years fairly contentedly to his microscope, and prosecuting his researches so industriously as to make him quite an authority on parasitical fishworms and general nerve structure. Then the partially successful exploration effected in Greenland by the veteran Swede Nordenskiöld set his blood on fire to emu-

late the great traveler by crossing Greenland. The details of that intrepid exploit, with the more recent and more extraordinary voyage of the *Fram*, are too well known to be more than mentioned. Dr. Nansen has deservedly received the gold medals from almost all the geographical and scientific societies of Europe, while royalty in his own country and in England has shown him special marks of favor.

THE RETIREMENT OF PROF. NEWCOMB

A DISTINGUISHED RECORD.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Prof. Simon Newcomb, who retired from the navy and the superintendency of the Nautical Almanac on March 12, leaves a remarkable record of public service, through which he has become one of the foremost savants of the world. In the forty years which have elapsed since he first became connected with the Nautical Almanac office, and especially in the twenty years of his superintendency, he has done more than any other American since Franklin to make American learning respected and accepted in European countries. To-day every astronomer in the world uses Newcomb's determinations of the movements of the planets and the moon, every eclipse is computed according to Newcomb's tables, every nautical almanac is based on the determinations of the Washington office, and the shipping of the civilized world is guided either by the American Nautical Almanac or by ephemerides based on Newcomb's work.

Professor Newcomb was born in Wallace, Nova Scotia, in 1835. He came to the United States in 1853 and began his career as a teacher in Maryland. He became acquainted with Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Julius E. Hilgard, superintendent of the United States Geodetic Survey. The latter was so impressed with Mr. Newcomb's aptitude for mathematics that in 1857 he succeeded in getting the young man appointed a computer on the United States Nautical Almanac. Mr. Newcomb entered the Lawrence Scientific School and graduated in 1858, and afterward remained three years as a post-graduate student. While in Cambridge he found time to plan and execute one of the most ambitious pieces of astronomical work undertaken up to that date. This was the computation of the orbits of the asteroids—that singular group of miniature planets revolving about the sun between Mars and Jupiter. Newcomb's first calculations were made on four of the asteroids in 1859, and attracted much attention when presented at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Springfield, where he exhibited a diagram showing the changes in the orbits during a period of many thousand years. In 1860 he published a general mathematical theory of the subject, applying it to a larger number of these little planets, and this publication at once gave to the young computer an international reputation. In 1861 he was appointed professor of mathematics in the United States Navy, and went to Washington to reside. Here he negotiated for the 26-inch equatorial instrument. In

1870 he was sent to observe a total eclipse of the sun, visible on the Mediterranean, and established a station at Gibraltar. Unfortunately, the usual observations were prevented by clouds, but the opportunity was utilized in extending certain original studies concerning the minor motions of the moon. Lunar tables showing the recognized motions of the moon were already in existence, notably those constructed by Hansen and published by the British government in 1857. But even before 1870 it was found that the observed positions of the earth's satellite did not correspond with the computed positions, as shown by error in the calculation of the eclipses and in other ways, yet the problem defied the combined skill of the mathematicians and astronomers of the world. With his genius for tasks deemed insurmountable by others, Professor Newcomb had already set himself to the resolution of the problem, and while abroad he visited the various observatories of Europe, and consulted the earliest records extant. The task was not abandoned until the problem of the motion of the moon was solved and until formulæ were developed for constructing accurate lunar tables. This triumph gained fresh laurels for the young astronomer throughout the world, and brought him official recognition from different nations.

Although the two tasks just noted were everywhere regarded by astronomers as of unprecedented magnitude, they were in reality only steps toward the accomplishment of a much greater task which Newcomb had already set for himself. This herculean labor was the accurate determination of the "elements of the solar system," including the measurements of the dimensions, weights and orbits of the principal planets, the larger asteroids and the more important satellites or planetary moons. This work was carried forward in connection with official duty, as opportunity offered.

As early as 1867 he published a final memoir on the secular variations of the orbits of the asteroids. This was followed in 1874 by results of investigations concerning the orbit of the planet Uranus. The final researches into the motions of the moon were published in 1876, and other results of the work were placed before the public at frequent intervals in official reports as well as in unofficial scientific papers. In 1877 he was made superintendent of the Nautical Almanac office, and thus acquired additional facilities for carrying forward the laborious task, which he has now practically completed. The details of the work fill volumes and are so complex and elaborate as hardly to be summarized. As might be supposed, Professor Newcomb's important labors brought him great honor. He is the author of several works on astronomy and other subjects.

COLONEL JOHN HAY

E. V. SMALLEY.....CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD

When I first knew John Hay we were fellow-workers on the New York Tribune in the old rat-infested building on the corner of Spruce street and Printing House Square, which Whitelaw Reid subsequently pulled down to make room for the first of the modern tall structures erected in New York. On one side of me sat Bayard Taylor, the poet, and on the other George Ripley, the greatest and kind-

est of the literary critics of his day. Two other occupants of the room were John Hay; John H. R. Hazard, our best all-around leader writer; Charles C. Congdon, whose style had a distinct flavor of Charles Lamb; Isaac R. Bromley, who has never been excelled on the New York press as a satirist and humorist, and Edward L. Burlingame, now and for many years past the editor of Scribner's. Willie Winter had a desk, but we never saw him except late at night, when he came in to write a criticism of some new play and to set us all laughing with the good stories he brought from the theatres. Hay's work was general editorial writing, and he was especially strong in national politics and foreign affairs. He was a great favorite with Greeley. I remember meeting the white-haired philosopher in the fall of 1871 at the house of a friend in Garrettsville, Ohio. . . . He held in his hand a copy of John Hay's *Castilian Days*, then fresh from the press. I remember that he told Garfield, who was one of the callers, that he considered it the best book of foreign travel he had ever read, and he went on to predict great things for the future literary career of the young author. . . .

John Hay and Whitelaw Reid were great chums at that time. They were both bachelors then, and it was their habit to lunch together and to take a daily stroll in company. A lady, who was prominent in New York society, and whose acquaintance Hay had made through his friend Reid, made up her mind that the author of *The Pike County Ballads* was much too genial and kind-hearted a man to lead a single life, and she determined to find a good wife for him. One of her girl friends was a daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, who had made a fortune in railroad building, and who was one of the most influential men in Northern Ohio. She invited the young lady to make a visit at her house, and the result was a love affair and an early marriage. Miss Stone was a remarkably handsome girl, well educated and a great favorite in Cleveland society. It was not at all strange that she should fall in love with the distinguished young journalist and author, who had been Lincoln's private secretary, and had lately returned from an important government post in Europe; nor was it strange that Hay should fall in love with the beautiful and accomplished Cleveland girl. Amasa Stone settled a handsome fortune upon his daughter, and Colonel Hay built one of the prettiest houses on Euclid avenue, next door to that of his father-in-law. He did not live many years in Cleveland, however. There was talk at one time of running him for Congress, but he belonged to the rich set, and his friends could not popularize him among the workers in the iron mills and factories. Besides, he was a good deal of an idealist in politics. He believed in civil service reform and other good things for which the ward bosses had no use. The death of Amasa Stone left John Hay a rich man. Part of Stone's great fortune went to the founding of Aldebert College, which he desired to make a monument to the memory of his only son. The rest was divided equally between his two daughters. Hay built for his family a new home in Washington, facing on Lafayette Park—a plain structure of brick when viewed from without, but the interior is one of the most beautiful and artistic to be seen

in the Capital City. He filled it with costly works of art brought from Europe, and with a big library of good books in many languages. There he has lived for many years, a leader in the best literary and political society of Washington, and an occasional worker in some line of writing especially to his taste. His most serious work is *The Life of Lincoln*, in which he collaborated with John G. Nicolay, Hay doing most of the composition and Nicolay the greater part of the research and the gathering of material.

What sort of a Minister to the Court of St. James will Hay prove to be? He has been Assistant Secretary of State, Consul-General at Paris and Secretary of the Legation at Vienna. He knows thoroughly the business of diplomacy. He speaks French and German well, and reads Italian and Spanish. His manners are faultless, he knows how to entertain with taste and elegance, he makes a good after-dinner speech, and is capable of producing a scholarly oration for a serious occasion. He is a thorough American, and has already seen too much of foreign life to be in danger of becoming at all Anglicized by a residence in London. If he should develop any weakness it will probably be through lack of robustness and earnestness of character. Life has been a very smooth stream for him, bordered by flowery banks. Lincoln took him from a country printing office in Illinois when he was only twenty, and made him literary private secretary at the White House. Since then he has been well removed from the stress and struggle which usually go to the making of strong men.

THE LATE MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER

WIDOW OF THE FAMOUS CLERGYMAN.....DETROIT FREE PRESS

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, who died March 8, on the tenth anniversary of the death of her famous husband, was born in 1812, in Sutton, Mass., the daughter of Dr. Bullard, a physician. Several of Mrs. Beecher's brothers won high distinction. One of them, Talbot, was a physician. His volunteer services in behalf of the wounded troops from Indiana after the battle of Pittsburg Landing attracted the favorable notice of the Governor of Indiana. He died after the battle of Vicksburg.

Eunice Bullard's marriage to Henry Ward Beecher was not lacking in the elements of romance. Mr. Beecher, though not ordained, had received a call to the pastorate of a church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and he wrote to Miss Bullard, to whom he was affianced, suggesting that their marriage take place immediately after his ordination. After mailing this letter, Mr. Beecher argued, "Why wait for the ordination? Why not have her present as my wife to witness it?" With this idea uppermost in his mind, Mr. Beecher started post-haste for Sutton, where he arrived on the evening of the day on which his letter was received. The young preacher succeeded in winning Miss Bullard's consent to an early marriage. All the preparations had to be completed in four days. Few of their friends lived near enough to be present, and the ceremony was one which in these days would be called a quiet, home affair. Miss Bullard's sisters had been married in stormy weather; she declared that the ceremony in which she was a contracting party must take place while the sun shone. The

hour was set for three o'clock of August 3, 1837. Just before the time a violent storm arose, with thunder and lightning. The parson was in waiting, the guests had assembled and Mr. Beecher was impatient. The bride was firm, however, and the ceremony was postponed one hour. At four o'clock the sun appeared, and as the bride, leaning upon the arm of her husband-to-be, entered the parlor, a rainbow, one of the most brilliant the members of the party ever saw, appeared on the horizon. Immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Beecher started for Lawrenceburg. Their experiences and trials on the Western frontier have been referred to in several interesting sketches by Mrs. Beecher, which have appeared in magazines.

Mrs. Beecher was always devotedly attached to her husband and children. Of the latter four are living and four are dead. One of the living is Herbert Beecher, captain of a steamboat at Port Townsend, Wash. Shortly after removing to Brooklyn from the West, Mrs. Beecher wrote a little book, of which the early trials and final success of her husband formed the leading subject. For some years Mrs. Beecher had been in feeble health. In November, 1896, during the Thanksgiving season, she sustained a bad fall, and about a month later she again fell and received injuries which, with her advanced years, brought about complications from which she was unable to rally.

MICHAEL MUNKACSY

THE GREAT HUNGARIAN PAINTER.....LONDON STAR

The painful intelligence that Michael Munkacsy, the greatest of living Hungarian painters, has become hopelessly insane, is now confirmed beyond dispute, and a great artistic light has, we fear, gone for ever. The Hungarian painter was a notable instance of genius rising above circumstances. He was born in 1846 within gunshot of the old fortress of Munkacs, and at the age of four he lost his father, who died in prison, into which he was thrown for taking part in the Kossuth rising. The boy was apprenticed by his uncle to a village carpenter. His life was a hard one, but had its sweetness in the boy's love of art, which he early displayed. After his apprenticeship the youth worked as a journeyman for a pittance of five shillings a week, but was able to teach himself writing and reading. Then the thirst for knowledge grew insatiable, and before long violent fever compelled him to suspend his studies. When health returned he acquired some local fame as a self-taught artist, and was able to settle in Buda-Pesth. Thence he removed in turn to Vienna and Munich and Düsseldorf, where his first great success was achieved. A wealthy connoisseur commissioned the now-familiar *Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner*, and no sooner did it appear on the walls of the Paris Salon in 1870 than Goupil, the picture dealer, sought him out at Düsseldorf and gave him a handsome commission. Munkacsy settled in Paris, where he lived in a beautiful residence in the Avenue de Villiers, and won the highest renown. A few months ago he returned to Hungary to take up his permanent residence in that country—in which he had spent a youth of starvation—as Inspector of Fine Arts for the kingdom, with a salary equal to that of a Cabinet Minister.

A GROUP OF UNLAURELED SINGERS

BY ARTHUR GRISSOM

It is the fashion to decry the age as sordid and material. Yet never, perhaps, in the history of the world has the making of books been so literally "without end;" never has the reading of books and magazines been so universal, and never have the rewards of literature been so great.

It is significant of the intelligence of the times that a considerable percentage of modern writing is of the poetic order. The "golden age of the poets" is supposed to have passed long ago, and yet it may be asserted with confidence that never before in this country has poetry received such widespread recognition, and never before have so many individuals engaged in its production. As readers and markets have multiplied, there has been a commensurate increase of writers. And this unprecedented poetic impulse is not confined to any one surpassingly intellectual locality. East, West, North and South are equally industrious in "putting nature into rhyme." From the cities and the hills alike, from the sunny home of the magnolia and the palm, and from the far isolation of the prairies, a flood of verse of no mean character is pouring into the presses of the publishers of the country. Macaulay declared that "in a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas," and certainly the literary movement in those regions far removed from the established centers would appear to confirm the statement. Many of the most promising, and even of the most distinguished poetic writers of the day are dwellers in localities remote from metropolitan influence.

That there are few great poets is undeniable, and Very Wise People are wont to declare that it were better if there were fewer poets and better ones. But littleness is sometimes only greatness not yet grown tall, and if there is anything in promise, if the present prevalence of the poetic spirit indicates anything, it is to the highest degree probable that the future will not be without its "tuneful Nine." As every crisis has its hero, so every epoch has its interpreters, and whence should the masters of the future evolve but from the pupils of the present? It was mighty Coleridge who wrote,

"Life went a-Maying
With Nature, Hope and Poesy,
When I was young!"

Furthermore, it is not the crime it once was to be youthful, and freshness is sometimes not the least pleasing quality of a singer's song.

We have gathered here a few fine examples of some of the newer voices, whose first clear notes are rising in the various quarters. Most of these are original contributions to Current Literature.

A printer of occasional sonnets in the magazines, and writer for various musical journals, author also of a volume of short stories entitled *A Millbrook Romance and Other Tales* (1892), is Mr. Alfred L. Donaldson, now of Saranac Lake, New York, born some thirty years ago in New York City. Much of his life has been spent in travel abroad, where he has made a study of French and

German, and of music. A few years ago, while engaged in business in New York City, his health, always frail, gave out completely, and he retired to Saranac Lake. Mr. Donaldson's verses are well-nigh faultless as to rhyme and metre, and while he may attempt few lofty flights, his sentiment is always delicate, and his touch sure. The following sonnet, which appears here for the first time in print, is characteristic:

I know a tiny lake among the hills,
So deeply blue that one would fain surmise
'Twere nothing but a bit of fallen skies
Or hollow where the summer noonday spills
Its fluent azure, if it idly will;
And, mirrored on its bosom, often lies
The shadow of some cloud, that vainly tries
To leave its image 'neath the tiny rills.

To me thine eyes are like the turquoise pond,
So blue and pure, and like Narcissus-clouds,
I love to pause and gaze into their deeps,
And muse upon the hidden things beyond
And wonder, when I pass to motley crowds,
If my reflection in them fades or keeps.

For some time the *Midland Monthly*, of Des Moines, Iowa; the *Northwestern Magazine*, of St. Paul; the *Bohemian*, of Cincinnati, and various Chicago and Milwaukee newspapers—for in our country the newspaper has always been the kindest, if not always the most judicious friend—have published the emphatically attractive verses of Florence A. Jones, of Hampton, Iowa, and some of her poems have been successfully set to music. All of them have a pleasing lyrical quality, and a grace and tenderness most unusual. Of the two following the shorter was printed first in the *Midland Monthly*. The longer one, *The Changed Rose*, is still another contribution to Current Literature:

GOD GAVE ME A FRIEND

I sighed for a star—
I dreamed of it, prayed to it, worshipped it from afar;
I troubled God night and day, beating against His throne
Hands that would not be denied that one star for their
own;
He holds my fair star still, but I make no moan nor cry,
God gave me a friend, a friend—what need of a star
have I?

THE CHANGED ROSE

The white rose leaned her stainless heart
To the red rose at her feet;
Ah, never was red, red rose so false,
Or white rose half so sweet.

She breathed, "Beloved, I will draw
You up to my own fair height,
Then shall we smile at the mocking world,
When my red rose blooms white."

I of the mocking world leaned out,
As they touched my window sill,
And I saw a white heart crimson-stained,
But the red rose was red still.

Maude Louise Fuller, of South Boston, Mass., had not had time to write a great deal, nor had she more than a very small part of the needed strength. For though at the opening of the present season she was but a young girl just out of the South Boston (Mass.) schools, her physician had told her friends she could not live much beyond the winter, and at the very date of writing this sketch the newspapers announce her death. The little she had published gave beautiful promise, and some of her lyrics are worthy of permanent place. In addition to an agreeable central thought, they have a charm and directness of expression not often found in the writings of the young. Three of them follow, hitherto unpublished:

THE FLOWER OF A DAY

The flower of a day, a day it bloomed,
Down where the grasses were high;
Listening, perchance, to the mower's song
There in the meadow-land nigh.
Waiting, mayhap, till its turn should come
Low in the dust to lie.

Three-score and ten are the years since then
Yet in her letters to-day
There lies the azure-eyed flower he sent,
Carefully folded away.
For love cherished, many a weary year,
The flower of only a day.

IF THOUGHTS WERE SWALLOWS

Dear heart, if thoughts were swallows,
At close of summertime,
Contended, mine would bide with thee
Nor seek a sunnier clime.

And were my love the one rose
That made my garden fair,
It should be thine, though nevermore
Might roses blossom there.

This third one is named in her manuscript A Sylvan Singer, but the present writer is probably far from the only one who now would like to put aside that title and set her own name in its place.

A SYLVAN SINGER

A subtle sweetness she distilled
From common things of every day,
Her cup at sunny springs she filled,
And in her heart 'twas always May.
So when I read her lines to-day,
It seemed a brook laughed far away.

Henry Barrett Hinckley, of Northampton, Mass., has written a number of poems that have attracted attention. He writes for the most part in a serious vein, and has a gift of poetical fancy that entitles his work at all times to consideration and respect. It is hardly enough to say that his poems have promise. Some of them are so far above the average in originality and force that they should rather be regarded as the product of a finished pen. The stanzas following, and now first printed, afford a good impression of his style:

THE CALLING OF THE STARS

God's presence through the twilight stillness glides,
To spirits vocal—silent to the ear;
He calls by name each fair star where it hides,
And each star brightens as it answers "Here!"

Though we too call the stars, they answer not,
They do not softly come like children shy
At a fond parent's calling, for, I wot,
We do not know what names God calls them by.

On the three writers whose poems here follow the limits of the page do not allow the grateful comment which it would be the present writer's choice to offer.

ON OPENING A BOX OF HEPATICAS.

By M. E. C. Smith

The sculptor gazing on these forms of grace,
Lying like angel-children dropt asleep,
Half holds his breath (the slumber seems so deep)
To hark if this be life—this cool embrace.
These azure lids, these lines no hand could trace.
He looks, he lists—'twere sacrilege to weep,
And yet his art 'tis all in vain to keep,
Since he has met the Master face to face!

Eternal marble into powder falls
Beneath his feet the treasure house of time
Unto his eyes grows dim with dust and dross;
The voice of Buonarroti vainly calls,
For once, for once Genius itself is loss
Before what needs must go ere morning's prime!

THE WIND'S LOVE

By Mary Adelaide McTighe

A fickle wind spoke love one day,
Spoke love to the leaves on the tree,
Till they blushed a pretty crimson;
Then the wind went back to the sea.

But the leaves they pined in sorrow,
In sorrow they paled and browned;
Then the grieving wind again came by
And kissed them, dead on the ground.

THE PHANTOM JOY

By Charlotte Mellen Packard

"I see their unborn faces shine
Around the never lighted fire."

Forever and forever they will shine,
The mocking flames consume
Shadows that lurk about a phantom hearth,
Within a phantom room.

For Love and Fancy paint in rarest tones
The things that shall not be,
And light with haunting faces many a hearth,
No human eye can see.

In song-pierced twilight, in the hurrying dark
Of winter afternoons,
In lonely watches of the solemn night,
Beneath fair harvest moons,
The life forbidden, sways the life that is,
Through the one joy we miss,
Husband, or wife, or child, who never came
To take the waiting kiss.

As it hath been, it evermore shall be,
With vague unmet desire,
Men will behold the unborn faces shine
Around an unlit fire.

WATCHING THE TIDE

By Martha Packard-Farwell

The tide slips in beneath the sun,
The driftwood tosses in the brine,
Against the dim horizon line
A distant sail—the only sign.

The tide creeps up the shingly shore,
By rock and wreck in eddying whirl,
The dancing demons catch and curl,
And snatch the seaweed in the swirl.

The tide rolls in, a silver flood.
I hear the mounted guards go by,
A roar of light artillery,
And far-off cannon boom reply.

TROOPER PETER HALKET OF MASHONALAND

BY ALLA WOODFORD

Whether we dub the struggle between the forces of good and evil, so powerfully portrayed by Olive Schreiner in Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland, a political pamphlet or a religious treatise, it is patent that she has most emphatically conveyed to Mr. Cecil Rhodes and his associates certain truths which, though they may not have any direct effect upon the present situation, must encourage the critics of the Chartered Company's workings, and set its supporters a-thinking.

Peter Halket, so the story runs, had gone to Mashonaland to seek his fortune. The night upon which the story opens,

He had been traveling with a dozen men who were taking provisions of mealies and rice to the next camp. He had been sent out to act as scout along a low range of hills, and lost his way. Since eight in the morning he had wandered among long grasses and ironstone koppjes (hills) and stunted bush, and had come upon no sign of human habitation, but the remains of a burnt krall (Kaffir encampment) and a down-trampled and now uncultivated mealie field, where a month before the Chartered Company's forces had destroyed a native settlement.

This is the Chartered Company, of whose money, according to his testimony recently given before the Parliamentary committee, Cecil Rhodes has spent £94,000 for the expenses of the Matabele war, or, to put it more understandingly, perhaps, in killing negroes.

Trooper Peter Halket fell to thinking as he sat by the little fire he had built to make the impenetrable darkness more bearable.

It was not often that he thought. As a rule, he lived in the world immediately about him, and let the things of the moment impinge on him and fall off again as they would, without much reflection. But to-night on the koppje he fell to thinking, and his thoughts shaped themselves into connected chains. . . . He resolved he would make a great deal of money. . . . All men made money when they came to South Africa—Barney Barnato, Rhodes—they all made money out of the country—eight millions, twelve millions, twenty-six millions, forty millions—why should not he?

So he planned his future and considered his right to a part of the wealth of Mashonaland—the land he knew to be the fairest and richest country in all South Africa—the land "other men had come to with nothing and had made everything." But while

he leaned forward with his hands between his crossed knees, and watched the blaze he had made, his thoughts became less queer; they became at last rather a chain of disconnected pictures, painting themselves in irrelevant order on his brain, than a line of connected ideas. Now, as he looked into the crackling blaze, it seemed to be one of the fires they had made to burn the natives' grain by, and they were throwing in all they could not carry away. Then he seemed to see his huts where he lived with the prospectors, and the native women who used to live with him, and he wondered where the women were. Then—he saw the skull of an old Mashona, blown off at the top, the hands still moving. He heard the loud cry of the native women and children as they turned the Maxims onto the krall, and then he heard the dynamite explode that blew up a cave. Then again he was working a Maxim gun, but it seemed to him it was more like the reaping machine

he used to work in England, and that what was going down before it was not yellow corn, but black men's heads.

The greater part of the remainder of the book is occupied by the conversation which takes place between the tall stranger, who comes out of the darkness to sit a while by the fire, and to whom, after his fear of the stranger's motive in coming is passed, Peter recounts many of his experiences in Mashonaland. His tale ended, the stranger—the Jew of Palestine—tells him of his company, "the strongest company on earth," a company of which, "there is no living man who can conceive of its age," a company

"which still grows and grows as the sun rises and sets, and the planets journey round and round. And the day shall come when the stars, looking down on this little world, shall see no spot where the soil is moist and dark with the blood of man shed by his fellow-man. The sun shall rise in the east and set in the west, and shed its light across this little globe, and nowhere shall he see man crushed by his fellows. . . . And I say to you that even here, in the land where now we stand, where to-day the cries of the wounded and the curses of revenge ring in the air, even here in this land where man creeps on his belly to wound his fellow in the dark, and where an acre of gold is worth a thousand souls, and a reef of shining dirt is worth half a people, and the vultures are heavy with man's flesh, even here that day shall come."

It is mostly, however, in parables that he speaks, and the heart of the trooper softens, and almost kneeling at the stranger's feet, he exclaims, "I would like to be one of your men. I am tired of belonging to the Chartered Company."

The conversion of Peter Halket and the tragic fulfilling of the lesson taught by the stranger must be left for the reader to ascertain from the pages of the book.

It is difficult to judge justly of Mrs. Schreiner's invective, but the reproduction of a photograph which serves as a frontispiece for the book, is, in itself, a fact which strains one's faith in English Christian ethics, and must finally crush it altogether unless, as Peter says, the "British Government steps in." In this relation we quote the following from Peter's conversation regarding Cecil Rhodes:

"They say when he was Prime Minister down in the Colony, he tried to pass a law that would give masters and mistresses the right to have their servants flogged whenever they did anything they didn't like; but the other Englishmen wouldn't let him pass it. But here he can do what he likes. That's the reason some fellows don't want him to be sent away. They say if we get the British Government here, they'll be giving the niggers land to live on and let them have the vote, and get civilized and educated and all that sort of thing, but Cecil Rhodes, he'll keep their noses to the grindstone. 'I prefer land to niggers,' he says. . . . They say if we had the British Government here, and a nigger died while you were thrashing him, there'd be an investigation, and all that sort of thing. But with Cecil it's all right; you can do what you like with the niggers, provided you don't get him into trouble."

There is but one pertinent question. Will the British Government step in?*

*For a selected reading from Trooper Peter Halket, see next page.

THE RELIGION OF TROOPER PETER HALKET

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

[A selected reading from *Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*, by Olive Schreiner. Roberts Brothers, publishers. The scene of this reading is the camp of a small body of soldiers, who are taking provisions to the large camp of the British South Africa Company's forces, on the eve of a fight with the Matabele.]

A great stillness settled down on the camp. Now and again a stick cracked in the fires, and the cicadas cried aloud in the tree stems; but, except where the sentinel paced up and down before the little flat-topped tree in front of the Captain's tent, not a creature stirred in the whole camp, and the snores of the trooper under the bushes might be heard half across the camp.

The intense midday heat had settled down.

At last there was a sound of some one breaking through the long grass and bushes, which had only been removed for a few feet around the camp, and the figure of a man emerged, bearing in one hand a gun, and in the other a bird which he had shot. He was evidently an Englishman, and not long from Europe, by the bloom of the skin, which was perceptible in spite of the superficial tan. His face was at the moment flushed with heat, but the clear blue eyes and delicate features lost none of their sensitive refinement.

He came up to the Colonial and dropped the bird before him. "That is all I've got," he said.

He threw himself also down on the ground, and put his gun under the loose flap of the tent.

The Colonial raised his head, and, without taking his elbows from the ground, took up the bird. "I'll put it into the pot, it'll give it the flavor of something except weevily mealies," he said, and fell to plucking it.

The Englishman took his hat off, and lifted the fine damp hair from his forehead.

"Knocked up, eh?" said the Colonial, glancing kindly up at him. "I've a few drops in my flask still."

"Oh, no, I can stand it well enough. It's only a little warm." He gave a slight cough, and laid his head down sideways on his arm. His eyes watched mechanically the Colonial's manipulation of the bird. He had left England to escape phthisis, and he had gone to Mashonaland because it was a place where he could earn an open-air living and save his parents from the burden of his support.

"What's Halket doing over there?" he asked suddenly, raising his head.

"Weren't you here this morning?" asked the Colonial. "Didn't you know they'd had a devil of a row?"

"Who?" asked the Englishman, half raising himself on his elbows.

"Halket and the Captain." The Colonial paused in the plucking. "My God, you never saw anything like it!"

The Englishman sat upright now, and looked keenly over the bushes where Halket's bent head might be seen as he paced to and fro.

"What's he doing out there in the blazing sun?"

"He's on guard," said the Colonial. "I thought you were here when it happened. It's the best

thing I ever saw or heard of in my whole life!" He rolled half over on his side and laughed at the remembrance. "You see, some of the men went down into the river to look for fresh pools of water, and they found a nigger hidden away in a hole in the bank not five hundred yards from here! They found the bloody rascal by a little path he tramped down to the water, trodden hard, just like a porcupine's walk. They got him in the hole like an aardvark,* with a bush over the mouth so you couldn't see it.

"He'd evidently been there a long time. The floor was full of fish bones he'd caught in the pool, and a bit of root like a stick, half gnawed through. He'd been potted, and got two bullet wounds in the thigh, but he could walk already. It's evident he was just waiting till we were gone to clear off after his people. He'd got that beastly scurvy look a nigger gets when he hasn't had anything to eat for a long time.

"Well, they hauled him up before the Captain, of course, and he blew and swore, and said the nigger was a spy, and was to be hanged to-morrow. He'd hang him to-night only the big troop might catch us up this evening, so he'd wait to hear what the Colonel said; but if they didn't come, he'd hang him first thing to-morrow morning, or have him shot, as sure as the sun rose. He made the fellows tie him up to that little tree before his tent, with riems† around his legs and riems around his waist, and a riem around his neck."

"What did the native say?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, he didn't say anything. There wasn't a soul in the camp could have understood him if he had. The colored boys don't know his language. I expect he's one of those bloody fellows we hit the day we cleared the bush out yonder; but how he got down that bank with his leg in the state it must have been I don't know. He didn't try to fight when they caught him; just stared in front of him—fright, I suppose. He must have been a big strapping devil before he was taken down.

"Well, I tell you, we'd just got him fixed up, and the Captain was just going into his tent to have a drink, and we chaps were all standing around, when up steps Halket, right before the Captain, and pulls his front lock—you know the way he has? Oh, my God, my God, if you could have seen it! I'll never forget it to my dying day!" The Colonial seemed bursting with internal laughter. "He begins, 'Sir, may I speak to you?' in a formal kind of way, like a fellow introducing a deputation, and then all of a sudden starts off—oh, my God, you never heard such a thing! It was like a boy in Sunday-school saying up a piece of Scripture he's learnt by heart,

*The great ant-eater. †A "riem" is a rope of undressed leather, universally used in South Africa.

and got all ready beforehand, and he's not going to be stopped till he gets to the end of it."

"What did he say?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh, he started—how did we know this nigger was a spy at all. It would be a terrible thing to kill him if we weren't quite sure. Perhaps he was hiding there because he was wounded. And then he broke out that, after all, these niggers were men fighting for their country. We would fight against the French if they came and took England from us; and the niggers were brave men. 'Please, sir'—every five minutes he'd pull his forelock, and say 'please, sir'—and if we have to fight against them we ought to remember they're fighting for freedom. We shouldn't shoot wounded prisoners when they were black if we wouldn't shoot them if they were white! And then he broke out with pure unmitigated Exeter Hall! You never heard anything like it! All men were brothers, and God loved a black man as well as a white. Mashonas and Matabele were poor ignorant folk, and we had to take care of them. And then he started out that we ought to let this man go. We ought to give him food for the road, and tell him to go back to his people, and tell them we hadn't come to take their land, but to teach them and love them. 'It's hard to love a nigger, Captain, but we must try it!' And every five minutes he'd break out with, 'And I think this is a man I know, Captain; I'm not sure, but I think he comes from up Lo Magundis or anywhere else!' I'm sure he said it fifteen times. And he broke out, 'I don't mean that I'm better than you or anybody else, Captain. I'm as bad a man as any in camp, and I know it.' And off he started, telling us all the sins he'd ever committed, and he kept on 'I'm an unlearn'd, ignorant man, Captain, but I must stand by this nigger. He's got no one else!' And then he says: 'If you let me take him up to Lo Magundis, sir; I'm not afraid, and I'll tell the people there it's not their land and their women that we want. It's them to be our brothers and love us. If you'll only let me go, sir, I'll go and make peace. Give the man to me, sir!' " The Colonial shook with laughter.

"What did the Captain say?" asked the Englishman.

"The Captain! Well, you know the smallest thing sets him off swearing all around the world—but he just stood there, with his arms hanging down at each side of him, and his eyes staring, and his face getting redder and redder; and all he could say was, 'My Gawd! My Gawd!' I thought he'd burst. And Halket stood there, looking straight in front of him, as though he didn't see a soul of us all there."

"What did the Captain do?"

"Oh, as soon as Halket turned away he started swearing, but he got the tail of one oath hooked on to the head of another. It was nearly as good as Halket himself. And when he'd finished and got sane a bit, he said Halket was to walk up and down there all day and keep watch on the nigger. And he gave orders that if the big troop didn't come up to-night that he was to be potted first thing in the morning, and that Halket was to shoot him."

The Englishman started: "What did Halket say?"

"Nothing. He's been walking there with his gun all day."

The Englishman watched with his clear eyes the spot where Halket's head appeared and disappeared.

"Is the nigger hanging there now?"

"Yes. The Captain said no one was to go near him, or give him anything to eat or drink all day; but—" the Colonial glanced around where the trooper lay under the bushes, and then, lowering his voice, added, "this morning, a couple of hours ago, Halket sent the Captain's colored boy to ask me for a drink of water. I thought it was for Halket himself, and the poor devil must be hot walking there in the sun, so I sent him the water out of my canvas bag. I went along afterwards to see what had become of my mug. The boy had gone, and there, straight in front of the Captain's tent, before the very door, was Halket letting that bloody nigger drink out of my mug. The riem was so tight around his neck he couldn't drink but slowly, but there was Halket holding it up to him! If the Captain had looked out! W-h-e-w! I wouldn't have been Halket!"

"Do you think he will try to make Halket do it?" asked the Englishman.

"Of course he will. He's the devil in, and Halket had better not make a fuss about it, or it'll be the worse for him."

"His time's up to-morrow evening!"

"Yes, but not to-morrow morning. And I wouldn't make a row about it if I was Halket. It doesn't do to fall out with the authorities here. What's one nigger more or less? He'll get shot some other way or die of hunger, if we don't do it."

"It's hardly sport to shoot a man tied up neck and legs," said the Englishman, his finely-drawn eyebrows contracting and expanding a little.

"Oh, they don't feel, these niggers, not as we should, you know. I've seen a man going to be shot, looking full at the guns, and falling like that!—without a sound. They've no feeling, these niggers. I don't suppose they care much whether they live or die—not as we should, you know."

The Englishman's eyes were still fixed on the bushes, behind which Halket's head appeared and disappeared.

"They have no right to order Halket to do it—and he will *not* do it!" said the Englishman, slowly.

"You're not going to be such a fool as to step in, are you?" said the Colonial, looking curiously at him. "It doesn't pay. I've made up my mind never to speak, whatever happens. What's the good? Suppose one were to make a complaint now about this affair with Halket. If he's made to shoot the nigger against his will, what would come of it? There'd be half a dozen fellows here squared to say what headquarters wanted—not to speak of a fellow like that"—turning his thumb in the direction of the sleeping trooper—"who are paid to watch. I believe he reports on the Captain himself to the big headquarters. And all one's wires are edited before they go down; only what the company wants to go, go through. There are many downright good fellows in this lot, but how many of us are there, do you think, who could throw away all chance of ever making anything in Mashonaland for the sake of standing by Halket, even if he had a real row with the company? I've a great liking for Halket myself. He's a real good fellow, and he's

done me many a good turn—took my watch only last night because I was off color. I'd do anything for him in reason. But, I say this flatly, I couldn't and wouldn't fly in the face of the authorities for him or any one else. I've my own girl waiting for me down in the colony, and she's been waiting for me these five years. And whether I'm able to marry her or not depends on how I stand with the company; and I say, flatly, I'm not going to fall out with it. I came here to make money, and I mean to make it! If other people like to run their heads against stone walls, let them; but they mustn't expect me to follow them. This isn't a country where a man can say what he thinks."

The Englishman rested his elbows on the ground. "And the Union Jack is supposed to be flying over us."

"Yes, with a black bar across it for the company," laughed the Colonial.

"Do you ever have the nightmare?" asked the Englishman, suddenly.

"I? Oh, yes, sometimes"—and he looked curiously at his companion—"when I've eaten too much I get it."

"I always have it since I came up here," said the Englishman. "It is that a vast world is resting on me—a whole globe; and I am a midge beneath it. I try to raise it, and I cannot. So I lie still under it—and let it crush me!"

"It's curious you should have the nightmare so up here," said the Colonial, "one gets so little to eat."

There was a silence; he was picking the little fine feathers from the bird, and the Englishman was watching the ants.

"Mind you," the Colonial said at last. "I don't say that in this case the Captain was to blame; Halket made an awful ass of himself. He's never been quite right since that time he got lost, and spent the night out on the koppje. When we found him in the morning he was in a kind of dead sleep; we couldn't wake him; yet it wasn't cold enough for him to have been frozen. He's never been the same man since—queer, you know; giving his rations away to the colored boys, and letting the other fellows have his dot of brandy at night, and keeping himself sort of apart to himself, you know. The other fellows think he's got a touch of fever on, caught wandering about in the long grass that day. But I don't think it's that. I think it's being alone in the veld that's got hold of him. Man, have you ever been out like that, alone in the veld, night and day, and not a soul to speak to? I have, and I tell you if I'd been left there three days longer I'd have gone mad or turned religious. Man, it's the nights, with the stars up above you, and the dead still all around. And you think, and think, and think! You remember all kinds of things you've never thought of for years and years. I used to talk to myself at last, and make believe it was another man. I was out seven days, and he was only out one night. But I think it's the loneliness that got hold of him. Man, those stars are awful; and that stillness that comes towards morning!" He stood up. "It's a great pity, because he's as good a fellow as ever was. But perhaps he'll come out all right."

He walked away towards the pot with the bird in his hand. When he had gone the Englishman

turned around onto his back, and lay with his arm across his forehead.

High, high up, between the straggling branches of the tree, in the clear, blue African sky above him, he could see the vultures flying southward.

That evening the men sat eating their supper around the fires. The large troop had not come up, and the mules had been brought in, and they were to make a start early the next morning.

Halket was released from his duty, and had come up, and lain down a little in the background of the group who gathered around their fire.

The Colonial and the Englishman had given orders to all the men of their "mess" that Halket was to be left in quiet, and no questions were to be asked him; and the men, fearing the Colonial's size and the Englishman's nerve, left him in peace. The men laughed and chatted around the fire, while the big Colonial ladled out the mealies and rice into tin plates, and passed them around to the men. Presently he passed one to Halket, who lay half behind him, leaning on his elbow. For a while Halket ate nothing, then he took a few mouthfuls, and again lay on his elbow. "You are eating nothing, Halket," said the Englishman, cheerily, looking back.

"I am not hungry now," he said. After a while he took out his red handkerchief, and emptied carefully into it the contents of the plate, and tied it up into a bundle. He set it beside him on the ground, and again lay on his elbow.

"You won't come nearer to the fire, Halket?" asked the Englishman.

"No, thank you; the night is warm."

After a while Peter Halket took out from his belt a small hunting-knife, with a rough, wooden handle. A small flat stone lay near him, and he passed the blade slowly up and down on it, now and then taking it up and feeling the edge with his finger. After a while he put it back in his belt, and rose slowly, taking up his small bundle, and walked away to the tent.

"He's had a pretty stiff day," said the Colonial. "I expect he's glad enough to turn in."

Then all the men around the fire chatted freely over his concerns. Would the Captain stick to his word to-morrow? Was Halket going to do it? Had the Captain any right to tell one man off for the work, instead of letting them fire a volley? One man said he would do it gladly in Halket's place if told off. Why had he made such a fool of himself? So they chatted till nine o'clock, when the Englishman and the Colonial left to turn in. They found Halket asleep, close to the side of the tent, with his face turned to the canvas. And they lay down quietly that they might not disturb him.

At ten o'clock all the camp was asleep, excepting the two men told off to keep guard, who paced from one end of the camp to the other to keep themselves awake, or stood chatting by the large fire, which still burned at one end.

In the Captain's tent a light was kept burning all night, which shone through the thin canvas sides and shed light on the ground about; but, for the rest, the camp was dead and still.

By half-past one the moon had gone down, and there was left only a blaze of stars in the great African sky.

Then Peter Halket rose up. Softly he lifted the canvas and crept out. On the side farthest from the camp he stood upright. On his arm was tied his red handkerchief with its contents. For a moment he glanced up at the galaxy of stars over him, then he stepped into the long grass, and made his way in a direction opposite to that in which the camp lay. But after a short while he turned, and made his way down into the river-bed. He walked in it for awhile. Then, after a time, he sat down upon the bank and took off his heavy boots and threw them into the grass at the side. Then softly, on tip-toe, he followed the little footpath that the men had trodden going down to the river for water. It led straight up to the Captain's tent, and the little flat-topped tree, with its white stem, and its two gnarled branches spread out on either side. When he was within forty paces of it he paused. Far over on the other side of the camp the two men who were on guard stood chatting by the fire. A dead stillness was over the rest of the camp. The light through the walls of the Captain's tent made all clear at the stem of the little tree, but there was no sound of movement within.

For a moment Peter Halket stood motionless; then he walked up to the tree. The black man hung against the white stem, so closely bound to it that they seemed one. His hands were tied to his sides and his head drooped on his breast. His eyes were closed, and his limbs, which had once been those of a powerful man, had fallen away, making the joints stand out. The wool on his head was wild and thick with neglect, and stood out roughly in long strands, and his skin was rough with want and exposure.

The riems had cut a little into his ankles, and a small flow of blood had made the ground below his feet dark.

Peter Halket looked up at him. The man seemed dead. He touched him softly on the arm, then shook it slightly.

The man opened his eyes slowly, without raising his head, and looked at Peter from under his weary eyebrows. Except that they moved, they might have been the eyes of a dead thing.

Peter put up his fingers to his own lips: "Hush-h! hus-h!" he said.

The man hung torpid, still looking at Peter.

Quickly Peter Halket knelt down, and took the knife from his belt. In an instant the riems that bound the feet were cut through; in another, he had cut the riems from the waist and neck. The riems dropped to the ground from the arms, and the man stood free. Like a dazed, dumb creature he stood, with his head still down, eyeing Peter.

Instantly Peter slipped the red bundle from his arm into the man's passive hand.

"Ari-tsemaia! Hamba! Loud! Go!" whispered Peter Halket, using a word from each African language he knew. But the black man still stood motionless, looking at him as one paralyzed.

"Hamba! Sucka! Go!" he whispered, motioning with his hand.

In an instant a gleam of intelligence shot across the face, then a wild transport. Without a word, without a sound, as the tiger leaps when the wild dogs are on it, with one long, smooth spring, as

though unwounded and unhurt, he turned and disappeared into the grass. It closed behind him, but as he went the twigs and leaves cracked under his tread.

The Captain threw back the door of his tent.

"Who is there?" he cried.

Peter Halket stood below the tree with the knife in his hand.

The noise roused the whole camp. The men on guard came running, guns were fired, and the half-sleeping men came rushing, grasping their weapons. There was the sound of firing at the little tree, and the cry went around the camp, "The Mashonas are releasing the spy!"

When the men got to the Captain's tent they saw that the nigger was gone, and Peter Halket was lying on his face at the foot of the tree, with his head turned towards the Captain's door.

There was a wild confusion of voices. "How many were there?" "Where have they gone to now?" "They've shot Peter Halket!" "The Captain saw them do it." "Stand ready; they may come back any time!"

When the Englishman came the other men, who knew he had been a medical student, made way for him. He knelt down by Peter Halket. "He's dead," he said, quietly.

When they turned him over, the Colonial knelt down on the other side, with a little hand-lamp in his hand.

"What are you fellows fooling about here for?" cried the Captain. "Do you suppose it's any use looking for footmarks after all this tramping? Go guard the camp on all sides!"

"I will send four colored boys," he said to the Englishman and the Colonial, "to dig the grave. You'd better bury him at once; there's no use waiting. We start first thing in the morning."

When they were alone the Englishman uncovered Peter Halket's breast. There was one small wound just under the left bosom, and one on the crown of the head, which must have been made after he had fallen down.

"Strange, isn't it, what he can have been doing here?" said the Colonial. "A small wound, isn't it?"

"A pistol shot," said the Englishman, closing the bosom.

"A pistol——"

The Englishman looked up at him with a keen light in his eye.

"I told you he would not kill that nigger. See—here—" He took up the knife which had fallen from Peter Halket's grasp, and fitted it into the piece of the cut leather that lay on the earth.

"But you don't think——" The Colonial stared at him with wide-open eyes; then he glanced around at the Captain's tent.

"Yes, I think that. Go and fetch his greatcoat. We'll put him in it. If it is no use talking while a man is alive, it is no use talking when he is dead!"

So they wrapped Peter Halket up in his greatcoat, and put his cap on his head.

And one hour after Peter Halket had stood outside the tent, looking up, he was lying under the little tree, with the red sand trodden down over him, in which a black man's and a white man's blood were mingled.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

The song, "Sherman's March to the Sea," a song whose title gave the name to the famous campaign, was one of the most popular war songs written during the Civil War. A million copies were sold in the years immediately following the event which it celebrates, and in its dignified measure it rivalled the spirited air, *Marching Through Georgia*. Major S. H. M. Byers, the author of the famous song, has written a narrative poem of two thousand lines, bearing the same name, recently published by the Arena Publishing Company, of Boston. The poem is composed of interludes, ballads and songs, and covers the period of the great march from the fall of Atlanta to the return of Sherman's army to the national capital.

The narrative begins with a picture of camp life just before the fall of Atlanta:

Think that you hear a bugle sounding yet,
And see a camp within a forest fair,
White rows of tents amidst the green aisles set,
And silent sentries slowly walking there.

See once again the bivouacs in the wood,
And soldiers sleeping where the shadows fall,
The oaks and pines, that centuries have stood,
And glorious moonlight shining over all.

And smouldering fires whose ashes have grown cold,
And stacks of muskets standing there in line,
And banners drooping, with their stars of gold,
Beneath the moonlight and the silent pine.

For things like these a thousand times were seen,
Blue coat or gray, their camps were still the same,
And oft a river only rolled between,
That saw them foemen when the morning came.

The burning of Atlanta emphasizes the terrible earnestness of Sherman and his uncompromising method of warfare. After the fall of the city General Sherman ordered all the people to leave the town, and for weeks it was deserted and silent. The unarmed people of Atlanta found homes where best they could, in villages and on plantations, many of them never to see the city again. The poet writes:

Calm sat the city in its solitude,
No sound of wheels or footsteps now was heard,
In the white moonlight tower and steeple stood,
The summer wind the rose-leaves scarcely stirred;
Only the notes of some far bugle's call
Disturbed the silence that was over all.

Long summer days the hostile armies strove
For mastery of this city, now so bare,
And many a field and many a far-off grove
Told of the death that soldiers met with there;
A hundred days of conflict and of blood,
A hundred days, so long the city stood;

Till, on a time when thousands had been slain,
And graves were thick in every wood and dell,
And death reaped men as harvesters their grain,
The day was lost, and then the city fell;
The city fell—and through its every gate
The people went, and left it desolate.

And they who conquered camped about its walls,
And left it standing empty and alone—
Its silent streets and its deserted halls,
Its roses blooming, but its people gone.
One had not known, it was so still and fair,
That war and death had ever entered there.

The breaking of camp, the march from Atlanta, the wide waste of ruin left by the conquering army is described at length:

Once more the sun illumines the horizon,
Once more the bugles sound the call, "Fall in."
On yonder heights they hear the signal gun,
The hour has come; the great march will begin.
And from their camps the steady columns wind,
In long blue lines—Atlanta's left behind.

Their faces South along the unknown way,
With measured tread the bronzed veterans go.
No gorgeous pomp, no glorious array,
But plain, strong men, and feared by every foe.
Sublime they sing, and glorious anon,
Of old John Brown, whose soul was marching on.

For many miles the serried column spread,
On many roads their daring horsemen flew,
A sight it was, most beautiful, yet dread
War's wasting besom sweeping Georgia through,
Destroying all that in its pathway lay,
And threatening towns a hundred miles away.

A thousand men the railroads overturn,
The red-hot rails 'round neighboring trees are bent,
All that a foeman e'er may use they burn;
Flames mark each road where'er the army went.
Thus through the land the tramping soldiers wind,
Rich fields in front, a howling waste behind.

A number of ballads and songs are scattered through the poem. The Soldier's Song, supposed to have been sung at the beginning of the great march; Dorris, With Corse at Allatoona, The Ballad of John Brown, Last Night I Heard the Whip-poor-will, The Raid of Andrew's Men, Ponce de Leon, are some of the titles. The Forager's Song shows the lyrical swing of the poet as well as his defects, and is short enough to quote in full:

The bugles I hear and the camp is astir,
The sun rises clear on the pine and the fir;
Away let us ride, past the vanguard and camp,
Ere the farmer shall hide all his corn in the swamp.

Already the hills are in purple and gold,
The dawn, how it thrills all the wood and the wold.
No flag and no drum—ah, little they know
How sudden we come, or the roads that we go.

Let soldiers who will plod along on their way,
But give us the spice of a far-off foray;
A brush in some lane, with their five to our one,
And barn full of grain when the scrimmage is done.

Then forward, hurrah! there'll be fun on the farm,
When the cocks and the dogs shall have raised the alarm;
When the darkies shall cry to each gay cavalier,
"We's glad, Mr. Sherman, to see you is here."

Then here's to the bummer, who longest can ride,
A sheep on his shoulder, his gun at his side;
And to every brave fellow who goes on before
To forage good food for the grand army corps.

Then up while the hills are in purple and gold,
While the dew's on the grass, and the sheep are in fold;
Let others who will watch along on their way,
But give us the morn and the far-off foray.

There are many interesting bits of description. The abandoned condition of the country after leaving Atlanta is noted:

By many a road the swinging lines went on,
By many a farm, through many a hamlet rude,
Where every soul save some poor slave was gone,
The village green turned to a solitude;
Or if some, fearless, kept the lonesome place,
Scorn marked each brow, contempt looked from each face.

The discovery of the sea at the end of the march through Georgia is vigorously treated:

But on a day, while tired and sore they went,
Across some hills wherefrom the view was free,
A sudden shouting down the lines was sent;
They looked and cried, "It is the sea! the sea!"
And all at once a thousand cheers were heard,
And all the army shout the glorious word.

Bronzed soldiers stood and shook each other's hands;
Some wept for joy, as for a brother found;
And down the slopes, and from the far-off sands,
They thought they heard already the glad sound
Of the old ocean welcoming them on
To that great goal they had so fairly won.

Not since that day when the great Genoese
Placed his proud feet upon a new-found world,
Had such glad shouts gone up to heaven as these,
When to the breeze the old flag was unfurled,
And all the army in one mighty song
Passed the glad news, "It is the sea," along.

High waved the flags, and every bugle played;
And silver bands whose notes had not been heard
For days, in the dull forests where we'd strayed,
Where joyous songs our hearts had never stirred,
Poured forth their notes; yet little heeded we,
Our souls too busy with that glistening sea.

Some of the best lines in the poem are devoted to a pen portrait of Sherman. The following show the tenor of the poet's admiration:

A form erect as is some sturdy oak,
Alert and tall, and quick in every move,
A face deep carved, whose very wrinkles spoke,
And lips that told of battle and of love.
Brown, sparkling eyes, that ever seemed to shine,
A lofty brow, where genius sat divine.

Men said he was like Cæsar; only this—
The imperial form and face, indeed, he had,
But his ambition never went amiss,
And love of glory ne'er did make him mad.
Great though his deeds, and great though his renown,
No Antony dared offer him a crown.

The grand review at the close of the war at the national capital brings the story of the march to an end. The following lines will recall that historic event to many a "boy in blue":

And on a morn, a wondrous morn in May,
It was proclaimed that through the avenue
The mighty host should take its glorious way,
And all the land as one be there to view;
Not in all time had such a sight, I ween,
Of freedom's hosts in the wide world been seen.

From many a field the veteran armies came,
And East and West went glorious side by side;
Together felt the thrilling joys of fame.
The people's heroes and the nation's pride;
Together now their long blue columns wheel
Up the long street, one sea of sloping steel.

Two days they marched on that great avenue;
Two days they cheered, that mighty multitude,
And flowers and wreaths upon their heads they threw;
And all men called the land's defenders good;
And all gave thanks, now the great war was done,
To see these men, who had such victories won.

There is not a line of the poem that indicates a narrow or sectional spirit. The closing *Adieu* is typical in good will and kindly feeling toward those against whom the poet once bore arms:

Sweet meadows mark the shaded glen
That war with bullets sowed,
And roses line the lanes again
Where Sherman's troopers rode.

War's wasted fields have grown to green,
The streams in Sherman's path
Turn busy wheels, no more the scene
Of battle's deadly wrath.

In yonder wood, where once was heard
The cannon's deadly hail,
With softer notes the heart is stirred,
By some sweet nightingale.

And they whose swords were sharp to slay,
Have felt war's anger cease,
And busy commerce leads the way
In paths of love and peace.

What matters now if they were wrong?
They were our kith and kin,
And they were brave, and tale and song
Shall tell what they have been.

A GROUP OF CONTEMPORARY ESSAYISTS

By F. M. HOPKINS

[There has been a marked revival in the publication of volumes of essays during the last two years and one particularly noteworthy contribution to this branch of literature has been made by Harper & Brothers, of New York, in their new series entitled *Contemporary Essayists*. Four volumes have already appeared: *Impressions and Experiences*, by William Dean Howells; *The Relation of Literature to Life*, by Charles Dudley Warner; *Aspects of Fiction, and Other Ventures in Criticism*, by Brander Matthews, and *Book and Heart; Essays on Literature and Life*, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

The contents of Mr. Howells' volume are exclusively of the nature of reminiscence or observation, and include *The Country Printer*, *Police Report*, *I Talk of Dreams*, *An East Side Ramble*, *Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver*, *The Closing of the Hotel*, *Glimpses of Central Park and New York Streets*. Mr. Warner's volume contains five papers in which he emphasizes the value of literature in common life, and maintains the thesis "that all genuine, enduring literature is the outcome of the time that produces it, is responsive to the dominant sentiment of the time, and that this close relation to human life insures its welcome ever after as a true picture of human nature." Some of Mr. Matthews' best essays are included in his new book. Among them are *American Literature*, *Two Studies of the South*, *The Penalty of Humor*, *Two Scotsmen of Letters* (Mr. Andrew Lang and Robert Louis Stevenson), and *Aspect of Fiction*, the last-named title covering discussions of the work of Cervantes, Kipling, Coppée, Charles Dudley Warner and Halévy. Col. Higginson gives to his work unusual vigor, which, together with his wide knowledge and experience, and his fine insight and keen human sympathy makes the volume a welcome contribution to American literature. He writes about nearly two score of topics; his literary essays range from *A Keats Manuscript* to *The Next Step in Journalism*; and his essays upon life include *International Marriages* and *English and American Gentlemen*, and touch upon many subjects now uppermost in public interest.

The series is bound uniformly in ornamental cloth, uncut edges and gilt top, and are admirable specimens of book-making. The publishers have kindly permitted us to make a selection from each of these volumes and the authors have favored us with their latest photographs for reproduction, and it is a pleasure to us to make public recognition of the courtesy.—F. M. H.]

AN EAST SIDE RAMBLE

The squalor and misery in the overcrowded East Side of New York City are not unknown to the world, but seldom has the life of this poverty-stricken quarter been analyzed with the ability and sympathy which Mr. Howells has done in his essay entitled, *An East Side Ramble*. We have selected a few paragraphs which deal more particularly with the Hebrew section.

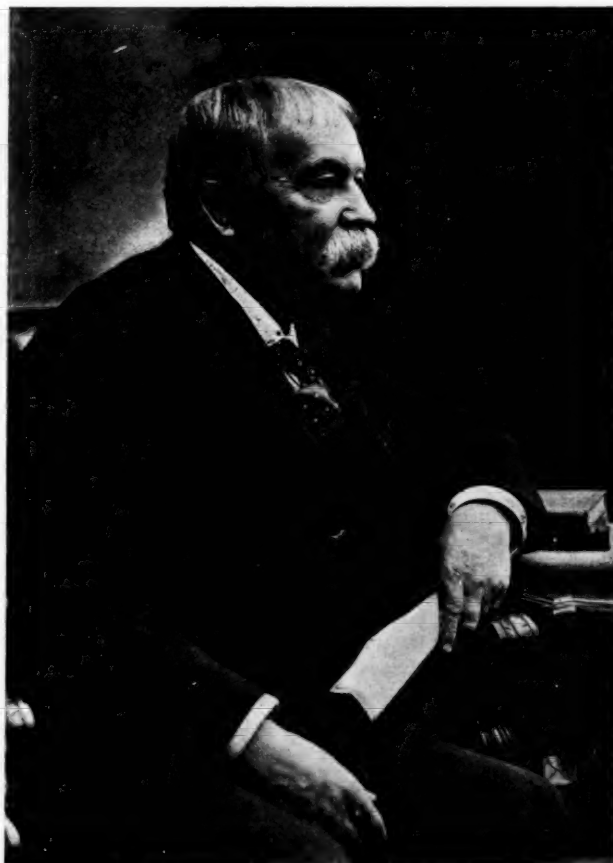
"I found them unusually cheerful in the Hebrew quarter," says Mr. Howells, "and they had so much courage as enabled them to keep themselves noticeably clean in an environment where I am afraid their betters would scarcely have had heart to wash their faces and comb their hair. There was even a decent tidiness in their dress, which I did not find very ragged, though it often seemed unseasonable and insufficient. But here again, as in many other phases of life, I was struck by men's heroic superi-

ority to their fate, if their fate is hard; and I felt anew that if prosperous and comfortable people were as good in proportion to their fortune as these

people were they would be as the angels of light, which, I am afraid, they now but faintly resemble."

Mr. Howells continues: "I found no shape or size of tenement but this. There was always the one room, where the inmates lived by the day, and the one den where they slept by night, apparently all in the same bed, though probably the children were strewn about the floor. If the tenement were high up the living-room had more light and air than if it were low down; but the sleeping hole never had any light or air of its own. My calls were made on one of the mild days which fell before last Christmas, and so I suppose I saw these places at their best; but what they must be when the summer is seven times heated

without, as it often is in New York, or when the Arctic cold had pierced these hapless abodes and



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
Photograph by L. Alman, New York and Newport

the inmates huddle together for their animal heat, the reader must imagine for himself.

"I suppose there are and have been worse conditions of life, but if I stopped short of savage life I found it hard to imagine them. I did not exaggerate to myself the squalor that I saw, and I do not exaggerate it to the reader. As I have said, I was so far from sentimentalizing it that I almost immediately reconciled myself to it, as far as its victims were concerned. Still, it was squalor of a kind which, it seemed to me, it could not be possible to outrival anywhere in the life one commonly calls civilized. It is true that the Indians who formerly inhabited this island were no more comfortably lodged in their wigwams of bark and skins than these poor New-Yorkers in their tenements. But the wild men pay no rent, and if they are crowded together upon terms that equally forbid decency and comfort in their shelter, they have the freedom of the forest and the prairie about them; they have the illimitable sky and the whole light of day and the four winds to breathe when they issue into the open air. The New York tenement dwellers, even when they leave their lairs, are still pent in their high-walled streets, and inhale a thousand stench of their own and others' making. The street, except in snow and rain, is always better than their horrible houses, and it is doubtless because they pass so much of their time in the street that the death rate is so low among them. Perhaps their domiciles can be best likened for darkness and discomfort to the dugouts or sod huts of the settlers on the great plains. But these are only temporary shelters, while the tenement dwellers have no hope of better housing; they have neither the prospect of a happier fortune through their own energy as the settlers have, nor any chance from the humane efforts and teachings of missionaries, like the savages."

Mr. Howells concludes his observations with the following paragraph:

"I have tried to report simply and honestly what I saw of the life of our poorest people that day. One might say it was not so bad as it is painted, but I think it is quite as bad as it appeared; and I could not see that in itself or in its conditions it held the promise or hope of anything better. If it is tolerable, it must endure; if it is intolerable, still it must endure. Here and there one will release himself from it, and doubtless numbers are always doing this, as in the days of slavery there were always fugitives; but for the great mass the captivity remains. Upon the present terms of leaving the poor to be housed by private landlords, whose interest it is to get the greatest return of money for the money invested, the very poorest must always be housed as they are now. Nothing but public control in some form or other can secure them a shelter fit for human beings."

MODERN FICTION

One of the most interesting of Mr. Warner's essays is a review of modern fiction. He takes issue squarely with the so-called realists and he gives the reasons for his position with great clearness. "One of the worst characteristics of modern fiction," says Mr. Warner, "is its so-called truth to nature. For fiction is an art, as painting is, as sculpture is, as

acting is. A photograph of a natural object is not art; nor is the plaster cast of a man's face, nor is the bare setting on the stage of an actual occurrence. Art requires an idealization of nature. The amateur, though she may be a lady, who attempts to represent upon the stage the lady of the drawing-room, usually fails to convey to the spectators the impression of a lady. She lacks the art by which the trained actress, who may not be a lady, succeeds. The actual transfer to the stage of the drawing-room and its occupants, with the behavior common in well-bred society, would no doubt fail of the intended dramatic effect, and the spectators would declare the representation unnatural.

"However our jargon of criticism may confound terms, we do need to be reminded that art and nature are distinct; that art, though dependent on nature, is a separate creation; that art is selection and idealization, with a view to impressing the mind



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

with human, or even higher than human, sentiments and ideas. We may not agree whether the perfect man or woman ever existed, but we do know that the highest representations of them in form—that in the old Greek sculptures—were the result of artistic selection of parts of many living figures. . . .

"When, therefore, we say that one of the worst characteristics of modern fiction is its so-called truth of nature," continues Mr. Warner in another paragraph, "we mean that it disregards the higher laws of art, and attempts to give us unidealized pictures of life. The failure is not that vulgar themes are treated, but that the treatment is vulgar; not that common life is treated, but that the treatment is common; not that care is taken with details, but that no selection is made, and everything is photographed regardless of its artistic value. I am sure that no one has felt any repugnance on being introduced by Cervantes to the muleteers, contrabandists, servants and serving-maids, and idle vagabonds of Spain, any more than to an acquaintance

with the beggar boys and street gamins on the canvases of Murillo. And I believe that the philosophic reason of the disgust of Heine and of every critic with the English bourgeoisie novels, describing the petty, humdrum life of the middle classes, was simply the want of art in the writers; the failure on their part to see that a literal transcript of nature is poor stuff in literature. We do not need to go back to Richardson's time for illustration of that truth. Every week the English press—which is even a greater sinner in this respect than the American—turns out a score of novels which are mediocre, not from their subjects, but from their utter lack of the artistic quality. It matters not whether they treat of middle-class life, of low, slum life, or of drawing-room life and lords and ladies; they are equally flat and dreary. Perhaps the most inanè thing ever put forth in the name of literature is the so-called domestic novel, an indigestible, culinary sort of product, that might be named the doughnut of fiction. The usual apology for it is that it depicts family life with fidelity. Its characters are supposed to act and talk as people act and talk at home and in society. I trust this is a libel, but, for the sake of the argument, suppose they do. Was ever produced so insipid a result? They are called moral; in the higher sense they are immoral, for they tend to lower the moral tone and stamina of every reader. It needs genius to import into literature ordinary conversation, petty domestic details, and the commonplace and vulgar phases of life. A report of ordinary talk, which appears as dialogue in domestic novels, may be true to nature; if it is, it is not worth writing or worth reading. I cannot see that it serves any good purpose whatever. Fortunately, we have in our day illustrations of a different treatment of the vulgar. I do not know any more truly realistic pictures of certain aspects of New England life than are to be found in Judd's *Margaret*, wherein are depicted exceedingly pinched and ignoble social conditions. Yet the characters and the life are drawn with the artistic purity of Flaxman's illustrations of Homer. Another example is Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Every character in it is of the lower class in England. But what an exquisite creation it is! You have to turn back to Shakespeare for any talk of peasants and clowns and shepherds to compare with the conversations in this novel, so racy are they of the soil, and yet so touched with the finest art, the enduring art. Here is not the realism of the photograph, but of the artist; that is to say, it is nature idealized."

We will close these extracts from this admirable essay with the following paragraphs:

"I do not know," says Mr. Warner, "how it has come about that in so large a proportion of recent fiction it is held to be artistic to look almost altogether upon the shady and the seamy side of life, giving to this view the name of 'realism'; to select the disagreeable, the vicious, the unwholesome; to give us for our companions, in our hours of leisure and relaxation, only the silly and the weak-minded woman, the fast and slangy girl, the intrigante and the 'shady'—to borrow the language of the society she seeks—the hero of irresolution, the prig, the vulgar, and the vicious; to serve us only with the

foibles of the fashionable, the low tone of the gay, the gilded riff-raff of our social state; to drag us forever along the dizzy, half-fractured precipice of the seventh commandment; to bring us into relations only with the sordid and the common; to force us to sup with unwholesome company on misery and sensuousness, in tales so utterly unpleasant that we are ready to welcome any disaster as a relief; and then—the latest and finest touch of modern art—to leave the whole weltering mass in a chaos, without conclusion and without possible issue.

"And this is called a picture of real life! Heavens! Is it true that in England, where a great proportion of the fiction we describe and loathe is produced; is it true that in our New England society there is nothing but frivolity, sordidness, decay of purity and faith, ignoble ambition and ignoble living? Is there no charm in social life—no self-sacrifice, devotion, courage to stem materialistic conditions, and live above them? Are there no noble women, sensible, beautiful, winning, with the grace that all the world loves, albeit with the feminine weaknesses that make all the world hope? Is there no manliness left? Are there no homes where the tempter does not live with the tempted in a mush of sentimental affinity? Or is it, in fact, more artistic to ignore all these, and paint only the feeble and the repulsive in our social state? The feeble, the sordid, and the repulsive in our social state nobody denies, nor does anybody deny the exceeding cleverness with which our social disorders are reproduced in fiction by a few masters of their art; but is it not time that it should be considered good art to show something of the clean and bright side?"

FAVORITES OF A DAY

Col. Higginson dwells upon the short life of literary fame in an essay from which the following paragraphs are taken:

"What is hard for authors, foreign or native, to



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

understand is that fame is apt to be most transitory where it is readiest, and that they should make hay

while the sun shines. A year ago the booksellers' monthly returns, as seen in *The Bookman* and elsewhere, gave the leadership in the sales of every American city to English or Scotch books; now one sees the recent American tales of Hopkinson Smith or Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, for example, leading in every town. There is no deep national principle involved—only a casual change, like that which takes athletic prizes for a few years from one college and gives them to another. Novels and even whole schools of fiction emerge and disappear like the flash or darkening of a revolving light in a lighthouse; you must use the glimpse while you have it. 'The highways of literature are spread over,' says Holmes, 'with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public, and is done with.' Each foreign notability, in particular, should bear in mind on his arrival the remark of Miss Berry's Frenchman about a waning beauty who was declared by her to be still lovely. 'Elle n' a qu' un quart d' heure pour l' être'.

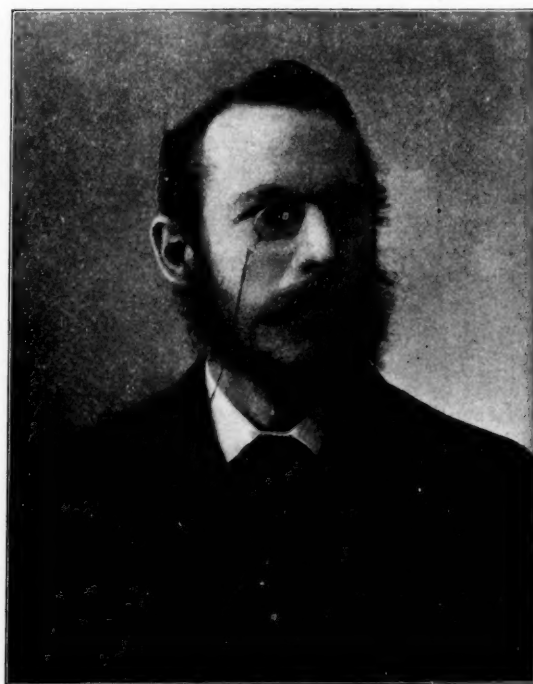
"The bulk of English fiction fortunately never reaches this country, and the bulk of American fiction fortunately never reaches England. The exceptions are often wayward and very often inexplicable. Who can now understand why the forgotten novel, *The Lamplighter*, had a wider English circulation than any American book had hitherto conquered except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? or why *The Wide, Wide World* achieved such a success as still to retain its hold on English farmhouses? They were no better than the works of 'a native author named Roe,' and probably not so good. In this country the authors who have achieved the most astounding popular successes are, as a rule, now absolutely forgotten. I can remember when Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., received by far the largest salary then paid to any American writer, and Dr. J. H. Robinson spent his life in trying to rival him. The vast evangelical constituency which now reads *Ben Hur* then read Ingraham's *Prince of the House of David*; the boys who now pore over *Oliver Optic* had then *Mayne Reid*. Those who enjoy Gunter and Albert Ross then perused, it is to be presumed, the writings of Mr. J. W. Buell, whose very name will be, to most readers of to-day, unknown. His *Beautiful Story* reached a sale of nearly 300,000 copies in two years; his *Living World* and *The Story of Man* were sold to the number of nearly 250,000 each, and were endorsed by Gladstone and Bismarck. This was only ten years ago, for in 1888 he received for copyright \$33,000, and in 1889, \$50,000; yet I have at hand no book of reference or library catalogue that contains his name. Is it not better to be unknown in one's lifetime, and yet live forever by one poem, like *Blanco White* with his sonnet called *Life and Light*, or by one saying, like Fletcher of Saltoun with his 'I care not who makes the laws of a people, so I can make its ballads,' than to achieve such an evanescent splendor as this?

"It is not more than sixty years since Maria Edgeworth rivalled Scott in English and American popularity, and Scott's publisher, James Ballantyne, says he could most gratify the author of *Waverley* when he could say: 'Positively this is equal to

Miss Edgeworth.' Frederika Bremer's works in English-speaking countries were once the object of such enthusiasm that publishers quarreled for the right to reproduce them in English, and old friendships were sundered by the competition to translate them. At that time all young men who wished for a brilliant social career still took for their models either Pelham or Vivian Grey; and I remember that a man of fine intellect who had worked in a factory until he was eighteen, once told me that he had met with no intellectual influence to be compared with that exerted upon him by Bulwer's novels. The historical tales of G. P. R. James were watched for by thousands of eager readers, and his solitary horseman rode through the opening page among the plaudits of a myriad hearts. Dickens laughed all these away, as Cervantes smiled away Spain's chivalry; and now Dickens himself is set aside by critics as boisterous in his fun and maudlin in sentiment. All teaches us that fame is, in numberless cases, the most fleeting of all harvests; that it is, indeed, like parched corn, which must be eaten while it is smoking hot or not at all."

THE GIFT OF STORY-TELLING

"The gift of story-telling, all of the most popular romancers of the time possess," says Brander Matthews, "or else they would not have won popularity. And sometimes this gift is all their having. Sometimes they own little or no more, having neither wit



BRANDER MATTHEWS

nor wisdom, neither style nor psychology—possessing, indeed, no general ideas even about the art they practice with applause. This is how it comes to pass that more than one of the purveyors of popular fiction of our day has made a sorry spectacle of himself when he took it upon himself to discourse upon his own art and to discuss its secrets. The public had read his books because he was a born teller of tales, but for criticism of craftsmanship he

had no gift, and in attempting it he was merely giving himself away."

Mr. Matthews divides the writers of fiction into three classes: those with the special temperament, those with general ability, and the scanty few who have both the general ability and the special temperament. "As one glances down the long and interesting history of fiction," says Mr. Matthews, "one can readily pick out the names of novelists belonging to one and another of the three classes. And yet the writer who has the gift of story-telling and nothing else, who has neither style nor humor nor the ability to create character, who is a spinner of yarns only, has no staying power; however immense his immediate popularity may be, he sinks into oblivion almost as soon as he ceases to produce. Perhaps there are no more typical specimens of the story-teller, pure and simple, than the late Ponson du Terrail in France (the historian of the misdeeds of Rocambale), and the late Hugh Conway in England (the author of *Called Back*)."

"In the second division, containing those without the native faculty and yet with ability which they impress as a substitute for the gift, it is probably perfectly fair to include Dr. Johnson. *Rasselas* reveals no natural endowment for the pursuit of fiction; it is the result of main strength misapplied. Perhaps also Diderot is to be included in this class, for the author of *La Religieuse* had the gift of story-telling as little as he had the dramatic faculty. It may be unfair to Diderot, whose intelligence was alert and swift, to link his name with that of Johnson, who moved ponderously; and yet they are both examples of the inadequacy of intellect alone as an equipment for the practice of an art without some portion, however slight, of a natural endowment. For the spinning of yarns, the intelligence alone will not suffice.

"The two great contemporaries, Boccaccio and Chaucer, had both the gift of story-telling in fullest measure; they were also among the most accomplished and most intellectual men of their time. Boccaccio was a scholar; he was perhaps the first Italian to study Greek; he was chosen to deliver the earliest course of lectures on Dante. Chaucer was also a scholar; he was a traveller and a man of affairs. Both of them were conscious artists, masters of the narrative art, treating the raw material they found ready to their hands with the utmost freedom, and understanding all the advantages of selection, unity, compression, variety, proportion, movement, and climax. Their tales can be studied to-day as masterpieces of craftsmanship. They had the gift of story-telling, and also the knowledge how best to put that having to usury, and how to make it return the fullest revenue.

"The two great writers whose names come next in chronological sequence in the history of fiction are Rabelais and Cervantes. The Frenchman and the Spaniard had a profounder philosophy than the Italian and the Englishman, but they lacked the sense of art, as the most careless contrast would show. The tales of Boccaccio and of Chaucer are swift and beautifully proportioned, while the stories of Rabelais and Cervantes are slow and lumbering. The involute clumsiness of *Don Quixote*, considered merely as a specimen of narrative art, is in-

disputable; and the slovenliness of its structure, the negligence of the narrative and his insufficient respect for the masterpiece which he had begotten unawares, are equally evident. But careless as is the scheme of *Don Quixote* it is superior to the wilful and sprawling formlessness of the chronicle of Gargantua. The gift of story-telling, the sheer ability to hold the reader's attention by a string of adventures, put together almost at haphazard, and told almost as artlessly—this both Rabelais and Cervantes must needs have had.

"Of course it will not do to force the classification too rigorously; in art the hard and fast lines of science are impossible. None the less is it amusing to call the roll of English novelists, and, without insisting on an inexorable division of the sheep from the goats, to try and see which of them had this gift, and which of them had to make up for a deficiency of it by an abundance in other directions.

"Of the three English novelists of the eighteenth century perhaps Smollet had the most of this faculty and Richardson the least, although Fielding had a richer nature than either of the others, and a finer art, and therefore he got the utmost out of his having. Goldsmith's one attempt at fiction is engagingly artless and continually interesting; Goldsmith, like Irving, who resembled him in many other respects also, had his full share of this native faculty, though he did not cultivate it as carefully as Irving did. In like manner Cooper was a more conscientious workman than Scott, and he put his framework together better, inferior as the American romancer was to the Scottish master in richness of humor and in insight into human character.

"Of the three great British novelists of the nineteenth century Dickens was the only one who was a true story-teller, having a far larger share of the native gift even than Thackeray, while George Eliot had less of it than almost any other of those who have become famous as writers of fiction. Dickens was a man of limited culture and of narrow intelligence—as his *Pictures from Italy* proves, and his *American Notes*, and he had absurd artistic ideals; but his was the faculty of telling a tale so that we cannot choose but hear. Thackeray, a more accomplished craftsman, was often a more careless artificer; he had a far finer intelligence than Dickens and a deeper nature; but merely as a story-teller Dickens seems to me to be his superior.

"George Eliot (like Tolstoi, another great writer who uses fiction as a medium for morality) strikes me always as not naturally a teller of tales, like Swift, for instance, and Goldsmith. In reading *Adam Bede* and *Middlemarch*, as in reading *Anna Karenina*, we have a constant sense of effort as though the authors were struggling with a consciousness that story-telling was not that for which they were born. That George Eliot and Tolstoi were not wholly devoid of the requisite endowment is evident from these books and their fellows; but the permanent value of George Eliot's writings and of Tolstoi's is not to be sought in their stories considered merely as stories. And if it were not that the Sorrows of Werther had met with instant acceptance all over Europe, I should venture to suggest that, great as Goethe was, his gift of story-telling was exceedingly small.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

HISTORICAL OBSEQUIES OF A SPANISH SPARROW

VINCENT S. COOKE.....N. Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS

In a History of the Wars in Cuba, the advance sheets of which have just reached this country from Madrid, there is a brief but perfectly serious description of the burial of a sparrow in Havana in March, 1869, attended by the Captain-General of the province, the bishop of the diocese and six thousand soldiers. An illustration of this remarkable ceremony appeared in the journal *El Moro Muza*, published in Havana, April 11, 1869. It was not a caricature, as the subject would naturally lead one to suppose, but a picture of a solemn ceremonial in which the leading characters were the most distinguished representatives of the Spanish government in the Island of Cuba. It seems scarcely possible that only twenty-eight years ago such a vast body of grown-up men, representing a nation that once ruled the seas, could, with bowed heads, follow to a consecrated grave the body of a bird, but they did it, and the ceremony was celebrated in prose and verse by the most famous poets and litterateurs of the day.

The Spaniards in Cuba, at the breaking out of the Ten Years' War in 1868, had been pleased to adopt the sparrow as the symbol of their pertinacity, pluck and endurance, just as the bulldog is spoken of as the type of English tenacity and fighting qualities. For the Cubans, they selected the cat, and "El gato" was the most contemptuous term they could employ in referring to a native of the island which to ravage and lay waste they had crossed the seas. Some time in the latter part of March a Spanish soldier saw a cat spring into the midst of a flock of sparrows and seize one of them with teeth and claws. Clubbing his musket, he disabled the cat and took the dead bird from its mouth. The occurrence was reported to the captain of the guard, who ordered that the cat be captured and imprisoned and the sparrow placed in his quarters. The order was obeyed, and that afternoon on the Plaza de Armas, outside of La Fuerza, "El gato" was regularly tried by drum-head court-martial and sentenced to death. The crippled animal was shot by two soldiers and its body was embalmed. Captain-General Domingo Dulce, who was in command of the island at the time, was informed of what had taken place, and, instead of regarding it as a soldier's prank, ordered that the body of the sparrow be prepared for interment. He said that while the bird itself was of no consequence, it was, in the abstract, the incarnation of the admirable qualities possessed by the soldiers of Spain, and that to properly impress the Cuban the body must be given a soldier's funeral with full honors. A general order to this effect was issued. Bishop Fleix y Solanz was summoned to the palace and instructed to perform his part in the obsequies just as he would for a dead soldier. Invitations—which were really commands—were issued to all the best-known Spaniards in Havana to attend, and this included such men of prominence as Estrella, judge of the Supreme Court; Munoz y Garcia, a principal officer in the Treasury Department; Señor Vergez, Sec-

retary of the Colonies in Spain; Señor Camprodon, the leading poet of his day; Señor Juan Martínez Villergas, who, under the nom de plume of Miramolin, wrote the ablest and most political reviews in Cuba; the editors of all the newspapers published in the city, and Señor Gonzalo Castenon, subsequently killed in Key West and for the alleged desecration of whose grave eight young students were butchered in cold blood. There were eight battalions in Havana, and the wife of the commander of each sent large offerings of flowers. A bier was prepared, and the poor little sparrow was placed on a fragrant bed of roses and lilies, and was twined about with wild vines and lilac blossoms. The drums were muffled, and the cortège was given the order to march. With solemn tread the long line proceeded afoot to the cemetery on the outskirts of the city, and there the body of the victim of "El gato" was committed to the earth. The few Americans in Havana beheld the spectacle with amazement. Indeed, the majority of them were under the impression that the funeral was that of some distinguished personage.

About a week afterward *El Moro Muza*, a fervid supporter of Spanish rule in Cuba, appeared with a full-page devoted to the sparrow's funeral. The picture stretched across six columns, and the artist took pains to take good likenesses of the principals in the procession. The man bearing the banner is Señor Almayor, editor of *El Moro Muza*. The four pallbearers were men of affairs in Havana, who would not indulge in a joke. The first man on the right is the editor, Señor Acevedo, and next to him is Señor Gil Gilby. The man with the bushy head of hair is Castenon, and marching with him is Señor Carlos Triay. Behind the bier are the Bishop and the Captain-General. Underneath the picture was the caption: "Gran Entierro del Gorrion," grand burial of the sparrow.

THE BLASCHKA FLOWER MODELS AT HARVARD

MARCIA E. HALE.....POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

The Ware Collection of glass flower models in the University Museum of Cambridge is now so widely known and appreciated that a written introduction to it seems at first superfluous. Still, the fact remains that the interest and curiosity felt in regard to the history of the collection increase in proportion to its increasing fame. . . .

To the casual observer it seems almost incredible that these sprays of leaf and blossom—these magnified details of flower and fruit, true to nature not only in form and color but also in texture—that these models before us should be made of glass. Not even the daintiest productions of the Venetian and Bohemian glass-workers have prepared us for the delicacy and pliability which we find here, and it seems hardly necessary to state that the process employed in making these models is in no sense that of ordinary glass-blowing. From the simpler methods of making window glass and bottles to the artistic fashioning of such work as this is a wide step. It is not glass *blowing* but glass *modeling* which has produced these marvelous imitations of

nature. Glass of all degrees of fusibility has been used in their composition, and the colors have been subjected to many experiments; some are imparted to the glass while fused, some while cooling, and some are applied afterward. All the pigments used are mineral colors, as an attempt to supplement these with aniline tints failed utterly. The highest degree of excellence, too, has been attained in the use of cements and in the method of securing the models to the tablets. The reproduction of the widely different textures of leaf and petal is a marvel by itself, and such perfection can have been reached only by infinitely painstaking experiment and study. All these matters, as may readily be seen, are not easily acquired or imparted, and for these reasons the collection seems likely to remain, as it is at present, absolutely unique. The artists have been given every opportunity and advantage in the way of plants for study. A photograph of their pleasant home in Hosterwitz shows a large but unpretending house, surrounded by a garden in which American plants are grown. The Blaschkas have had the benefit, too, of the Royal Gardens at Pillnitz, the summer home of the court of Saxony, which is situated on the Elbe within a mile of Dresden. . . .

To come down to the personal history of the artists in question, Leopold Blaschka was born in 1822, in Aicha, a village of northern Bohemia. His father, Joseph Blaschka, was not only a skilled glass-worker, but was also an able mechanic and electrician. After his early education in the grammar school of his native town, Leopold Blaschka was placed in the studio of the painter, Elsner, with whom he studied for some time. At the same time he acquired from his father a thorough knowledge of the goldsmith's trade, becoming expert in the cutting and setting of gems and in gold and silver work—a knowledge which he put to a practical use in the manufacture of fancy articles for exportation. From childhood, however, he had felt an absorbing interest in natural history, and when, in the interest of his business, he made a voyage in a sailing vessel to America in 1854, he found ample opportunity during a calm at sea to make many studies and drawings of marine invertebrates. On his return he began what proved to be his life work—the modeling of plants and animals in glass. Some of these earlier models came under the notice of the botanist, Prince Camille de Rohan, for whom Blaschka made a collection of about sixty orchids in glass. These were first exhibited in Prince de Rohan's palace in Prague in 1862. They afterward came into the possession of the museum at Liège, where they were unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1863. Certain annoying circumstances connected with one of these earlier collections, together with the fate of the Liège models, gave Blaschka a distaste for this branch of his work, which he abandoned forthwith, devoting himself exclusively to the manufacture of animal models. In this work he was assisted by his only son, Rudolf, who was born in 1857, and who became, in 1870, his father's associate in his work. He was the only apprentice whom the elder man initiated into the mysteries of his art—the only person, therefore, since the death of Leopold Blaschka, in 1895, who possesses the secret of these marvelous productions. Both father

and son were diligent and careful students of zoölogy, and their accurately-rendered models met with a ready sale for museums throughout the world, the most complete of these collections being perhaps that which was purchased by the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

In 1885 the privilege of constructing for its own use the central portion of the University Museum at Cambridge was offered to the Botanical Department by Mr. Alexander Agassiz, who has carried so far toward completion his father's plans for a Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. Through the advice and co-operation of Mr. Agassiz, and through the untiring zeal and energy of Prof. George L. Goodale, who succeeded Dr. Asa Gray in the Fisher Professorship of Natural History, the large sum necessary for the construction of the building was obtained by subscription, the result being a most satisfactory structure which furnishes ample space for laboratories and for exhibition rooms in which to display illustrations of all the chief types of plants. It was now necessary to provide these illustrations, and no means hitherto employed seemed wholly adequate to the desired end. Flowers in all known states of preservation are apt to lose both color and character, and to become unsightly as well as uninteresting. Even if accurately represented by colored drawings, something is still wanting, as they must fail in expressing at least one of the dimensions of space. Gelatin seemed too perishable a substance to be used, "papier-mâché" was hardly desirable, and the idea of wax models was altogether distasteful. It was a happy inspiration of Prof. Goodale's when one day studying the beautiful glass models in the Zoölogical Museum which led to the solution of the problem. If these marvels of the sea could be copied in glass with such beauty and fidelity, why should not the same medium be employed for the models of flowers? Acting promptly upon this suggestion, the next step to be taken was a journey to Dresden for the purpose of making the proposition to the artists. At first Dr. Goodale's trouble seemed likely to prove useless, for he found the Blaschkas most unwilling to abandon the making of animal models, which occupied all their time, and for which there was an unflinching demand. . . . After much consideration on the part of the Blaschkas, they consented to undertake, on their own terms, the preparation of a certain number of models. . . . Under the new conditions new contracts became necessary, the final one of which, executed at the consular office in Dresden in 1890, engaged all the time of the two Blaschkas, thus securing a fixed number of models to be sent in two consignments each year, until the collection is completed. The time necessary for this completion is at present uncertain, owing to the death of Leopold Blaschka in July, 1895, since the work now falls wholly on his surviving son. . . .

The original plan of the collection had been to represent only the flora of North and South America. So greatly has the proposed scope of the original scheme been enlarged, that it now seems probable that five or six years' time will see illustrated by this collection all the great types of plant life throughout the world, all except eight of these types being represented among the plants native to

North or South America. Already more than one hundred orders are represented, and here it must be clearly understood that no attempt has been made to show every species of plant. This would indeed be an impossibility! Not more than six or seven species of an order are given, but the collection thus illustrates a large proportion of the genera. Certain tablets, prepared for demonstration, exhibit a larger number of details than others, sometimes several species of a genus are shown, in order to emphasize the more or less strongly marked variation of certain characteristics, but in general the aim has been to show the typical species of different genera. . . . No written description of these models can give an adequate idea of the immense service rendered to science by them. To appreciate this it is necessary to study the collection in all its length and breadth.

THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF MANGANESE

STATISTICS OF PRODUCTION AND PRICEENGINEERING

The total supply of manganese ore for the last year, for which returns are available, was 408,079 tons, and of this we in Britain used some 128,000 tons. The quantity required has been steadily increasing, being now five times what it was ten years ago. This is in part due to its more extended use in high-speed engines, where weight is more important than first cost, and where, therefore, it is preferred for its high tensile strength. It is also more largely adopted now for warships, which are wood and copper sheathed, and therefore require manganese bronze, or some other metal which will not readily corrode. The percentage of manganese is in such cases very small, usually 2 per cent. to 88 per cent. of copper and 10 per cent. of tin in engine castings. Stem and stern frames run up to fifteen and twenty-five tons respectively, while propellers often weigh seventeen tons. But withal, the extensive use is somewhat surprising, for what is known as naval brass is more in favor. The proportions for engine parts are 62 per cent. of copper, 37 per cent. of zinc, and 1 per cent. of tin. While slightly cheaper, it is, as a rule, more uniformly reliable, and the tensile strength of rods is nearly as high, usually twenty-six tons to twenty-eight tons per square inch. Still, we use 128,000 tons of the ore, and pay for it the very substantial price of three guineas a ton. The metal itself costs from £80 to £100 per ton, so that only great advantages would justify its use. We have to import this ore, our native production being now under 2,000 tons, although some years ago it was 12,000 tons. That, however, was at a time when copper was dear, owing to syndicate manipulations, and then even manganese ore brought nearly £4 per ton. One-half of our supply comes from Russia, a fourth from Chili, and a considerable proportion of the remainder from France. Of the world's supply of 408,079 tons, Russia provides 240,181 tons, mined in the Ural and southern districts, but principally in the Caucasus. Ten years ago the output was only a tenth what it now is, and the increment has been steady. Germany occupies second place, with a total of 41,854 tons, taken from the Wiesbaden and Coblenz districts close by the Rhine. The production has increased by five-fold in ten years, yet the value is only double. The price per ton has indeed declined in

four years or so from about £5 to about £2 per ton. Chili comes third, due to the output of Coquimbo and Atacama, the ores from which give 50 per cent. of manganese, and for it we pay nearly £4 a ton. Their total output is about 40,000 tons, of which we take three-fourths. France has eleven mines, close to the borders of Spain, and the total has increased to 32,239 tons, but is of a low grade, the value being 30s. a ton. Japan, that land of great resource and energy, takes fifth place, and the ore is of high grade. In five years their production has increased from 945 to 13,945 tons. The United States produce 9,547 tons, got principally in Virginia, Georgia, and Arkansas states. Greece has rather decreased her proportion, the total being 9,172 tons. Turkey mined 9,000 tons, while on the borders of Austria-Hungary and Bosnia there are deposits whence the former get 2,743 and the latter 6,484 tons. Portugal finds 6,848 tons of the world's annual supply; Spain, 7,684; Sweden, 3,269, and Colombia, 3,950 tons. New South Wales, New Zealand, Queensland, and Canada have commenced the mining of manganese ore, and it is to be hoped the colonial supply will increase.

LEGEND OF THE SWORD OF TYR

ARTHUR J. BUNDICK.....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Our Norse ancestors had many things to contend with besides the aggressiveness of their warlike neighbors. The extreme cold weather, the long periods of darkness, lasting half the year, terrible storms and poverty and hunger were formidable foes, and they tended to develop in the northmen both combativeness and superstition. It is not strange, then, that their gods were supposed to be warlike, or that they should think that frost giants and evil spirits were abroad in that frigid, storm-swept land.

Odin, the father of all the gods, while he possessed many attributes and was a patron of song and story, was particularly distinguished for his martial spirit and possessed a marvelous spear, *gungnir*, which was endowed with miraculous qualities, and which he always carried with him. This wonderful spear was the handiwork of a skillful smith, a dwarf of the name of *Dvalin*. Among Odin's sons was one that had inherited his father's warlike spirit and whose name was *Tyr*, god of war and courage. One of *Tyr*'s most valuable possessions was a sacred sword made by the clever dwarf who had fashioned his father's spear. The sword was hung in the temple, where the first rays of the morning sun caressed its shining blade. It was carefully guarded night and day, but in spite of all precautions it mysteriously disappeared. There was consternation in *Asagrd* when the loss was discovered, and immediate search was made for the missing weapon. A druidess, who possessed the gift of divination, was consulted, and from her it was learned that the *Norns* had decreed that whoever came into possession of the sword should conquer the world, but would eventually come to his death by it. The druidess, however, refused to disclose the hiding place of the sword.

In the ancient city of Cologne, which was founded by the Romans, the prefect, or governor of the province sat one day feasting upon the choicest viands and drinking of the richest wines of his

province. Vitellius was noted for his gormandizing proclivities, and it was surprising to those who knew him that he should be selected for the honors that came to him. As he sat at his table surrounded by the convivial spirits of the city a servant came to him saying that a stranger wished to see him upon a matter that would admit of no delay. Reluctantly he left off his feasting to receive the visitor, a tall, dignified stranger, who presented him with the sword of Tyr, remarking that it would bring him great honor and renown. He then saluted Vitellius as emperor. Immediately those present took up the cry, "Hail to the emperor!" and Vitellius was elected emperor of Rome. He at once proceeded toward Rome, the capital of the empire, but pursued his journey very leisurely, paying much more attention to feasting than to marching. One day, while in a state of intoxication, he left his sword, the sacred sword of Tyr, unguarded in one of the outer apartments of his tent, where it was observed by a German soldier, who appropriated it, leaving in its place a rusty weapon that he had been carrying. Vitellius was so absorbed with his feasting that he did not miss the sword until after his arrival at Rome. Learning that Vespasian was marching toward the city to dispute his claim to the throne, he sought the sword, thinking to resist his rival, but it had disappeared. Believing this to be an omen of defeat, he secreted himself in a dark recess of his palace, where he was found by the angry people, who had so recently declared him emperor, and was ignominiously dragged forth and hurried away to the foot of the Capitoline hill. The German soldier who had stolen the sacred sword happened to arrive at the same moment as the disgraced monarch, and, drawing the sword, he cut off the emperor's head with a single stroke, fulfilling the decree of the Norns that the sword should slay its possessor. The German soldier kept the sword many years, fighting in many different regiments and in various countries and was always victorious. He became famous on account of his skill and power as a warrior, and was greatly honored. At last old age compelled him to give up his martial pursuits, and he retired to private life, still retaining in his possession the wonderful sword. Fearful lest it might be taken from him, he buried it upon the banks of the river Danube, and built himself a modest dwelling over the spot where the sword lay hidden. At last he died, and though his friends begged him to disclose the hiding place of the sword, he refused, saying that, though its possessor might be able to conquer the world, he could not escape the curse of death.

The sword, however, was not destined to remain always hidden. Many years after the death of the German soldier the Hun leader Attila, with an army of invaders, passed along the Danube. As they approached the spot where had formerly stood the German's hut Attila noticed a peasant ruefully examining his cow's foot, and paused to inquire what was the matter. The peasant told him that the cow had cut her foot upon something that was hidden in the tall grass. They began a search, and soon found the point of a sword sticking out of the ground. The sword was unearthed, and when Attila saw the fine workmanship he knew that he had found the lost sword of Tyr. It had not lost its

luster or its wonderful virtues by its long imprisonment in the damp earth, for, from that day, victory attended Attila in his encounters with the enemy. At last, becoming surfeited with success, he determined to retire to private life, but first he took for a wife a beautiful princess, Ildico by name, whose father had fallen in battle by his hand. The princess had sworn to avenge her father's death, and she saw in her union with Attila an opportunity to fulfil her vow. At the feast that followed the wedding Attila became intoxicated, and Ildico, stealthily obtaining the sword, slew him as he lay sleeping in his bed, again verifying the prophecy of the druidess.

Once more the sword disappeared, and was not again heard of until the Duke of Alva, one of Charles V.'s generals, mysteriously obtained possession of it, and by its aid won the victory at the battle of Muhlberg. After the battle the sword again disappeared and has never since been seen.

HISTORY OF THE GREEK NATIONAL HYMN

THE HELLENIC MARSEILLAISE.....NEW YORK HERALD

The famous song known as "the Marseillaise of the Greeks" is being sung and played at present from one end of Greece to the other. In Athens, especially, crowds gather from morn to night, whose delight is to express their heartfelt contempt for their foes by singing this vigorous and intoxicating music.

Constantine Rhigas was the author of this song. Born at Valestini in 1753, he grew up a most patriotic Hellene, giving his whole time to schemes and day dreams of which the independence of his country was the object. The yoke of the Ottomans had long lain heavy on Hellas, and he, like so many other young Hellenes, was anxious to shake it off forever. So he founded an association of patriots who were known as hetairists, or comrades, and who were enrolled from all classes of society. Rhigas, in his zeal as a torchbearer of freedom, traveled through the country, urging recruits everywhere to join the good cause and firing them with patriotic hymns which he had composed from time to time. For this latter reason he became known as "the Tyrtaeus of modern Greece." Meanwhile the French revolution had broken out, and in every nook and cranny of France Frenchmen were singing Rouget de Lisle's wonderful Marseillaise. Rhigas heard the music and the words, and forthwith conceived the idea of writing a similar war song for his own countrymen. He did so, and at once became famous.

Strange and untimely was the end of Constantine Rhigas. Thinking to secure the support of Napoleon, who was then in Italy, he went to meet him but, as soon as he arrived at Trieste, he was betrayed by one of his fellow-conspirators, and was straightway arrested. His captors took him to Vienna, where they lodged him in prison. Despairing of the future, the poet attempted to rid himself of life by means of a dagger, but the blow did not prove fatal. Finally, in May, 1798, the Austrian government handed him over to the porte, which had repeatedly requested that he be extradited, and henceforth no more was seen or heard of him. That he was promptly put to death seems certain, but how or where is still a mystery.

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

FARMING BY TROLLEY

ELECTRICAL SCIENCE APPLIED IN GERMANY....BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

The American consul at Magdeburg, Mr. Muth, sends to the State Department the interesting details of the operation of an electrical plant on a farm near that German city. The motive power is furnished by a small brook, which passes the farm at a distance of about 650 feet, and drives a turbine wheel. About 1650 feet above the wheelhouse a dam has been erected in the brook for the purpose of obtaining the necessary fall, and forcing the water into a canal leading to the turbine. This canal is partly cut into the ground and partly banked, so that at the turbine a fall of 5½ feet is obtained. The volume of water changes from eighteen cubic feet a second in very dry seasons to 106 to 141 cubic feet a second in very wet seasons. With an average of thirty-five cubic feet the turbine is guaranteed to furnish sixteen horse-power, while in reality it furnishes eighteen, and at high water twenty-one to twenty-two horse-power. The turbine drives a Schubert dynamo machine, which develops all the electricity needed. From this dynamo the current goes to the so-called switch-board, whence it is distributed to the various stations. Wires of different sizes, strung on poles, conduct light and power currents to the yard, thence to the dwelling, and main buildings, stables, barns, other farm buildings, and garden.

There are in the dwelling and main building a hundred incandescent lights, in other buildings seventy, and in the yard and garden twelve, besides two arc lamps. In the turbine house there is also an accumulator—a battery consisting of sixty-six large glass cells, with plates of lead in diffused sulphuric acid, which serves to accumulate electricity. During the day, when the machines are not in operation on the yard, this accumulator is loaded and contains then sufficient electricity to feed the lights from evening, after working hours, till the next morning. A small machine can also be attached to the accumulator and worked from its power. By careful handling, the accumulator has furnished sufficient electricity to last five days without being reloaded. To operate the machinery, there are two electric motors, one of ten horse-power and the other of 2½ horse-power. The small motor is fixed and drives the pumps for the stables, a straw cutter, a turning lathe, a grindstone and a large band saw, which can cut logs of thickness up to 17¾ inches, the latter, however, only with the aid of the larger motor. The larger motor is mounted on iron wheels, and, together with the threshing machine, can be put into any barn, to be connected there with the electric current by a small cable. The silos are built in a semi-circle around the last barn, and can be reached, to a distance of five hundred feet, by cable attachments. The distance of the motor from the turbine is then about 1,800 feet. The system of handling the motors is so simple that any farmhand can readily understand it. The turning of a lever admits the electric current, which immediately puts the motor in operation to its full power. One machinist, who is stationed at the turbine house, superintends the entire plant,

handles the turbine and dynamo, and from time to time inspects the motors when in operation. One intelligent farmhand can attend the threshing machine and the large motor.

Owing to loss of power in the conduits, an average of sixteen horse-power is required for threshing, twelve horse-power for sawing, and three horse-power for running the small motor. With an average crop of 6,600 cwts. of winter grain and 7,700 cwts. of summer grain and to furnish the needed quantity of wood, the total power used is equivalent to 34,000 horses for one hour. The cost of the works and the plant was as follows:

Earthwork, including dam and bridge.....	\$1.904
Turbine, including freight and mounting.....	1.428
Machinery building, including foundation.....	1.190
Electric plant	7.140
Sundry expenses	714
Total	\$12,376

The total expense of running the plant, including interest on the investment for works and plant, is \$1,428 for one year. The 34,000 horse-power used during the year cost \$1,428, or about 4 1-5 cents per horse-power per hour; and as ten incandescent lamps represent one horse-power, the burning hour per lamp costs about four-tenths of a cent. As, with an average working time of nine and one-half hours, 70,000 horse-power could easily be developed during the year, if there were any use therefor, the cost per horse-power could be reduced one-half. A comparison of cost of operation by electricity and other power is made. Formerly 8,360 cwts. of grain were threshed by steam, requiring 400 hours, or forty-five days, and 5,940 cwts. by a Goepel machine, requiring eight horses and 600 hours, or seventy days. The time occupied for pumping and straw-cutting was about the same. For sawing logs into boards and kindling wood \$233 a year was paid on an average. The total cost by the old methods was \$1,713.60. This shows a difference of \$285.60 a year in favor of the electric plant. Another advantage is that now four horses can be dispensed with and the remaining horses are always ready for use. How great this advantage is, especially during the harvest, or while the fields are being manured and prepared for the winter, need hardly be mentioned. Other advantages are that the electric light is cleaner, safer and more agreeable. The fact that power is always ready enables the farmer to employ his hands at once in threshing in case bad weather or some other reason prevents them from working in the fields.

The disadvantages are that in a dry summer the water may run low and thus occasion interruptions in the running of the machinery, but as during the dry season few lights are needed, and the large motor is not used, this disadvantage is really trifling. Sufficient water can always be stored to furnish power for loading the accumulator and working the small motor. In winter disturbances may be caused by the clogging of ice, which, however, if occurring at all can easily be remedied by a few hours' work. The currents used are all of low tension and harmless to human life. High-

tension currents require more caution, but could be used to more advantage on larger farms. The cost of the machinery would be considerably greater, but a saving would be effected in the wiring, because high-tension currents require thinner wires than low-tension currents. Furthermore, the loss of power in the former is very small, being less than five per cent. at a distance of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles, while the loss in the latter is five per cent. at a distance of 656 feet, ten per cent. at 984 feet, fifteen per cent. at 1,312 feet, and twenty-five per cent. at 1,968 feet. High-tension currents could also be used for driving ploughing and other agricultural machines at a greater distance from the farm.

PROFESSOR HENRY A. ROWLAND'S RULING MACHINE

110,000 LINES TO THE INCH.....N. Y. TRIBUNE

The announcement was made recently that a large "diffraction grating" spectroscope had just been finished at the shops of John A. Brashear, in Allegheny, Penn., for a German astronomer. This news calls fresh attention to a unique, almost unknown and remarkable piece of machinery, the ruling engine of Professor Henry A. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, wherewith an important part of the instrument just mentioned was made.

The object of a spectroscope is to analyze light from a star, a nebula, the sun or some other luminous object. In this operation the image of a narrow slit is expanded sideways until it is converted into a long prismatic band or spectrum, violet at one end and red at the other. For studying most of the heavenly bodies, glass wedges or prisms are employed to perform the work. These, properly arranged, will render good service, where a high "dispersion," or magnification, is not desirable. But with the sun, whose light is so intense that it will stand great dilution (so to speak), a far more considerable dispersion is entirely feasible. And the astronomical spectroscopist is anxious to produce this effect, in order more completely to separate cross lines in the spectrum, which are ordinarily too close together to be properly distinguished. The whole point of certain researches depends altogether on the possibility of identifying a suspected line positively, and of measuring its position in the spectrum with precision. Such separation can be much better obtained with a "grating" than with a prism.

There are two kinds of gratings. One consists of glass, on whose surface a series of fine, parallel lines are ruled. The other is a highly polished metal plate, similarly engraved. The former lets the light shine through it; the latter reflects it. In either case, the effect is to produce a spectrum exactly as a prism does. To the metal plate a slight concavity is previously imparted, so that it will focus the image without the use of an extra lens. It is this latter type of grating which was introduced into the new spectroscope. Brashear made the mirror, gave it just enough curvature to make the focal distance some twenty odd feet, and then sent it to Baltimore for treatment in Professor Rowland's laboratory.

It is stated, no doubt with truth, that the lines on this particular grating are so fine and so close together that there are 110,000 to the inch! A sim-

ple comparison will enable one easily to realize what this means. In the majority of books there are from 200 to 250 leaves to the inch, when the covers are pressed firmly together. In a small minority, the number will range from 300 to 350. These latter figures represent rather thin paper. Now, if we could split one of the very thinnest of these leaves into 300 layers of uniform thickness, the product would be equivalent to 105,000 to the inch, or a little less than the number of lines in this spectroscope grating. It must be remembered, moreover, that there must be a little space between the lines, if one is to be distinct from the other. Therefore, if an inch be divided up into 1,000,000 equal parts, nine of them would be covered by a line and a space. It is stated in one of the news dispatches that the space was 3,000,000ths wide; from which it must be inferred that the line was 6,000,000ths of an inch wide! Of course, it is impossible to see such lines with the naked eye. Only a very powerful microscope would reveal them. But they are there, and as smooth, straight and regular as one can imagine.

The ruling engine is kept in a dark chamber, underground, in a dustproof glass case, and when in service is guarded against temperature changes with almost inconceivable caution. No one is permitted to enter the dungeon at such times, and only a very few on any other occasion. Some of the most distinguished scientists of foreign lands have made special pilgrimage to Baltimore for this purpose, and have esteemed it a rare privilege to be allowed to see the machine. The principle of the apparatus, however, is very simple. It is the exquisite workmanship on it, and the extraordinary safeguards employed while making it, which make it a wonder. A diamond point, whose selection occupied months of time, because of the need that it should possess a certain prescribed shape, has been mounted in a tiny carriage that is driven to and fro over the mirror. The carriage runs on a set of "ways," or rails, and is propelled at an exceedingly uniform speed by means of a hydraulic motor. After each trip, the carriage is moved a little to one side, so that the diamond will cut its next line in a new place. This adjustment is made automatically, at the right instant, by a screw, which is the crowning glory of the whole mechanism. It is the perfection of accuracy. The screw remains motionless while a line is being engraved, is then turned a small fraction of a revolution by gearing, and again keeps still while the diamond is at work. It will be readily understood that by multiplying the gear to the right degree, and having one tooth of the fastest wheel shoved along for each line, the number of lines to the inch can be raised to any degree consistent with the possibilities of the graving tool. In several of the best gratings now in use, there are only from 10,000 to 40,000 lines to the inch; 110,000 has thus far been attained in only two or three instances. One instrument in which the ruling had this degree of fineness was completed about two years ago, and went to the Royal Observatory in Dublin. Another was ordered for McGill University in Montreal. The one just finished is to go to Hans Hauswaldt, of Magdeburg, who is described in the papers as "a wealthy scientist."

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

The Troop-Ship Sails..R. W. Chambers..With the Band

It is good-by,
My lad?
No, I'll not cry.
Has the time come?
The bugle-call from the sea-wall,
The tap of drum?
My tears are dry.

Rest your head here,
My lad,
Close to me, dear,
Why do you stare?
Have pain and care made me less fair?
Are my lips white with fear?
Hark! how they cheer
Down in the Square there!

What do they care,
My lad,
For this brown hair
That I love so?
Their drums' long roll will crush my soul—
Ah, God! don't go!—
I cannot bear—

There, I'll be still,
My lad,
Truly I will;
My tears are spent.
Which regiment will next be sent?
Does every bullet kill?
Hold me until
The call is urgent!

Who spoke your name,
My lad?
The summons came
Out of the crowd!
Oh, hold me, lad! fold me, lad!
Their flag's a shroud
To bury shame!

Have they begun,
My lad?
See, the troops run!
Your eyes are wet;
You are so quiet; is there time yet?
God! it's the signal gun!
Kiss me—just one.
Run with your musket!

What the Poet Saw, O. C. Auringer, The Book of the Hills

The poet saw it all
As he passed along the street—
A lifted face by the garden wall
To a face above, more sweet.

He was laughing up with bright
Warm lips like a ruddy flower;
She was smiling down with delight
From a window up in her bower.

And flocks of musical words
Were passing between the pair,
As if a bevy of birds
Were ringing their carols there.

The people came that way
Along the evening street,
Blind to the picture gay,
And deaf to the music sweet.

But the moon looked out of the blue,
And the wind hid listening near,
For a youth had begun to woo,
And a maid had begun to hear.

And not the moon in her glee,
Nor the wind around the wall
Was half so glad as he,
The poet who saw it all.

And there's naught goes sweet in the field or street
But the poet sees it all.

Regret.....Christian Reid.....Providence Journal

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own,
That memory still might keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known, how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long godspeed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link,
To bind the heart, so constant grown,
And keep it constant ever there,
If I had known.

If I had known that, until death
Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now—
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great white throne
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

At Anchor.....M. Elizabeth Crouse.....Vigilie The Old Canoe.....Bridgeport Intelligencer

Sunrise and God's fresh day,
The dew on all the grass;
And in the harbor ships that nestling lay
Unfurl their sails and pass.

Sunrise and God's fresh day,
Life's craft the waters spurn;
And may the vessels never go astray
But home to God return.

Sunset and God's tired day
Seeks heaven thro' the west—
And in the harbor ships that sped away,
Now furl their sails and rest.

Love is Dead.....William S. LordBlue and Gold

Moan, ye winds; moan, oh, moan
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),

Toss ye the trees till they groan
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),

Love is dead,
Tears are shed,
Hope has fled;

Dole ye a dirge with me.

Where have they buried him, wind?
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea)
Search through the world till ye find
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),

Now quick and now slow,
Above and below,
Away let us go!

Where he is buried lay me.

Gone is the sweet o' th' rose
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),

Where it is he only knows
(Fog o' th' fen and salt o' th' sea),

The skies are not blue,
Nor sparkles the dew,
All hearts are untrue—

Naught but the salt o' th' sea!

I Do Not Know.....Washington Post

I stood beside the dead
And said

'Tis better so—

'Twas to the living spoken—

Heart-broken—

I did not know.

I whispered it is best

To rest—

So calmly sleeping—

I spoke to loved ones left—

Bereft—

To one there weeping,

I hid the swelling tear

And fear

I would not show—

Altho' my heart was shaken—

Forsaken—

I did not know.

And even tho' it sever

Forever—

I murmured low—

'Tis best—but faith was seeking—

Hope speaking—

I did not know.

I do not know—but groping—

Still hoping—

I wait below.

Earth's task I would fulfil—

Yet still—

I do not know.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are long and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
There lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like the folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er the dull decay
Hiding its mouldering dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still,
But the light wind plays with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of the rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wide and the eddies thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide
To see that the faces and boat were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now as I lean o'er the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a soberer tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings
Have grown familiar with sterner things,
But I love to think of the hours sped
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray shed,
Ere the blossoms waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

Good-Bye.....Boston Traveller

We say it for an hour or for years;

We say it smiling, say it choked with tears:

We say it coldly, say it with a kiss,

And yet we have no other word than this:

Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end
And scars our soul with going; thus we say,
And unto him who steps but o'er the way:
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate
To him who passes out beyond earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night:
Good-bye.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

HANDMADE LITERATURE

MAURICE THOMPSON.....THE INDEPENDENT

"Videamus, uter plus scribere possit!"

A story, illustrative of current literary life, relates that a certain amazingly fecund author, whose stout volumes arrive about as frequently as the full of the moon, has lost three months, or the labor thereof, by the breaking of a phonograph, into which he had been dictating romance for young people. True or not, the anecdote is up-to-date. It gives us a sense of applied science in literature, with not unnatural suspicion, such as careful craftsmen easily harbor against those who introduce machinery—suspicion that poetic justice ordered the thrifty author's discomfiture.

An incident like this fits into a chink of present history as naturally as a wren's nest into a knot-hole—it is a part of the picture, small yet significant, with a gleam of its own humor, for we know that if the phonograph did not break it will some good day, therefore we may as well have our laugh now. Taking a liberal view, literature made by machinery in ton loads, flung upon the market with a steam shovel or prepared in dainty forms piping hot, "while you wait," exactly to order, must greatly interfere with handmade literature done upon honor. Indeed, this machine-made poetry and fiction, these essays, histories, philosophies, have "interchangeable parts," as have the watches and clocks and sewing machines that are ground out by the myriad at the steam-driven manufacturing, which helps literature, as merchandise, mightily in a commercial way. It can be sold cheap by the cargo. William Morris recognized what the tendency was, and struck out hard at the evil of it. He was a socialist of socialists, but he knew, what most artists and all artisans, generally speaking, fail to understand, namely, that cheap production lessens the laborer's chances for advancement. It gluts the markets with automaton work, jig-saw imitations, die-cut carvings and photographic reproductions. It gives art the vulgar air of hotel furniture, of shop showcases, of planing-mill literature.

Popularity is quite apt of itself to injure the artist's integrity. If a novel strike the public favorably, so that a few editions go glibly off the publisher's hands, the next thing will be machinery. The novelist must have a typewriter, a stenographer, may be a phonograph, so that he can easily make his six books a week and rest on Sunday. No more handmade literature for him! It is easy to put your finger on the line in an author's career where he flung aside the pen and rushed away to buy a typewriter. At that line he first sniffed the air of a fraudulent Arcadia, the fragrance of paper roses. And henceforward quantity, not quality, nagged at his imagination, while he kept his machine doing its most rapid work night and day.

Good literature is scarce and precious, more so than at almost any time since the present century struck its first quarter. In the name of truth we have discarded even its study; for literature as an art is not truth—like all other arts, it is the expression of what we would have truth be. Science is

commonplace; no matter how interesting, it goes at the matter-of-fact pace, attending to trivialities in order to reach cold, hard aggregations, very useful, but by no possibility beautiful or spiritually elevating. Science establishes methods by which the forms of art may be imitated to mechanical similarity; a poem, a novel, an essay, a history, a painting, a statue, is done by this or that formula. The manufactory is more certain, more exact than the cunningest hand. Yet who does not feel that in the machine-made article there is lacking just what stands for absolute quality? This is what painting has lost since the invention of photography, however much of scientific truth has been added to certain formal details; nor has poetry, fiction, the drama, failed to suffer with the perfection of rules, methods, scientific aids. On this account critics have been led to conclude that education, as our schools give it, must be inimical to freshness, originality, style—or that culture eliminates creative power. We find ourselves wondering why some writer has not been able in our day to clothe stories like Kipling's best in Walter Pater's style.

It was the supreme distinction of Greek art at its furthest reach that it expressed life in the terms of the highest aspiration then known—culture informed every part of it, there was no toying with crudeness or dallying with vulgarities. A Greek poet might be coarse; he was often enough filthy, as we see it, but he was never vulgar. His sense of art would not let him miss the footing of style. It cannot be said of any masterpiece of Greek literature: "This is interesting, but it is not art." The reason lies in the principle upon which conscientious craftsmen do their handiwork, going into it, as the archer lays himself into his bow, with all the might of long training, with the certainty of absolute habit. This habit is not natural, nor is it to be acquired by every person. The secret is kept between genius and patience, the twain working together for perfection. And when we find ourselves impatient because our contemporary artists, doing so well, always just miss the best, we should pause to recollect facts. We must bear in mind the stress of our civilization, its confusion of aims, with all the futilities that becloud aspiration. Even genius may fall into a pit where so many yawn in every highway and byway—not that genius can be less than genius, but it seems subject to fatalities, as Greek literature shows in the last three centuries before Christ. When competition destroys leisure, then we see every form of failure due to over-anxiety, haste, urgent necessity—even downright dishonesty leaves its ugly trail, and the main object of pursuit is immediate success. "Occupet extremum scabies." The jostling and wrangling at the door of notoriety makes us aware that the temple of true fame is no longer besieged with patience and slow suffering. We are notified almost every day that such a one in New York, London or Paris has discovered an untutored genius whose writings are wonderful. The world is about to be set on fire. Horace heard of the like, but with a fine smile exclaimed:

"Ego nec studium sine divite vana,
Nec rude quid possit video ingenium."

("I do not see what study without a rich genius can do, nor of what avail is a crude natural gift.")

Rudeness and crudeness do not enter into art, albeit they may well serve as its subjects. . . . From childhood up the artist must wrestle with temptation, must shiver and sweat, must turn away from gold to chase ever the elusive, ravishing form of divine beauty, make it his model to be patiently reproduced at last in his masterpieces, two or three at most, done with the sacrifice of everything else in life. There can be success without this devotion, without this consecration to beauty, but it will not be the success of the immortals.

A CLAIM FOR THE ART OF FICTION

E. G. WHEELWRIGHT.....WESTMINSTER REVIEW

The natural tendency, manifested in the earliest ages as well as in the most recent, to express the purest ideals, the noblest sentiments of the heart in poetry, cannot be overlooked. In conceding to poetical literature the place which by general consent it holds among us, we are only following the precedent of the whole civilized world. We are acknowledging that the poet is endowed with a supreme gift, a "divine afflatus," and has a keener perception of life and truth than is granted to most of his fellows. We understand what Aristotle meant when he said that "poetry was more philosophical than history." Dealing with the ever-present and common realities of life and death, the poet constructs for us the imperishable ideal. He exalts the prosaic fact into its eternal significance, allaying our sense of incompleteness with his comprehensive grasp of truth.

But in the realm of literary art, poetry was not long suffered to reign alone. Another form of ideal representation soon sprang into existence, adapting itself at first to the needs of an increasingly intellectual people, and thus the drama was born. In the hands of the three great Greek tragedians it emphasized the deep passions and sorrows of human life as no other form of expression had been able, or has since been able, to do. It was distinctly a creature of its age. Its events and characters were encompassed with a relentless, stern necessity, but it preserved the calm characteristic of Greek genius in its sense of proportion and literary power. Comedy followed tragedy, and long after the golden age of Athens had passed away, and the products of her genius were scattered abroad to be the great inheritance of future centuries, poetry and the drama continued to flourish side by side. But in the meantime forces were at work among the nations, initiating constant progress and change. The last degenerate remnants of the once beautiful old myths died out of Europe, as the reason of man, turning its inquiry upon the mysteries of the universe and the individual soul, began to frame more rational philosophies. The Gothic empire, champion of the new religion that was to conquer Europe, rose upon the ruins of ancient Rome, and the northern peoples grew into power and influence. Still, for several centuries, the imagination continued to find its most apt expression in poetic form. The Gaelic Celts poured out a song of triumph from hearts deeply stirred with love of their native land, the Scandinavians sang of great sea kings and heroes and heroic deeds, and the good Cæd-

mon drew his inspiration from the simple fervor of a religious soul. By and by a new element crept into poetry, and in the twelfth century began to assume a more definite form. From the story-tellers of the East had sprung the taste for the marvelous, and the faculty of vivid narration that had appealed to the imagination of every race, but as society grew more complex, and the lives of individuals and of nations came to be more closely interwoven, with increase of fellowship and of mutual ties, a deeper interest in the events of ordinary life appeared to develop also. Confining our attention to the literature of our own land, we find the first outgrowth of what we may call romantic narrative in the legends of Arthur and his Knights. Very significant is the very close alliance between fact and fiction. It was the prosaic ground of the Chronicles—the record of contemporary life—that yielded our first well-spring of romantic literature.

The subsequent evolution of this and of the other branches of literary art in England are familiar to all, for the history of our literature has become popular among us, and it is one of which we are justly proud. For our present purpose it is sufficient to consider the fact of that natural unity which embraces the several forms and products of the imagination, and to emphasize this connection which, we cannot but think, is in frequent danger of being ignored. Poetry, fiction, and the drama have, we submit, a kindred origin and a common aim. The first imaginative impulse of man's thought created poetry. It was then, as it has ever been, "thought tinged with emotion," the stirring of the spirit within its narrow bonds, the straining to detect those secret harmonies which underlie the discords of the world. And, so far from falling into insignificance as knowledge grew, it has ever remained the sanctuary of the intellectual life, for, although degenerate at times and made subservient to baser passions and unworthy ends, still the nobler self of every nation has always found expression in its poetry. The drama brought human character and incident more conspicuously into play. It was reserved for the greatest dramatic literature to transmute and vivify the facts of existence, and to interpret the passion and pathos of human nature as no other art could do. But the imaginative faculty had still to seek another channel of expression, and in the eighteenth century the representation of contemporary life, hitherto confined to satire, poetical romance and ballad, finally acquired the peculiar form in which it has come to be recognized as the novel. The steady rise and increasing influence of fiction, the enrichment which it has at various times received from the painstaking devotion of men of genius, the intrinsic worth and beauty of its highest products, all testify to its position in the "literature of power." Nor is it difficult to account for its popularity. The "common deeds of the common day"—fragments of ordinary life with all their monotonous routine of circumstance—the hopes and fears, the sorrow and the joy that make up the sum of thousands of human lives who pass out of record and remembrance, *carent quia vate sacro*—how dear are all these things to the multitude! How deep and ever deeper grows the interest in what we know, and feel, and see! True, there is always the poet to raise these things into imperish-

able beauty, and the dramatist to set them before us condensed into a vivid portrait of actuality; but fiction, working in the same spirit and with similar aim, yet pursues a different method, and gains a peculiar power. And in this very difference of method lies the danger which, at the present time especially, we seem too prone to overlook.

The novel, it is said, need not be taken seriously. It is sometimes, but need not always be, a work of art. It deals so familiarly with men and manners, with incident and custom, that its chief object is to amuse. The poet may be "born," and the dramatist also; the novelist needs but a little imagination and a dash of eloquence to justify his work. Now, the prevalence of this style of reasoning and its adoption by some professed masters of the art has undoubtedly led to the unfortunate results which so many among us see reason to deplore. We have departed from the old traditions, and the result is an atmosphere of low vitality and degenerate work. In severing this latest product of imaginative literature from the natural and noble fellowship of its kindred arts, we have robbed it of its birthright, and ourselves of our joy in its possession. Of course, the evil is not exclusively of recent growth. Just as there have ever been bad poets and bad dramatists, so, in every land where novels have gained pre-eminence, there have been writers who have made their art subservient to unworthy ends. But this does not alter our position. The fact is patent that, in proportion as the conception of the novelists' art has been lowered, so has the work itself become disgraced, and in an age when the tendency is moving in this direction, it is not unwise to pause and reconsider the basis of fiction, its aim and scope.

The poet Chaucer once summed up his teaching and his art in the following quaint lines:

"Through me men go into the blissful place
Of the heart's heal and deadly woundës cure;
Through me men go into the well of grace
Where green and lusty May doth ever endure,
This is the way to all good adventure.
Be glad, thou Reader, and thy sorrow off cast,
All open am I; pass in, and speed thee fast."

Such was the attitude of the fresh and simple genius whose work has held so high a place in the estimation of his country. Does it not convey to us the very essence of imaginative art and the secret of its power? Is it not the most blessed mission of the poem, the drama, or the work of fiction to lead us "into the blissful place of the heart's heal and deadly woundës cure?" It is true that the imagination cannot forever dwell upon the fair and gracious themes of idealized existence, nor would it minister to our needs in so doing. It must of necessity deal with the world as we know it, heightening the contrasts between good and evil, and enlivening our sympathies. And this is what the literary artist, working in whatever form he may, is privileged to do. His gift to us is for the hours of leisure—those quiet, receptive hours, which, if rightly used and fed with wholesome and stimulating influences do so much to strengthen and enrich our lives. To the novelist belongs the power of vitalizing a conception so as to bring us into deeper sympathy with the portion of life that he depicts. We must feel that he is dealing with realities, repossessing with

force and vigor the simple facts of existence, the great practical truths, which, by their very familiarity, may be forgotten, and which are never so old as to lose their freshness and significance. Tragedy and comedy enter alike into the wide domain of his art; passion, purifying us by "pity and fear;" mirth and gladness, refreshing our spirits. His keen perception pierces for us the outer shell of custom and convention which surround our lives, and reveals to us the secret play of character. His method is at once subjective and objective, realist and idealist, but, in the perfect artist, fidelity and reserve are so justly blended that the antithesis is lost.

It is inevitable that an art whose interest lies so especially in the heart of its own age should suffer more or less from the fluctuations and changes of the time spirit which wields such mighty influences upon the course of human affairs. Other times, other manners, and a novel that has fallen into the too frequent error of emphasizing merely the ephemeral current of the day pays the penalty in oblivion. That which is written to suit the taste of the moment dies at the turn of the tide. We need but to glance backward over the record of a few years to observe the fact more fully, and to learn to estimate the passing crazes and affectations and reactions at their true value.

But the novels that augment our literature have preserved the significance of eternal truth among the influences of the hour. In proportion as they have clothed the truth in beauty of form are they entitled to be called works of art, and the deeper and wider their human sympathies the more fitting and exquisite their form; the better also will they fulfil the gracious mission which Chaucer desired for his verse. . . . There are great moments in fiction as in life, and only the great novelist attains to them. But for us their memory is of inestimable worth. They sweeten the world for us, and preserve the heroic tradition of noble lives and deeds.

Recently the art has suffered from the number of its votaries. It is too late now to deplore the full tide of literary effort which has invaded us in this direction; the fact is patent, and we must do the best we can with it. But it is not too late to deplore and to protest against a tendency fatal to art and contrary to the best interests of society, which, if fostered and unchecked, will lower the tone and value of fiction in the eyes of the civilized world. . . . At the close of the nineteenth century our aspirations for the future should not lie lower than those of other ages past, and in considering this we shall refuse to acknowledge as literature that which, ignoring its birthright, puts theory for fact and harsh effect for beauty, as it is at least undeniable that truth and beauty have ever been recognized by our civilized world as the highest essentials of art.

A FORM OF INTELLECTUAL INDOLENCE

AUTHORS' MAKESHIFTS AND EVASIONS. . . . N. O. TIMES-DEMOCRAT

A clever correspondent of the Book Buyer writes to that periodical in complaint of the irritating ways of novelists. She avers that some of them are given to unjustifiable homicide, while others, of the psychological school, let their novels "run into a pit or a pool, where the hero and his 'problem' are abandoned together." The reason,

however, is not far to seek; it is often simply indolence on the part of the author, and in other cases he has not sufficient force to deal with the problem he brought forward. He can summon up spectres, but cannot "lay" them. He evades the responsibility that he assumed, instead of meeting it squarely.

In reading a novel that is meant only to divert some idle hour, we feel that we have no right to complain if the villains are routed with great slaughter, or the persecuted heroine perishes in the flower of her youth, or if the laws governing human nature in general are entirely disregarded. "Maidens Fair" and "Sweet Sixteen" are not intended for human documents. But when one of the serious novelists starts out bravely with some great "purpose," carries it along for a time, and then finally drops it before he has reached any conclusion, we cannot help thinking that we have been defrauded. That cheap expedient of killing off the characters that are in the way is recklessly employed by many novelists. The runaway wife, the vicious husband, the crippled brother, the sister with spinal disease, the aunt with a fortune to bequeath—all alike yield to that fell destroyer, the fiction-writer. Very often the novelist is too cowardly to face the situation he has been imagining—he is afraid of that literary Mrs. Grundy, the average reader. What would that great arbiter say if the runaway wife remained hearty and flourishing, or the vicious husband declined to drink himself to death or fall off his horse and break his neck? Then, again, it is sometimes sheer lack of invention that hampers the author. Honestly he does not know what would happen should the crippled brother not depart this life and leave his devoted sister free, or if the wealthy aunt should not die in time to enrich the virtuous young couple. He does not know, and he cannot imagine; and, therefore, he can think of no way out of the difficulty but to remove those characters.

The Book Buyer's correspondent instances Mrs. Humphry Ward as one of the novelists addicted to shirking the issue. The violent death of Sir George Tressady is really "willful homicide;" it settled nothing, and made no impression of inevitableness on the reader's mind. There are certain hard straits in which the only thing a man or woman can do is to die, but Sir George's case was not one of these. Perhaps the author thought that death was preferable for her hero rather than life without the wonderful Marcella, yet all the same, it was an expedient unworthy of a novelist of Mrs. Ward's pretensions. In real life, if a couple are uncongenial there are other ways of separation than death, but the novelists seem to feel that the more moral course is to die. The English novelists, that is: in French fiction, a double suicide is the accepted mode, and the two are not actuated by any moral motives whatsoever. They do not commit self-murder from any sense, however distorted, of duty—their idea is to escape from a stale, flat and unprofitable existence wherein tiresome duty is too much regarded.

There is a kind of childishness in such hurried methods of ending a life-history. In human existence only a few reckless ones seek an exit from their troubles through the door of death, and for

still fewer is that door opened opportunely, no matter how heavily trials and burdens may press. Somehow we must live on, "worry along," trying to piece together our broken lives into something of their original symmetry. It is urged, of course, that time is fleeting, and that the reading public cannot linger over a tale that drags its way along as slowly as life does. There must be a climax, something to round off the situation, and so the slaughter of characters goes on. . . . The novelists in whose works nothing decisive ever happens are persuaded that they are realists, that they are portraying life, yet their blunder is as serious as that of the others. In life, things are always happening. We are called upon from day to day to make important decisions, and are confronted by responsibilities that we dare not evade. Existence is not always gray—it has its days full of color, passion, movement. Rarely do we find in the world of realities those supine beings of fiction, so afflicted with paralysis of the will that they cannot make up their mind to anything. If they exist at all, they count for little, because they are thrust aside by more eager and ardent natures. Only—these many happenings do not fit together like a child's picture-puzzle, as the commonplace novelist represents. The storm beats down the harvests of the just and the unjust; the bolt that strikes the philanthropist going forth on some mission of comfort, may leave the murderer unscathed. There is little symmetry in the events of life, and the attempt of a feeble hand to shape them into grace usually results in something absurdly conventional. Real art selects and arranges, and thus produces an impression of harmony, neither traducing human nature nor flattering it.

Of late, novelists have rather fallen into a way of declaring that their characters insist upon living their own lives, and refuse to be guided by their creator. Not long ago, a successful and talented writer told how much trouble his personages give him. In vain he lectures them, and reminds them of the obedience due to the author of their being. They flout him to his face, and then go on their own willful way, unheeding of his admonitions. This is one way of shifting the responsibility, certainly. The author ought surely to know better than his characters what course they should pursue. But if the rebellion goes on and spreads, the author will soon be able to wash his hands of all concern in the matter. If his characters refuse to be "natural," how can he influence the stubborn creatures? If they die sudden or violent deaths, in defiance of probabilities, how can any one justly censure him? To all the strictures of critics he will be able to reply, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Blame my characters—not me." And then the critic can only retort that such notions are "all twaddle," which will serve the purpose of relieving his mind.

ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE

RICHARD BURTON.....THE DIAL

On the appearance of a new force in literature, the critics constitute the conservative element in appraising the work and giving it its place. The public, poor giddy-headed thing, not seldom jumps at what is to its taste, swallowing it whole in a gusto of unthinking dietetic delectation. But they whose

sacred function it is to be at once Radamanthus and Mercury, stern judge and messenger of good to men, are not so eagerly caught, and at once begin to apply tests and standards. These are likely to be traditional and well-defined, the canons of an established literary development, the criteria not of yesterday but of generations and centuries. The new aspirants who win critical favor, moreover, are generally bound to do good work within these recognized and well-defined limits. When the pioneers of literary expression or of form appear, they it is who, as a rule, fare hardest at the hands of the critical class, even if the broad republic of readers be not deaf to the message. On the one hand, then, tradition is always at work, and (for a season at least) the work is most likely to win plaudits whose way is in accordance with its tenets; on the other hand, the rebellious, the daring and progressive, the iconoclastic maker of literature, blazing new paths and moving forward with an unwonted and uncouth gait, will in the nature of things have an unsmooth time and make slower progress. No objection to this class of innovations is more often brought to bear than that of affectation. It is a stumbling block for every new writer whose manner is markedly aside from the beaten way. It is drummed into his ears, mayhap, until he becomes self-conscious, dropping what was a natural and legitimate mode of expression for that which, while more conventional, is for that very reason, for him, imitative and unnatural. If it happen that the new hand be resolute and independent enough to push on in indifference to these criticisms, in time its "affectation" will more likely than not be dubbed "originality," and the struggle be over. Bluntschli's phrase, "Politics is present history and history past politics," suggests the literary parallel: Affectation is present originality, originality past affectation. Very often this apothegm is vindicated. Familiar examples in our day are afforded by poets like Browning and Whitman. Robert Browning held stoutly to his individuality—cacophony, psychologic stress, obscurity, and all; never abating, jot or tittle of his faith or method, and leaving to the society formed to expound his verse the parlor task of explaining his meaning, when it lay beyond ordinary comprehension. Even long after he was ranked with Tennyson as chief singer of the Victorian era, yea, now when he is dead and his poetry is subject to the decree of time, there be those who believe that his peculiarities were self-consciously willful, and that he was, in short, "affected." But the bulk of the best opinion will join the dictum of his idolators of the Browning Society in the decision that his manner was natural, his very own in an intimate and organic sense; that Browning is a stalwart specimen of the species original. The case is somewhat different with Whitman. Browning, with all his artistic blemishes, was, broadly viewed, a great artist. The Camden Seer for a long lifetime deliberately refused to do his work after the prescribed rules of verse, eschewing rhyme, definite rhythm, the diction and form of poetry, and the principle of artistic selection. He conquered, so far as he did conquer, by the natural music in him sounding forth in his irregularly rhythmic, half-prosaic dithyrambs, and by the picturesque virility and the large sweep of his thought and expres-

sion. But the point at issue is, What of the validity of this phenomenon? Affectation and originality are in turn attributed to him, according as the critic regards his mannerisms and extravagances as an integral and honest part of him, or as intentionally assumed, an art-pose for the sake of "blague." And much confusion there is at present concerning this formidable individuality, who insistently demands some classification, yet on whom few are agreed.

The whole question of affectation versus originality, then, comes to this: Is a man's manner, his method of expression, natural and honest? If so, however contrary to the accepted theory, however shocking to experience and taste, he is to be studied on this major premise, and not to be refused a hearing. He is, to be sure, open to jealous and judicial judgment at the bar of art, and indicted if found guilty. But he cannot be refused a trial on the ground that he is a "poseur." Past literary record declares that history will show this to be unfair and frequently wrong in the sequel; moreover it is evident that if traditional criticism be allowed to settle each new claimant's case, there can be no uniform standard, for the very good reason that traditions vary with the years and the current schools. Yesterday, classicism perhaps had sole sway; to-day, romanticism has; to-morrow, realism may have; the day after to-morrow, neo-romanticism. None of them is all perfect, all of them contain the millet seed of truth. And so the novitiate is the buffet of temporal canons. But granting that this esoteric test of honesty be the safer one, how may we apply it? The objector might not unnaturally claim that the difficulty of judging a man's character in his work was quite as much open to the chance of error as are the fluctuating tests of more objective and conventional literary criticism. But a little reflection will, we fancy, prove this to be otherwise. It is a pretty safe general proposition that a man's essential character can be gathered from his work; the "real John" speaks there if anywhere. True, often the life is sadly in dissonance with the written profession or implication; but we maintain that a good book (in the ethic sense) means a good man either in positive or potential. In the cases of those who blot their fair fame on the personal side with sins and shortcomings, we see men who were made for higher things, however out of tune and harsh under the fierce assaults of the flesh or the lure of worldliness. As nowhere else, such are sincere in their books. And when, in addition to the subtle testimony of the printed page—that permanent registration of the inner spirit—the life of the writer, studied and analyzed in all its light and shade, its confusing minutiae and the significance of its rounded whole, is seen to be beautiful and for the nonce blameless, there is set up a dual and cumulative surety that here is no posing trickster, but a genuine and straightforward human brother, with failings beyond doubt, but one lovable and trustworthy. And our great literary personalities can be thus studied, and should be, in order to reach any conclusion upon this vexed question of their affectation. The method of proof is thus that of literary criticism corrected by the study of personal character. Such a matter as the honesty or dishonesty of mannerisms can only be settled in this way.

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES REVIVED

Corinna's Maying.....Robert Herrick

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air.
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you are not drest,

Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns. 'Tis sin—
Nay, profanation—to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown, or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you.

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street; each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
The proclamation made for May;

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream;

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priests, ere we can cast off sloth.

Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament.

Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks pick'd—yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!

We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,

So, when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying.

Little Breeches.....John Hay

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels
Ever sence one night last spring.

I came into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe came along—
No four-year-old in the country
Could beat him for pretty and strong;
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,
And I'd larnt him to chew terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow came down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses,
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something, and started,
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all!

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.
And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I just flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold,
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see:
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the throne.

The Sky is a Drinking-Cup....Richard Henry Stoddard

The sky is a drinking-cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

COMPILED BY F. M. HOPKINS

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney was born in Boston, in 1861, and was the only child of General Patrick R. Guiney, a gallant soldier in the Civil War and later a distinguished lawyer. Her education was begun in Boston private schools, and in 1879 she graduated from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Providence, R. I. Before leaving school Miss Guiney was singularly accomplished in the languages, and since then she has been a diligent reader of ancient and modern literatures. Her studies have been supplemented by travel, she having lived three years in England with her mother and spent considerable time on the Continent. While preparing her material for *Monsieur Henri* she lived in France. At the present time her home is in Auburndale, Mass.

A description of her study as given by Mrs. Harriett Prescott Spofford a year or two ago tells more of her tastes than anything else can do. In this study is a picture of Hazlitt, presented to her by his grandson. There are also portraits of Cardinal Newman, Lang, Arnold, Ruskin, Tennyson, Molière, Thackeray and Thoreau, a Mask of Keats, frames holding ivy from Landor's grave and clover from Mrs. Browning's, a crucifix carved for her by the Pilate of Oberammergau, a cast of Apollo and another of the Venus of Milo. Above the desk in her study hang the sword and spurs of her father, together with the sash which he wore as a colonel. Other ornaments are first and chiefly books—books in great profusion, among them many of the early English writers. Her favorites are mentioned in the following extract from a recent letter: "I owe most to the minor lyrists of King Charles I.'s time, and to Sidney and Spenser before them, and to Shelley, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold. The great prose writers who taught me my little prose are Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Burke, Lamb, Hazlitt, Newman and Stevenson." Miss Guiney is passionately fond of out-of-door life, and keeps a company of hounds and St. Bernards, with whom she spends her leisure hours afield. The portraits of her dogs, too, find a place of honor in her study, together with the snow-shoes, foils, masks, dumb-bells and other articles that reflect her love of sports and liberty.

Miss Guiney's first book, *Songs at the Start*, was printed in 1884, five years after leaving school, and her time since then has been largely given to authorship—about equally divided between poetry, prose and editing. *Goose Quill Papers* appeared in 1885; *The White Sail*, 1887; *Brownies and Bogies*, 1888; *Monsieur Henri: A Footnote to French History*, 1892; *A Little English Gallery*, 1893; *A Roadside Harp*, 1893; *Lovers' Saint Ruth's and Three Other Tales*, 1895; and in collaboration with Alice Brown, Robert Louis Stevenson, *A Study by A. B.*, with a Prelude and Postlude by L. I. G., 1895. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., of Boston, have in press a collection of the poems of James Clarence Mangan with a study of the poet by Miss Guiney, and Copeland & Day, of the same city, will shortly issue a volume of her essays entitled *Patrins*.

Sincerity, fancy, optimism, originality, perfection of temper, the energy of youth and health, the touch of an artist, the inspiration of poetic genius—these are the qualities that distinguish Miss Guiney's poetry to a marked degree. From her first book we have selected Gloucester Harbor and Spring and from *The White Sail*, *A Salutation*, and *A Reason for Silence*. Although Miss Guiney now disowns these books, the selections show that they are not without real merit. *A Roadside Harp*, from which the first poem here given is taken, contains, however, her best poetry. The following selections are reprinted with the permission of the author and her publisher, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A BALLAD OF KENELM

"In Clent cow-bath, Kenelm King born Lieth under a thorn."

It was a goodly child
Sweet as the gusty May;
It was a knight that broke
On his play,
A fair and coaxing knight:
"O little liege!" said he,
"Thy sister bids thee come
After me.

"A pasture rolling west
Lies open to the sun,
Bright-shod with primroses
Doth it run;
And forty oaks be nigh,
Apart, and face to face,
And cow-bells all the morn
In the space,

"And there the sloethorn bush
Beside the water grows,
And hides her mocking head
Under snows;
Black stalks afoam with bloom,
And never a leaf hath she;
Thou crystal of the realm,
Follow me!"

Uplooked and undefiled:
"All things, ere I was born
My sister found; now find
Me the thorn!"
They traveled down the lane,
An hour's dust they made:
The belted breast of one
Bore a blade.

The primroses were out,
The aisled oaks were green,
The cow-bells pleasantly
Tinked between;
The brook was beaded gold,
The thorn was burgeoning,
Where evil Ascobert
Slew the King.

He hid him in the ground,
Nor washed away the dyes,
Nor smoothed the fallen curls
From his eyes.
No father had the babe
To bless his bed forlorn;
No mother now to weep
By the thorn.

There fell upon that place
A shaft of heavenly light;
The thorn in Mercia spake
Ere the night:
"Beyond, a sister sees
Her crowned period,
But at my root a lamb
Seeth God."

Unto each, even so.
As dew before the cloud,
The guilty glory passed
Of the proud,
Boy Kenelm has the song
Saint Kenelm has the bower
His thorn a thousand years
Is in flower.

GLOUCESTER HARBOR

North from the beautiful islands,
North from the headlands and highlands
The long sea-wall,
The white ships flee with the swallow;
The day-beams follow and follow,
Glitter and fall.

The brown ruddy children that fear not,
Lean over the quay and they hear not
Warnings of lips;
For their hearts go a-sailing, a-sailing,
Out from the wharves and the wailing
After the ships.

Nothing to them is the golden
Curve of the sands, or the olden
Haunts of the town;
Little they reckon of the peaceful
Chiming of bells, or the easeful
Sport on the down.

The orchards no longer are cherished;
The charm of the meadow has perished;
Dearer, ay me,
The solitude vast, unbefriended,
The magical voice and the splendid
Fierce will of the sea.

Beyond them, by ridges and narrows
The silver prows speed like the arrows
Sudden and fair;
Like the hoofs of Al Borak the wondrous,
Lost in the blue and the thund'rous
Depths of the air.

On to the central Atlantic,
Where passionate, hurrying, frantic
Elements meet;
To the play and the calm and commotion
Of the treacherous, glorious ocean,
Cruel and sweet.

In the hearts of the children forever,
She fashions their growing endeavor,
The pitiless sea;
Their sires in the caverns she stayeth,
The spirits that love her she slayeth,
And laughs in her glee.

Woe, woe, for the old fascination;
The women make deep lamentation
In starts and in slips;
Here always is hope unavailing,
Here always the dreamers are sailing
After the ships.

A SALUTATION

High-hearted Surrey! I do love your ways,
Venturous, frank, romantic, vehement,
All with inviolate honor sealed and blent,
To the axe-edge that cleft your soldier-bays;
I love your youth, your friendships, whims and frays;
Your strict, sweet verse, with its imperious bent.
Heard as in dreams from some old harper's tent,
And stirring in the listener's brain for days.
Good father-poet, if to-night there be
At Framingham none save the north wind's sighs,
No guard but moonlight's crossed and trailing spears,
Smile yet upon the pilgrim named like me,
Close at your gates, whose fond and weary eyes
Sought not one other down three hundred years.

SPRING

"With a difference."—Hamlet.
Again the bloom, the northward flight,
The fount freed at its silver height,
And down the deep woods to the lowest,
The fragrant shadows scarred with light.
O, inescapable joy of spring!
For thee the world shall leap and sing.
But by her darkened door thou goest
Forever as a spectral thing.

A REASON FOR SILENCE

You sang, you sang! you mountain brook,
Scarce by your tangly banks held in,
As running from a rocky nook,
You leaped the world, the sea to win,
Sun-bright past many a foamy crook,
And headlong as a javelin.
Now men do check and still your course
To serve a village enterprise,
And leeward drive your sullen force,
What wonder, slave! that in no wise
Breaks from you, pooled 'mid reeds and gorse
The voice you had in Paradise.



In the Reading Room of the British Museum.
[Autographic, reduced one-half.]

Praised be the moon of books that doth above
A world of men the sunken Past behold,
And color spaces else so void and cold
To make a very heaven again thereof;
As when the sun is set behind a grove,
And faintly unto neither ether rolled,
All night, his whiter image and his smiles
Grows beautiful with looking on his love.

Then, therefore, moon of so durable a ray
Lead to our steps both solitude and light;
Fleeble along a venerable way
They climb the infinite, or perish quite;
Nothing are days and deeds to such as they;
While in this literal house thy face is bright.

Louise Imogen Guiney

LITERARY METHODS OF HAWTHORNE

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Memories of Hawthorne, by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, the youngest daughter of the great novelist, has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston. It is a large, crown 8vo volume (printed in the best style of the Riverside Press), and containing for a frontispiece the portrait of Hawthorne given below, which has never before been reproduced. These reminiscences cover the life of the Hawthorne family in Salem, Lenox and Concord; the term of Hawthorne's residence in Liverpool as United States consul, from 1853 to 1858; his years of travel in Italy and France, 1858-1860, and is composed quite largely of letters, and these chiefly by Sophia Hawthorne.

Mrs. Lathrop has performed her task—and it was not an easy one to give coherency to this mass of material—with singular tact and success. The student who would know the true character of Hawthorne—especially in his own home and at his work—cannot leave this book unread. Nowhere else are such picturesque and living glimpses of the great novelist to be found.

From a very interesting chapter in *The Artist at Work* we have selected and slightly condensed a few paragraphs which throw much light upon Hawthorne's literary methods and characteristics. "I was once asked," says Mrs. Lathrop, "to write of my father's literary methods, and the idea struck me as delightfully impossible. I wish I knew just what those methods were—I might hope to write a romance. But as the bird on the tree-bough catches here and there a glimpse of what men are about, although he hardly aspires to plough the field himself, or benefit by human labor until the harvest comes, so I have observed some facts and gathered some notions as to how my father thought out his literary work."

ONE method of obtaining his end was to devote himself constantly to writing, whether it brought him money or not.

He might not have seemed to be working all the time, but to be enjoying endless leisure in walking through the country or the city streets.



MRS. ROSE HAWTHORNE
LATHROP

But even a bird would have had more penetration than to make such a mistake as to think this. Another wise provision was to love and pity mankind more than he scorned them, so that he never created a character which did not possess a soul—the only puppet he ever contrived of straw, Feathertop, having an excellent soul until the end of the

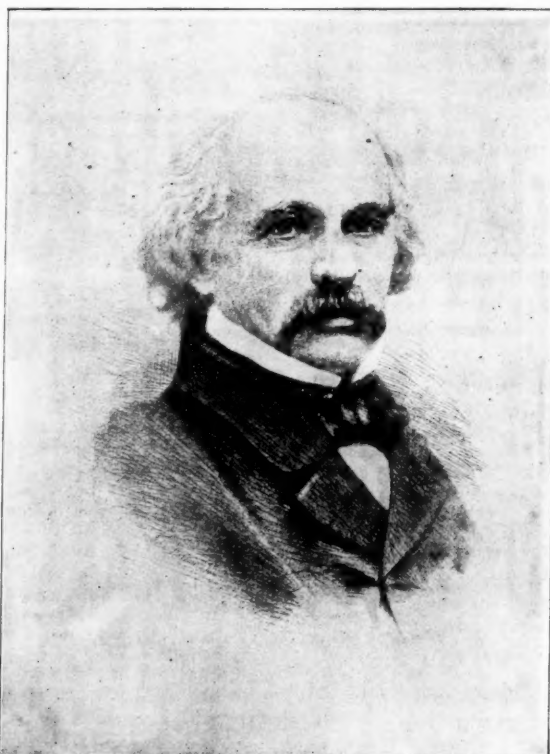
story. Still another method of gaining his success was to write with a noble respect for his own best effort, on which account he never felt satisfied with his writing unless he had exerted every muscle of his faculty; unless every word he had written seemed to his severest self-criticism absolutely true. He loved his art more than his time, more than his ease, and could thrust into the flames an armful of manuscript because he suspected the pages of weakness and exaggeration.

One of his methods of avoiding failure was to be rigorous in the care of his daily existence. A preponderance of frivolous interruption to a modicum of thorough labor at thinking was a system utterly foreign to him. He would not talk with a fool. As a

usual thing he would not entertain a bore. If thrown with these common pests he tried, I think, to study them. And they report that he did so very silently. But he did not waste his time, either by politely chattering with people whom he meant to sneer at after they had turned their backs, or in indulgences of loafing of all sorts which leave a narcotic stupidity in their wake. He had plenty of time, therefore, for thought, and he could think while walking either in the fresh air or back and forth in his study. Men of success detest inactivity. It is a hardship for them to be as if dead for a single moment. So, when my father could not walk out of doors during meditation, he moved back and forth in his room, sturdily alert, his hands clasped behind him, quietly thinking, his head either bent forward or suddenly lifted upward with a light in his gray eyes.

He wrote principally in the morning, with that

absorption and regularity which characterize the labor of men who are remembered. When his health began to show signs of giving away in 1861, it was suggested by a relative, whose intellect, strength of will and appetite for theories were of equally splendid proportions, that my father only needed a high desk at which to stand when writing, to be restored to all his pristine vigor. With his usual tolerance of possible wisdom he permitted such a desk to be arranged in the tower-study at *The Wayside*; but with his inexorable contempt for mistakes of judgment, he never, after a brief trial, used it for writing. Upon his simple desk of walnut wood, of which he had nothing to complain, although it barely served



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

From *Memories of Hawthorne*. Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

its purpose, like most of the inexpensive objects about him, was a charming Italian bronze-Hercules in the act of strangling a goose—in friendly aid of drivers of the quill. My father wrote with a gold pen, and I can hear now, as it seems, the rapid rolling of his chirography over the broad page, as he formed his small, rounded, but irregular letters, when filling his journals in Italy. He leaned very much on his left arm while writing, often holding the top of the manuscript book lovingly with his left hand, quite in the attitude of a boy. At the end of a sentence or two he would sometimes unconsciously bow his head, as if bidding good-by to a thought well rid of for the present in its new garb of ink.

In writing he had little care for paper and ink. To be sure, his large, square manuscript was firmly bound into covers, and the paper was usually of a neutral blue, and when I say he had little care for his mechanical materials I mean that he had no servile anxiety as to how they looked to another person, for I am convinced that he himself loved his manuscript books. There was a certain air of humorous respect about the titles, which he wrote with a flourish, as compared with the involved minuteness of the rest of the script, and the latter covers every limit of the page in a devoted way. His letters were formed obscurely, though most fascinatingly, and he was almost frolicsome in his indifference to the comfort of the compositor. Still he had none of the frantic reconsiderations of Scott or Balzac. If he made a change in a word, it was while it was fresh, and no one could obliterate what he had written with a more fearless blot of the finger, or one which looked more earnest and interesting. There was no scratching or quidding in the manner with which he fought for his art. Each day he thought out the problems he had set himself before beginning to write, and if a word offended him, as he recorded the result, he thrust it back into chaos before the ink had dried. I am not sure but that my father sometimes destroyed first drafts, of which his family knew nothing. Indeed, we have his own word for it that he "passed the day in writing stories and the night in burning them." Nevertheless, his tendency we know to have been that of thinking out his plots and scenes and characters, and transcribing them rapidly without further change.

Since he did not write anything wholly for the pleasure of creative writing, but had moral motives and perfect artistic harmony to consider, he could not have indulged in the spontaneous, passionate effusions which are the substance of so much other fiction. He was obliged to train his mind to reflection and judgment, and therefore he never tasted luxury of any kind. The mere enjoyment of historical settings in all their charm and richness, rehabilitated for their own sake or for worldly gain; and that of caricatures of the members of the human family, because they are so often so desperately funny, the gloating over realistic pictures of life as it is found, because life as it is found is a more absorbing study than that of geology or chemistry, the tasting redundant scenes of love and intrigue, which flatter the reader like experiences of his own—these excesses he was not willing to admit to his art, a magic that served his literary palate with still finer food. He wrote with temperateness, and in

pitiful love of human nature, in the instinctive hope of helping it to know and redeem itself. His quality was philosophy, his style forgiveness. And for this temperate and logical and laconic work—giving nothing to the world for its mere enjoyment, but going beyond all that to ennoble each reader by his perfect renunciation of artistic claptrap and artistic license—for this aid he needed a mental method that could entirely command itself, and, when necessary, weigh and gauge with the laborious fidelity of a coal-surveyor, before the account was rendered with pen and ink upon paper.

Though he dealt with romance he never gave the advantage of an inch to the wiles of bizarre witchery, the grotesque masks of wanton caprice in imagination—those elements which exhibit the intoxication of talent. His terrors were those of our own hearts; his playfulness had the merit of the sunlight. In short, he was artistically consecrated, guiding the forces he used with the reins of truth, and he could do this unbrokenly because he governed his character by Christian fellowship. If he shrank from unnecessary interruptions, which jarred the harmony of his artistic life, he nevertheless met courteously any that were to him inevitable. Could he have written with the heart's blood of old Hepzibah if he had failed to put his own shoulder to the domestic wheel, on the plea that it was too deep in the slough of disaster to command his assistance? He did not dread besmirching his hands with any affairs sent him by God.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddled not with its joy;" and the joy and the bitterness of creative work are not intermeddled with as much as one might suppose by the outside weather of praise or non-comprehension, if the artist is great enough to keep his private self-respect. I am of the opinion that my father enjoyed his own indifference to his accomplished work, yet knew its value to the minutest ray of the diamond; that he had sharply challenged the enchantment of his first conception, and heard the right watchword, yet recognized that no human conception can fathom the marvels of the superhuman. I believe that the men we admire most in the small group of great minds, are sufficiently necromatic to look two ways at once—to appreciate and to condemn themselves. So my father heard himself praised with composure, and blamed his skill rejoicingly.

The frequent question as to whether Hawthorne drew from his family or friends in portraying human nature shows an unfamiliarity with literary art. Portraiture is not art, in literature, though a great artist includes it, if he chooses, in the category of his productions. To any one permeated by the atmosphere of art (though not quite of it) as I was, it seems strange that a truly artistic work should be thought to be an imitation of individual models. The distance of inspiration is the distance of a heavenly fair day, or of a night made luminous by mystery, giving a new quality and a new species of delight to facts about us. In reading the sympathetic merriment of the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter* and then the story itself, we perceive the difference between the charm of a Dutch-like realism and the thrill of imaginative creation, which uses material made incomprehensibly won-

derful by God in order to make it comprehensibly wonderful to men. But, of course, the material thus transmuted by the distance of inspiration is only new and fine to men who have ears to hear and eyes to see. My father never imitated the men and women he met, nor man nor woman, and such conceptions of his way would bring us to a dense forest of mistake.

In the afternoon my father went, if practicable, into the open spaces of nature, or at least into the fresh air, to gather inspiration for his work. He had no better or stronger or more lavish aids than air and landscape, unless I except his cigar. He never, I think, smoked but one cigar a day, but it was of a quality to make up for this self-denial, and I am sure that he reserved his most puzzling literary involutions for the delicious half-hour of this dainty enjoyment.

In 1861 and thereafter he traversed, as has been said, the wooded hilltop behind his home, which was reached by various pretty climbing paths that crept under larches and pines and scraggy, goat-like apple trees. We could catch sight of him going back and forth up there, with now and then a pale blue gleam of sky among the trees, against which his figure passed clear. Along this path, made by his own steps only, he thought out the tragedy of Septimius Felton, who buried the young English officer at the foot of one of the large pines which my father saw at each return. At one end of the hilltop path was a thicket of birch and maple trees, and at the end towards the west and the village was the open brow of the hill, sloping rapidly to the Lexington Road, and overlooking meadows and distant wood ranges, some of the cottages of humble folk, and the neighboring huge, owlet-haunted elms of Alcott's lawn. Along this path in spring huddled pale blue violets, of a blue that held sunlight, pure as his own eyes. Masses also of sweet-fern grew at the side of these abundant bordering violets, and spacious apartments of brown-floored pine groves flanked the sweet-fern, or receded a little before heaps of blackberry branches and simple flowers. My father's violets were the wonder of the year to us. We never saw so many of these broad, pale-petaled ones anywhere else, until the year of his death, when they greeted him with their celestial color as he was borne into Sleepy Hollow, as if in remembrance of his long companionship on the Wayside hill.

It is well with those who forget themselves in generous interest for the hopes, possibilities, and spiritual loftiness of human beings all over the world. Such men may remain poor, may never in life have the full praise of their fellows; but they could easily give testimony as to the delights of praise from God. Hawthorne worked hard and nobly. Not even the mechanic who toils for his family all day, all week-days of the year, and never swears at wife or child, toils more nobly than this sensitive, warm-hearted, brave, recluse, much-seeing man. He teaches the spiritual greatness of the smallest fidelity, and the spiritual destruction in the most familiar temptations. The butterfly, which he describes, floats everywhere through his pages, and it is broken wherever the heart of one of his characters breaks, for there sin has clutched its victim.

It floats about us lovingly to attract our attention to higher things; and I am sure the radiant delicacy of the winged creature throbbed on a flower near David Swan, as he slept honestly through the perils of evil.

Every touch of inner meaning that he gives speaks of his affection, his desire to bring us accounts of what he has learned of God's benevolence, in his long walks on the thoroughfares and in the byways, and over the uncontaminated open country, of human hope. Poverty, trouble, sin, fraudulent begging, stupidity, conceit—nothing forced him absolutely to turn away his observation of all these usual rebuffs to sympathy, if his inconvenience could be made another's gain. But he was firm with a manliness that was uncringing before insolence, and did not shrink from speaking home truths that pruned the injurious branches of the will; yet he never could be insulting, because he had no selfish end. As a comrade he led to higher perceptions and moods. The men who chatted with him in the Salem Custom House, the Liverpool Consulate, and elsewhere, never forgot that he was the most inspiring man they had known. Hawthorne had not an atom of the poison of contempt. As I said before, if he did not love stupidity, he forgave it.

He was fond of using his hands for work, too; and he had skill in whatever he did. His activity of this manual sort may be inferred from the fact that when a young man he gradually whittled away one of the leaves of his writing-table, while musing over his stories. He did not know, unpleasantly, that he was doing it. What fun he must have had! Think of the rich scenery of thought that spread about him, the people, the subtle motives, the eerie truths, the entrancing outlooks into divine beauty, that entertained him as his sharp blade carved and sliced his table, which gladly gave itself up to such destruction! When he was writing *The Scarlet Letter*, as Julian's nurse, Dora, long delighted to tell, his wife, with her dainty care in sewing, was making the little boy a shirt of the finest linen, and was putting in one sleeve, while the other lay on the table. Dora saw Hawthorne, who was reading, lay down his book and take up something, which he proceeded to cut into shreds with some small scissors that exactly suited him.

"Where's the little sleeve be, which I finished and wished to sew in here, my love?" said his blissful wife. Hawthorne (blissfully thinking of his novel) only half heard the question; but on the table was a heap of delicate linen shavings and the new scissors testified over them.

His jack-knife was a never ending source of pleasure, and he was seldom without the impulse, if a good opportunity offered, to subject a sapling to it for a whistle, or to make some other amusing trifle, or to cut a bit of licorice with a slow, sure movement that made the black lump most acceptable.

His mind was never in a stound. It was either observing, or using observations. Of course, he lost his way while walking, and destroyed commonplace things while musing, and the world hung just so much the less heavily upon his moving pinions of thought.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

HENRY DRUMMOND'S WORK AND CHARACTER*

BY M. T. PITMAN

At a time sacred to the memory of many scientists, Henry Drummond dies. The closing days of March are notable in history for the births and deaths of many of this class of great men. Bishop Berkeley, Joseph Priestley, Caroline Herschel, David Livingstone, and La Place had their birth in that part of the month. In it Lady Mary Montagu performed her great work for the science of medicine. In it Sir Isaac Newton passed away.

The scientist, with his ennobling and uplifting imagination, is also a poet, and one finds many poets also who came for their visit to the earth, or departed from it at this time of March, with their scientific brothers, so close of kin.

Mr. Drummond, whose close friends have known for several months that his end was drawing near, was happy almost to the close of his days in a life of active service, living out the best that was in him, making one always feel sure that the man was greater than the word he spoke. He lived his rich life, attacking valiantly the problems that presented themselves to him, whether in the intense life of cities, or in Central Africa. He aimed not to be a specialist, but in all his scientific inquiry to seek interpretation that would prove a help to humanity. He struck the human chord wherever life took him, and touched that chord as few have the gift, feeling and saying what eager, earnest, loving hearts are most needing to have said. A loving spirit was his, that believed the same spirit did exist or could exist in all others of his fellow-men. In believing this he made it live in many hearts. The light he kindled burned with no uncertain flame; witness the work he did among the workingmen and boys in cities. Note the expression of his eyes. They were as penetrating as those of an eagle, yet to those who looked more closely a warmth of the kindest sympathy shone from them, reflecting that union of inner qualities which gave him his far-reaching influence.

From 1851 to 1897 was the span of Henry Drummond's life. Short? Yes—and short is that part of life which we really live—"Exigua pars est vite quam nos vivimus." Yet, viewing the active life of Henry Drummond, so helpful in so many directions, the portion of his life that was lived in recognized usefulness seems long, and longer still must linger the vibrations of his inestimable influence.

* Written for Current Literature.

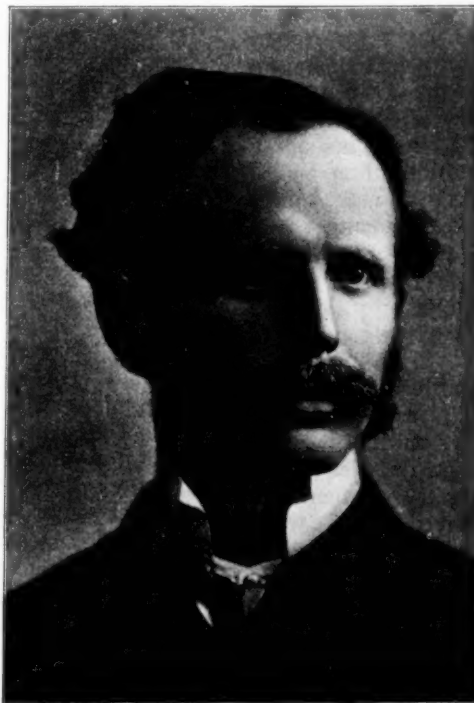
Henry Drummond was born in Stirling, Scotland, received his education there in Crieff Academy and in Edinburgh University until ripe for more advanced work in the University of Tübingen, Germany. As his father, Henry Drummond, J. P., was desirous that he should enter the ministry, he studied at the Free Church Divinity Hall, Glasgow, and, after completing his course, assisted in some missionary work in Malta. He was never ordained, and would not preach to general congregations, preferring always to confine himself to students, to whom he could speak simply as a teacher. In 1877 he traveled with Sir Archibald Geikie in the Rocky Mountains, carrying out more extensively his study of geology. In the same year he became lecturer occupying the chair of science in the Free Church College, Glasgow, where he became professor in 1884.

Some years before, in 1877 and 1878, his contributions to the Clerical World had met with such warm reception that he attempted soon to publish these with others under the title, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*. Publishers refused, hesitating to receive the book. At length he left it in the hands of a friend, and went off on his trip to Central Africa. It was there, in 1883, that he received word of the success his publication had received. He then became known widely among the thoughtful and scientific, but it was his Christ-like teaching at Northfield, Massachusetts, his address, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, that gave him his wide popularity. To own it was within the means of all; to know it, from cover to cover, was the desire of all who read it.

"It is the man who is the missionary, not his words. His character is his message. . . . There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God has put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

"You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love."

Such passages as these and his picture of true humility, make one bow before the revelation, the unveiling of the perfected life. None but one living like Christ and spiritually near Him could have written thus.



HENRY DRUMMOND
Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow

SELECTIONS FROM DRUMMOND'S WORKS

DEALING WITH DOUBT

Every child is full of every kind of question, about every kind of thing that moves and shines and changes in the little world in which he lives. That is the incipient doubt in the nature of man. Respect doubt for its origin. It is an inevitable thing.

What does this brief account of the origin of doubt teach us? It teaches us great intellectual humility. It teaches us sympathy and toleration with all men who venture upon the ocean of truth to find out a path through it for themselves.

If my brother is shortsighted I must not abuse him or speak against him. I must pity him, and, if possible, try to improve his sight or to make things that he is to look at so bright that he cannot help seeing. But never let us think evil of men who do not see as we do. From the bottom of our hearts let us pity them, and let us take them by the hand and spend time and thought over them, and try to lead them to the true light.

Christ never failed to distinguish between doubt and unbelief. Doubt is *can't believe*; unbelief is *won't believe*. Doubt is honesty; unbelief is obstinacy. Doubt is looking for light; unbelief is content with darkness. Loving darkness rather than light—that is what Christ attacked, and attacked unsparingly. And how did He meet their doubts?

... Christ said, "Teach him." He destroyed by fulfilling. . . .

That is the great lesson of the New Testament way of looking at doubt—of Christ's treatment of doubt. It is not "Brand him!"—but lovingly, wisely, and tenderly to teach him.

Second. Beg them to set aside, by an act of will, all unsolved problems: such as the problem of the origin of evil, the problem of the Trinity, the problem of the relation of human will and predestination, and so on—problems which have been investigated for thousands of years without result—ask them to set those problems aside as insoluble in the meantime. . . . You will find that will relieve the skeptic's mind of a great deal of unnecessary cargo that has been in his way. . . .

"Lead me to the rock that is higher than I." That is evolution. It is the development of the whole man in the highest direction—the drawing out of his spiritual being.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE CITY

City life is human life at its intensest, man in his most real relation. And the nearer one draws to reality, the nearer one draws to the working sphere of religion. Wherever real life is, there Christ goes. . . . Without human life to act upon, without the relations of men with one another, of master with servant, husband with wife, buyer with seller, creditor with debtor, there is no such thing as Christianity. With actual things, with humanity in its every-day dress, with the traffic of the streets, with gates and houses, with work and wages, with sin and poverty, with these things, and all the things and all the relations and all the people of the city, Christianity has to do, and has more to do than with anything else.

But if Heaven be a city, the life of those who are going there must be a real life. The man who

would enter John's heaven, no matter what piety or what faith he may profess, must be a real man. Christ's gift to men was life, a rich and abundant life, and life is meant for living. An abundant life does not show itself in abundant dreaming, but in abundant living; in abundant living among real and tangible objects, and to actual and practical purposes. "His servants," John tells us, "shall serve." In this vision of the city he confronts us with a new definition of a Christian man—the perfect saint is the perfect citizen.

He who makes the city makes the world. After all, though men make cities, it is cities which make men.

People do not dispute that religion is in the church. What is now wanted is to let them see it in the city. One Christian city, one city in any part of the earth, whose citizens, from the greatest to the humblest, lived in the spirit of Christ, where religion had overflowed the churches and passed into the streets, inundating every house and workshop, and permeating the whole social and commercial life—one such Christian city would seal the redemption of the world.

With Christianity as the supreme actor in the world's drama the future of its cities is even now quite clear. Project the lines of Christian and social progress to their still far-off goal, and see even now that Heaven must come to earth. . . .

Do not be afraid of missing Heaven in seeking a better earth. . . . Be sure that, down to the last and pettiest detail, all that concerns a better world is the direct concern of Christ. . . .

In each of these (London, Berlin, New York, Paris, Melbourne, Calcutta) and in every city throughout the world to-day, there is a city descending out of Heaven from God. Each one of us is daily building up this city or helping to keep it back. Its walls rise slowly, but as we believe in God, the building can never cease. For the might of those who build, be they few or many, is so surely greater than the might of those who retard, that no day's sun sets over any city in the land that does not see some stone of the invisible city laid. To believe this is faith. To live for this is Christianity.

MAKE YOUR CITY BETTER

What else? Believe in yourself—that you, even you, can do some of the work which He would like done, and that unless you do it, it will remain undone. How are you to begin? As Christ did. First, He looked at the city; then he wept over it; then He died for it. . . .

By far the greatest thing a man can do for his city is to be a good man. . . . Let a city be a Sodom or a Gomorrah, and if there be but ten righteous men in it, it will be saved. . . .

It is goodness that tells—goodness first and goodness last. . . . Heaven lies within, in kindness, in humbleness, in unselfishness, in faith, in love, in service. To get these in, get Christ in. Teach all in the house about Christ. How He dwells in them, and how He makes all one. Teach it, not as a doctrine, but as a discovery, as your own discovery. Live your own discovery.

It is idle to talk of Christ as a social reformer, if by that is meant that His first concern was to im-

prove the organization of society, or to provide the world with better laws. These were among his objects, but his first was to provide the world with better men. If every workshop held a workman like Him who worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, the labor problem and all other workman's problems would soon be solved. If every street had a home or two like Mary's home in Bethany, the domestic life of the city would be transformed in three generations.

Christianity is not all carried on by committee, and the Kingdom of God has other ways of coming than through municipal reforms. Most of the stones for the building of the City of God, and all the best of them, are made by mothers. But whether or no you shall work through public channels, or only serve Christ along the quieter paths of home, no man can determine but yourself.

Traveler to God's last city, be glad that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your door, and for the chance to build its walls a little nearer Heaven before you go. Pray for yet a little while to redeem the wasted years, and week by week as you go forth from worship, and day by day as you awake to face this great and needy world, learn to "seek a city" there, and in the service of its neediest citizen find Heaven.

THE CHURCH IN THE CITY

If it were mine to build a city, a city where all life should be religious, and all men destined to become members of the Body of Christ, the first stone I should lay there would be the foundation-stone of a church. Why? Because, among other reasons, the product which the church, on the whole, best helps it develop, and in the largest quantity, is that which is most needed by the city. . . .

Even for social purposes the church is by far the greatest employment bureau in the world.

I have said that, were it mine to build a city, the first stone I should lay there would be the foundation-stone of a church. But if it were mine to preach the first sermon in that church, I should choose as the text, "I saw no church therein." I should tell the people that the great use of the church is to help men to do without it. As the old ecclesiastical term has it, church services are "diets" of worship. They are meals. All who are hungry will take them, and, if they are wise, regularly. . . .

But if life means action, and Heaven service; if spiritual graces are acquired for use and not for ornament, then devotional forms have a deeper function. The Puritan preachers were wont to tell their people to "practice dying." Yes, but what is dying? . . . To "practice dying" is to practice living. Earth is the rehearsal for Heaven. The eternal beyond is the eternal here.

EVOLUTION OF THE MOTHER

A tendency to passivity means, among other things, a capacity to sit still. Be it but for a minute or an hour does not matter. . . . This is the embryo of patience. The child's cry will awaken associations, and in some dull sense the mother will feel with it. But "feeling with another" is the literal translation of the name of a second virtue—sympathy. From feeling with it, the parent will sooner or later be led to do some-

thing to help it. Then it will do more things to help it. Finally it will be always helping it. Now, to care for things is to become careful; to tend things is to become tender. Here are four virtues—patience, sympathy, carefulness, tenderness—already dawning upon mankind.

See, then, what the savage mother and her babe have brought into the world. When the first mother awoke to her first tenderness and warmed her loneliness at her infant's love, when for a moment she forgot herself and thought upon its weakness or its pain, when by the most imperceptible act or sign or look of sympathy she expressed the unutterable impulse of her motherhood, the touch of a new creative hand was felt upon the world. However short the earliest infancies, however feeble the sparks they fanned, however long heredity took to gather fuel enough for a steady flame, it is certain that once this fire began to warm the cold hearth of nature and give humanity a heart, the most stupendous task of the past was accomplished. A softened pressure of an uncouth hand, a human gleam in an almost animal eye, an endearment in an inarticulate voice—feeble things enough. Yet in these faint awakenings lay the hope of the human race.

Looking at the mere dynamics of the question, the family contains all the machinery and nearly all the power, for the moral education of mankind. Feebly, but adequately, in the early chapters of man's history it fulfilled its function of nursing Love, the mother of all morality; and Righteousness, the father of all morality, so preparing a parentage for all the beautiful spiritual children which in later years should spring from them. If life henceforth is to go on at all, it must be a better life, a more loving life, a more abundant life, and this premium upon love means—if it means anything—that evolution is taking henceforth an ethical direction.

To man has been mainly assigned the fulfilment of the first great function—the struggle for life. Woman, whose higher contribution has not yet been named, is the chosen instrument for carrying on the struggle for the life of others. . . . Thus by a division of labor appointed by the will of nature, the conditions for the ascent of man were laid.

When one follows maternity out of the depths of lower nature, and beholds it ripening in quality as it reaches the human sphere, its character, and the character of the processes by which it is evolved, appear in their full divinity. For of what is maternity the mother? . . . Of love itself, of love as love, of love as life, of love as humanity, of love as the pure and undefiled fountain of all that is eternal in the world.

In a far truer sense than Raphael produced Lis Holy Family nature has produced a Holy Family. Not for centuries but for millenniums the family has survived. Time has not tarnished it; no later art has improved upon it; nor genius discovered anything more lovely; nor religion anything more divine. From the bee's cell and the butterfly's wing men draw what they call the argument from design; but it is in the kingdoms which come without observation, in these great immaterial orderings which science is but beginning to perceive, that the purposes of creation are revealed.

DONALD G. MITCHELL'S NEW BOOK

[EDITORIAL NOTE:—A new book from the pen of Donald G. Mitchell is always a literary event. The long promised American Lands and Letters, similar to his English Kings and Letters, which preceded it, has appeared bearing the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The book is a fair sized 8vo of about 400 pages, well printed on plate paper and contains about ninety portraits, illustrations, title pages, etc., some of great rarity. It covers American literature from Captain John Smith to William Cullen Bryant. The author has for many years made a special study of the fountain heads of American letters, and this wide and intimate scholarship has combined with his personal knowledge of most of the great literary figures of half a century ago to create a peculiar understanding and comprehensive sympathy with his subject. This sympathetic insight, expressed in the graceful style that characterizes all of Mr. Mitchell's writings has produced in this volume a worthy rival of any of his earlier successes. The scope of the book and its own peculiar individual quality is best given in Mr. Mitchell's own words.]

"As I became interested in the subject matter of this volume, there grew upon me a fear," says Mr. Mitchell, "that it would run to inordinate length—except some bounds were fixed; hence no writer is dwelt upon whose birth-date belongs in the present century. This limit shuts off a distinguished group of authors—born in the first decade of this century—whose names come to the thought of all intent upon American literary work. The critics will say, with the justice always distinguishing them—the book should have been larger and covered more names; or, shorter and dealt with fewer writers; or in some way, should have been quite other than it is. Indeed, upon a reading of the proofs, I have unwittingly drifted into agreement with such possible damnatory phrases, and have, again and again, under the imagined critical guidance, inclined to the confession that 'I have left undone those things which I ought to have done, and have done those things which I ought not to have done.'

"The reader will surely miss the nice particularity and fulness of Professor Tyler—a fulness and particularity which, unfortunately, grievously delays the conclusion of his valuable work. Nor is there here that dash and large embracement of far-away periods that characterizes the terse handling of Professor Beers, who has put two centuries of literary flow into a quart flagon. Again, the little mosaic of illustrative extracts in these pages must appear quite petty beside that voluminous and painstaking aggregation of American literature, which bears the names of Mr. Stedman and of Miss Hutchinson upon its forefront.

"But why, pray, should the minister to a quiet country parish stay his voice, though he cannot equal the sons of Zebedee or any Boanerges of the pulpit? He may still lead his own flock by cooling

waters, and into the shadow of some great rock—by those unfrequented paths, that some happy accident has determined, rather than by the conventional high-roads where signs are 'out,' and where crowds are traveling—because crowds are there.

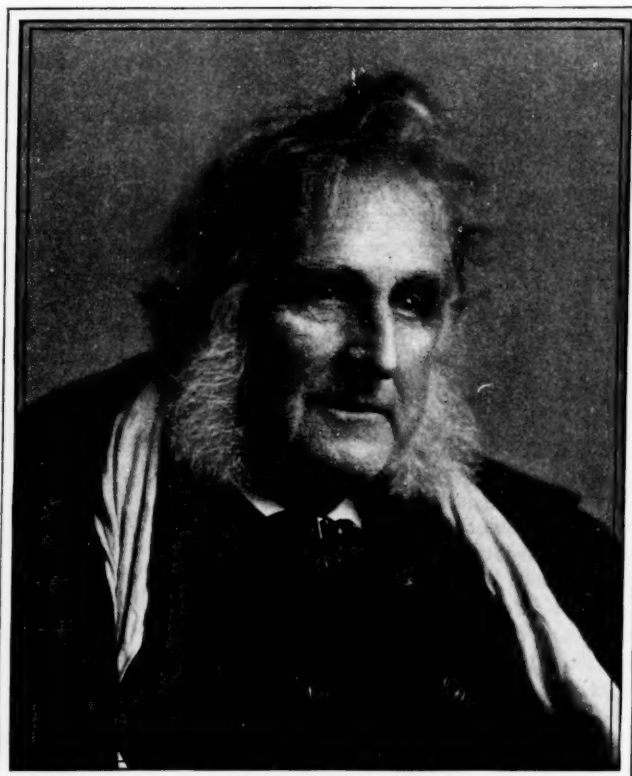
"I have talked in these pages to those whose qualities or surroundings have invited the talk; sometimes a modest reticacy has piqued my mention; sometimes a caprice has been followed which I cannot explain, nor wholly justify; I have made much of slight clues, and have dwelt sometimes upon those whom the critics have relegated to back-benches; in short, I have tried

to make this an 'own-book,' and not an echo of the distinguished likes or dislikes of this or that expositor."

REMINISCENCES OF IRVING

[We have selected the concluding portion of Mr. Mitchell's sketch of Irving, which treats of the period following his return from his long residence abroad, as typical of the author's style and method. This will be particularly interesting as it possesses so much the character of reminiscence.—EDITORS.]

It was in the year immediately following this triumphant return that he purchased and remodeled the stone cottage upon the Hudson, where he lived thereafter, and where he died. It stood upon a wooded shelf of the bank of the great river up which Hendrik Hudson had sailed. It looked out upon the lower stretches of the placid Tappaan



DONALD G. MITCHELL. (Ik Marvel)

Enlarged from photograph

Zee. Its crowfoot gables carried memories of its Dutch neighborhood. Its gnarled and ancient trees threw morning shadows upon a pavilion matted all over with ivies from Melrose. Its little lawn before the low-browed porch gleamed under the noon-day sun like emerald. He loved its picturesqueness, its simplicity, its quaintness, its cosiness, and he made it gay and cheery by his abounding hospitality.

No anxieties disturbed his later years. The revenue from his books was large. He could, and did make his old generousities more lavish. His hospitalities were free and hearty. He loved the part of entertainer and graced it. His mode of living showed a quiet elegance, but was never ostentatious. At the head of his table, in his sunny southwest room, cheered by the presence of old friends, his speech sparkled with young vivacities, and his arching brow and a whimsical light in his eye foretold and exalted every sally of his humor.

His rides, his drives, and cheery smiles of greeting brought him to the knowledge of all the neighborhood. It was my great privilege, again and again, to be witness to the cordiality of those greetings; nor can I forbear giving here some record of such an occasion, though it may take one over ground already familiar to the reader. By his kind invitation I had gone up to pass my first day at Sunnyside, and he had promised me a drive through Sleepy Hollow. What a promise that was! I think no boy ever went to his Christmas holidays more joyously than I to meet the engagement.

The vehicle in which we drove was an old-fashioned gig or chaise, and the well-groomed horse, with his sedate and dignified paces, was the very picture of respectability. It was along the great Albany Post Road that we drove; he, all alert and brisk with the cool morning breeze blowing down upon us from over Haverstraw Heights and across the wide sweep of river. As we went whirling along, I ventured a query about the memorable night ride of Ichabod Crane, and of a certain headless horseman.

Aye, it was hereabout, that tragedy came off, too. "Down this bit of road the old horse Gunpowder came thundering; there away, Brown Bones with his pumpkin (I tell you this in confidence," he said), "was in waiting; and along here they went clattering, neck and neck, Ichabod holding a good seat till Van Ripper's saddle girth gave way; and then, bumping and jouncing from side to side, as he clung to mane or neck (a little pantomime with the whip making it real), and so at last—away, yonder—well, where you like, the poor pedagogue went sprawling upon the ground—I hope in a soft place." And I think the rollicking humor of it was as much enjoyed by him that autumn morning, and that he felt in his bones just as relish a smack of it all, as if Katrina Van Tassel had held her quilting frolic, only on yesternight.

Somewhat farther on, among the hills which look down on Sleepy Hollow, he pointed out, with a significant twinkle of the eye, which the dullest boy would have understood, some orchards, with which he had early acquaintance; and specially, too, on some hillside (which I could find now), a farmery, famous for its cider mill and the good cider made there—he, with the rest, testing it over and over in

the old slow way with straws, but provoked once on a time to a fuller test by turning the hogshhead, so they might sip from the open bung. And then (whether out of mischief or mishandling, he did not absolutely declare to me) the big barrel got the better of them, and set off upon a lazy roll-down-the-hill—going faster and faster—they more and more frightened, and scudding away slantwise over the fences—the yelling farmer appearing suddenly at the top of the slope—but too broad in the beam for any sharp race—and the hogshhead between them plunging, and bounding, and giving out ghostly, guttural explosions of sound and cider, at every turn.

And many another such he told upon that breezy autumn morning which slipped away too quickly, his sunny cheer brightening and shortening the hours. But, shall I be reckoned indiscreet, if I say that at times—rare times, it is true—I have seen this most amiable gentleman manifest a little of that restive choler which sometimes flamed up in William the Testy? Not long-lived, not deliberate, but a little human blaze of impatience at something gone awry in the dressing of a garden border, in care of some stable pet, that was all gone with the first flash, but marked unmistakably the sources of that wrathful and pious zest (with which he is not commonly credited), and with which he loved to put a contemptuous thrust of his sharp language into the bloated upstart pride, and of conceit, and of insolent pretension.

When he died the grief was universal and sincere. On the day of his funeral (December 1, 1859) a remarkably mild day for the season, the shops of Tarrytown were closed and draped in mourning, and both sides of the high road leading from the church (of which he had been warden) to the grave by Sleepy Hollow, where his body lies, were black with the throngs of those who had come from far and near to do honor to his memory. We cannot class Washington Irving among those strenuous souls who delve new channels for thought; his touch in literature is of a gentler sort. We may safely, however, count him the best beloved among American authors. His character was so clean, his language so full of grace, his sympathies so true and wide, and his humor so genuine and abounding. His books all beam with a kindness that should not, and will never be forgotten.



IRVING'S GRAVE AT TARRYTOWN
Mitchell's American Lands and Letters.
Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—Every ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield 85 pounds to the ton, and Dead Sea water, 187 pounds.

—There are in the several German universities 2,000 foreign students, of whom more than 400 are Americans—a larger number than of any country other than Germany.

—The Year Book of the Jews, published in London, estimates that there are in the world about 11,000,000 of that race, more than half being under Russian jurisdiction.

—Insects are for their size, the strongest members of the animal creation. Many beetles can lift a weight equal to more than 500 times the weight of their own bodies.

—The British Isles comprise 1,000 separate islands and islets, without counting mere jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

—According to the deductions of a well-known astronomer, we receive as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 full moons.

—Oliver Cromwell had the largest brain on record. It weighed a little over sixty ounces, but was found to be diseased.

—A single bee, with all its industry, energy and the innumerable journeys it has to perform, will not collect much more than a teaspoonful of honey in a single season.

—The ivory market at Antwerp, organized scarcely five years ago, has become the largest one in the world—larger than the two other great markets, that of London and that of Liverpool.

—Seventeen daily and weekly papers are published in the English language in Japan, and over 100 on the Asiatic continent, while in all these countries there is only one German paper, the *Ostasiatische Lloyd*. A weekly German paper is soon to be issued in Japan.

—The negro race can be traced back to 2300 B. C., when the Egyptians became acquainted with them through the conquests of their rulers. The origin of the race and their history previous to that time are unknown.

—The average attendance at places of worship in England and Wales is computed to be between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 persons. There is a place of worship for every 500 individuals, taking the country all through, and a stated minister for every 700. About 80,000 sermons are preached every Sunday.

—The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from \$25 to \$50 each.

—The crown worn on state occasions by the German Emperor weighs exactly three pounds.

—The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with eighteen various colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

—According to our last census, 3,981 persons over 100 years were found, and of these 2,583 were women. In France in 1895 there were only 66 men and 147 women over the 100 mark.

—The most valuable fur is that of the sea otter. One thousand dollars has been paid for a single skin of this animal not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

—The Greeks and Romans had no weeks until they borrowed this division of time from the East. The Greeks divided the months into three equal periods; the Romans into three very unequal—the Kalends, Ides and Nones.

—Starfish commit suicide. When one is caught with a net it dissolves itself into many pieces, which escape through the meshes. In time each piece becomes a perfect animal. To preserve a starfish it must be plunged into a bucket of fresh water before it has had time to take the alarm. Fresh water is instant death to it.

—According to a report just published, England has in her service in India 73,168 men. Besides this there is an army of 153,905 men, in England and the colonies.

—A French statistician has calculated that the human eye travels over 2,000 yards in reading an ordinary sized novel. The average human being is supposed to get through 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

—The costliest crown is that worn by the Russian Czar on ceremonial occasions. It is surmounted by a cross, formed of five magnificent diamonds, resting upon an immense uncut but polished ruby. The ruby rests on eleven large diamonds, which, in turn, rest on a mat of pearls. The coronet of the Empress is said to contain the most beautiful collection of diamonds ever massed together.

—Rupshu, a district on the north slope of the Himalayas, 15,000 feet above sea level, and surrounded by mountains from 3,000 to 5,000 feet higher, has a permanent population of 500 persons, who live in goat-hair tents all the year round.

—An acre of good fishing ground in the sea will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will do in a year.

—There are nearly a quarter of a million more men than women in Australia, and in New Zealand also women are in a minority.

—Handel had one of the most phenomenal musical memories ever known. He knew, by heart, over fifty operas from beginning to end.

—Sixty thousand dollars a year, a salary drawn by the French ambassador in London, is the largest sum paid to any diplomatist in the world.

—The most extensive cemetery in the world is that of Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

A LITERARY THEATRICAL SUCCESS

VIOLA ROSEBORO.*

The most significant, cheering and artistically-important event of the past theatrical season in New York has been the marked monetary success of a play of decided literary merit. Once, a few years ago, a play was boastfully placarded on the bill-boards as having NO LITERARY MERIT. On that ground was it recommended to the public. There was significance, too, in that announcement. Plays claiming literary merit have again and again in this decade proved lacking in theatrical merit. Some of these may have had dramatic qualities, but that was not enough. Lacking skill in technical adaptation to the theatre, they have failed, and great has been the lamentation at such evidence of "the decline of the drama." Such lamentation as regards untheatrical plays (I insist on restoring to this word its good sense) is misplaced. The theatre is for the theatrical, and as between literary merit and theatrical merit on the stage, the public will always and rightly choose the latter, whatever may be the attitude of sophisticated critics.

Nevertheless, the low intellectual standard of the usual play of the day is sadly depressing. There are doubtless several reasons for this state of things, and many people have been inclined to count out entirely any suggestion that one was the lack of the playwright's skill among literary men. They have contended that our public would not, with the rarest exceptions, support a new play of respectable intellectual calibre; that it did not want any such merit. The success of Mr. Herne's play of *Shore Acres* was evidence to the contrary. It is an admirable work of art, but it did not conclusively prove that literature is desired on our stage, because its literary quality is exceptionally, remarkably subservient to business and stage-craft. What literature it possesses is good, but there is not as much of it as in most new plays, where it is bad. Scarcely an intelligible notion of the piece could be derived from reading it. Now this season Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber produced a play in which literature is as exceptionally prominent as it is exceptionally good, and its success was so great that, thanks to it, their engagement at Wallack's was twice extended. It was called, I regret to say, by a silly name, *For Bonnie Prince Charlie*, but its title was its only puerility—a strange immunity in these days. It is an adaptation by Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke of *Les Jacobites*, by François Coppée. The original is in Alexandrine verse, abounds in poetry and dramatic strength, but was not a success on the French stage. Mr. Clarke's adaptation gives us a play far out of the fashion of the hour. It is historical, relating, of course, to the fortunes of the last of the Stuarts in the Scotch rising of 1745. It is entirely romantic, in contradistinction to what is cheekily called "realism." It abounds in long speeches, while "snappy" is the typical eulogy of modern stage dialogue. At the same time, the speeches are much cut down from the original, where the dramatic interest is frequently swamped

in the rhetorical, and various liberties have been taken that consolidate the construction; besides, the English play is enriched by snatches of old songs and by dialect, so that it has a deal of effective local color impossible in the French version. All these changes have succeeded in making it theatrical, and that is what the French play is not. With this merit added unto its old ones, and with the advantage of Mrs. Julia Marlowe Taber's exquisite and sincere acting, the heart of our public warmed to it at once. A few of the critics, being both dull and sophisticated, were much bothered by the length of the speeches. They had said things before against "talky-talky" plays. They did not know how to square their old theories with such extended literary expression in a new play. Presumably they have some way of reconciling themselves to Hamlet, though it seems clear enough that the principle that justifies the one as of sound theatrical technique must be applicable to lesser lights. There is not one law for gods and another for mortals in these matters. The public troubled itself about no such subtleties. It recognized that it was moved and entertained, and that here the poetry augmented the anxieties and exaltations it had come to seek, and that was enough for it. On the first night the first applause, spontaneous and very hearty, burst forth, curiously, as Miss Marlowe closed a crooning repetition of a ballad; think of that! The little poem had been worked up to with much theatrical skill, the feelings of the audience prepared, the occasion made plausible, and Miss Marlowe gave it with rare simplicity, sincerity and feeling. Her reading is always the utter opposite of such histrionic spouting as we are most accustomed to.

Here are the verses that first "brought down the house" (hitherto unprinted, but which we are allowed, through the generous courtesy of Mr. Clarke and of Mrs. Taber to use), the song that, says the heroine, "was my lullaby when I was so small that my cradle was an old Lochaber shield:"

"In the gloom of the leal and the brave,
In the night of defeat sad and sore,
Bonny Scotland has hollowed a grave,
To bury her trusty claymore.
Now under the sod it is sleeping,
And under the glowering skies
We're waiting—in praying and weeping—
The day our claymore shall arise.

"They would make ye a spoil, royal blade;
They would banish ye too, like our king;
But your grave shall be never betrayed,
Nor the rust of oblivion cling.
Once more in the sunlight ye'll glimmer,
Ye'll come flashing fair to our eyes;
The pride of our foes shall be dimmer
The day our claymore shall arise.

"Oh, the blackbird sings low and sings clear,
And the eagle flies high o'er the brae,
But it's aye the long winter is drear,
Till the pibroch calls loud to the fray;
Then Scotland, her targe on her shoulder,
Her clans, wi' their gatherin' cries,
The hilt in her hand, we'll behold her,
The day our claymore shall arise."

* Written for Current Literature.

Let us take heart of grace. We need an endowment theatre sadly, but even without it we have had one new paying play, possessing a poetic charm such as only literary merit can give, and what has been done successfully once can be done again.

OLD VIOLINS AND THEIR MAKERS

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.....OLD VIOLINS*

The oldest of the modern violin family is the double bass. Following it came the violoncello, then the viola and lastly the violin, which made its debut during the last years of the sixteenth century. The exact date of the violin's appearance is not known, as the Italian term "violino" was applied generically to the tenor or viola and also to the violin, as we know it; hence it is difficult to determine when the use of the term ceased to be applied to the viola.

As late as the year 1597 the term "violino" was used to indicate the tenor, and, according to Messrs. Hill, "a further proof of this lies in the fact that in 1608 Monteverde, one of the founders of modern opera and the father of modern orchestration, in his *Orfeo* was the first to assign the violino—violins here, not tenors, as the music shows—a part in the orchestra, indicating them as 'piccoli violini alla Francese,' showing that the term violini alone would not have indicated the instrument he had in mind, and at the same time this would indicate that the violin had received earlier recognition in France than in Italy." It was in 1608 then that orchestral music was first written for the violin. Another fact to be remembered is, that up to this time, the violin was not regarded as a solo instrument, nor was it considered as even of importance in orchestra work. Its use was confined solely to support and accompany the soprano voice. It was almost a century and a half ere the violin rose to any prominence as a solo instrument, and even then its use was confined chiefly to the salon and to chamber music. In 1612, however, we find passages running up to the third, fourth and fifth positions, in orchestral scores, and gradually, in the years immediately following, we find a departure from simple forms, and the staccato, pizzicato and other technicalities introduced.

Bearing all these facts in mind, let us now consider the great pioneers of violin building of the period, and take a survey of the conditions in Italy which surrounded those men whose names are famous the world over for the wonderful work they accomplished. They lived in that epoch of intense literary and artistic activity known as the Renaissance—that period, richer than any other in the names of great men—painters, philosophers, poets, explorers—Titian, Cellini, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Kepler, Shakespeare, Bacon, Columbus, and Vespucci; that time in Italy "of picturesque, splendor, squalor, religious fervor, philosophy and humanitarianism strangely mingled."

Brescia, the pearl of Lombardy, saw the first violins that were made. It is a noble old city, full of historical interest. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it had a most checkered experience. The sack of Brescia by the French, in 1512, was most terrible. From that time until the close of

Napoleon's Italian campaign, it was almost constantly racked by wars and strifes, internecine and foreign, owing allegiance to Venice to-day, and tomorrow to Austria, until in 1797, Napoleon, with keen appreciation of its strategic position, made it the capital of one of his Italian provinces. Such was the state of Northern Italy, when Gaspar Bertolotti, known as Gasparo da Salo, was born in Salo, a suburb of Brescia, about the year 1542, and Brescia will always be of great interest to the antiquarian violin lover for this reason.

Gasparo da Salo was the first great maker of violins of whom we have any record. Authorities differ on this point, however, many writers maintaining as facts that which is only in reality little more than fancy. Violins undoubtedly were made prior to da Salo's time, but, owing to their unimportance, and the fact that violin music had not yet made its appearance, we can find no specimens of the violin earlier than those of da Salo, and it may be surmised from a critical study of his work that his violins were early specimens of the instrument which, modified by his great pupil, Maggini, by the Amatii, and later by Antonio Stradivari, has since become the "king of instruments." Nevertheless, there is no evidence at present which justifies us in attributing the invention of the violin to Gasparo da Salo, great artist as he assuredly was, or to his contemporary, Andrea Amati. That honor has been claimed by certain French writers for a Frenchman in the year 1449, by some able German "Kenners" for a native of Nurnberg about the same time; but let us rest content in a knowledge of the fact that no violins dated earlier than those of Gasparo da Salo, 1542-1610, are now known.

Violins are classified by connoisseurs as belonging to different schools. Those of Brescia are designated as belonging to the Brescian school, those of Cremona as of the Cremonese school, and so on, and in this manner we will now consider them.

THE BRESCIAN SCHOOL

Gasparo di Bertolotti, commonly known as Gasparo da Salo, 1542-1610, was the founder of the Brescian school of violin making. He made chiefly violas and violas, which are of special note. His violins are exceedingly rare. We know of but one genuine da Salo in America, and in Europe they are seldom seen. M. Fétis mentions two. They are large in size, with \sharp holes correspondingly large. Varnish a deep yellow or dark brown of very fine quality. Purfling ordinarily single, and labels never dated. While this maker, so prominent in the early history of the violin, as stated above, was the first of whom we have any record who made violins, it is as a viol and viola maker that he should be chiefly recognized. He lived at a pre-violin period, so to speak. He died in the year 1609, and the reader will remember that violin orchestral music did not make its appearance in Italy until 1608, so that the demands for violins at his time must have been very slight. There can be little doubt that violins appeared earlier even than his time, 1550-1609, and that the transition from the viola and 'cello must have been, in the nature of things, very slow indeed, so that, aside from the great interest attached historically to his name as the first violin maker, he cannot, technically speaking, judging from the paucity and character of his

* Published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago.

work, be regarded as one of the great violin makers, for he made as few violins as Maggini did violas. But to Gasparo da Salo belongs the credit of founding the Italian school of violin making. The model he adopted, with little change, was closely followed by the greatest of the Cremonese makers. As before stated, his violins are very rare. Compared with the works of the Cremona masters, Stradivari and Guarneri, they are ill-finished and crude. His varnish and wood, however, have commanded the admiration of the critics of three hundred years. It is remarkable for its rich appearance. The influence of da Salo in the history of the violin is very great. He was the teacher of Maggini, and through Maggini gave the world the principles of proper violin construction, which were perfected a hundred years later in Cremona.

Giovannia Paolo Maggini, Brescia, 1581-1631, exercised a very powerful influence in the early history of violin building. He found the violin in an undeveloped state, improved it and left it, practically, as we have it to-day. He also gave us the modern viola and violoncello. Through the century and a half of violin making following his career, the principles laid down by him are manifest in the work of very many of the Italian makers. Maggini was born in 1581. That he was a pupil of Gasparo da Salo there could be no doubt, judging from his work, but this is proved by a document dated 1602, which shows that, at the age of twenty-one, he was still a pupil of da Salo's. An immense, undeveloped field lay before Maggini when at last he quit the shop of da Salo and started in business on his own account. The demand for the violin was growing rapidly. By the year 1620, violin orchestral music had become remarkably well developed, and the Italians began to recognize the violin's vast superiority over all others, as a musical instrument, in the salon, concert hall, and orchestra. It remained for Maggini, who received it in an undeveloped state from the hands of da Salo, to make the violin the most perfect of all musical instruments. . . . There can be no doubt but that the rising fame of the Cremonese makers served to stimulate the ambition of Maggini. The beautifully finished work of the brothers Amati must have been a revelation to him. We find, therefore, that during the later years of his life termed the third period, he developed a very high and artistic idea of violin construction. . . . Although there is no record of Maggini's death, it undoubtedly occurred in 1632 or possibly as early as 1631. The plague was ravaging Brescia at that time, and Maggini may have been one of its victims, in which event the record of his death would never have been made. . . . It is stated on good authority that not more than fifty instruments by Maggini now exist. There is not a single genuine specimen in this country. This may seem like a broad statement considering the large number of so-called Maggini's that claim recognition, but such is our belief.

THE CREMONESE SCHOOL TO STRADIVARI*

The City of Cremona is located on the river Po, southwest of Brescia, and has attained a world-wide

*A sketch of Antonio Stradivari will appear in the June number of *Current Literature*.

celebrity for the great violins made there during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its early history is much the same as that of Brescia and other cities of Northern Italy. Why the violin industry should have taken such root in Cremona (a mere village compared with many Northern Italian cities), does not appear. One would think that Venice, Florence or Naples would have been its natural soil, or that Brescia, the nursery of the art, would have maintained its pre-eminence. However, the industry did take early root in Cremona. While Gasparo da Salo was busy in Brescia, perfecting the violin and introducing to the world a new instrument, a viol and rebec maker in Cremona, Andreas Amati, took up the same work. He began it probably to supply the demands of patrons, who otherwise would have gone to Brescia. Thus was founded the Cremonese school of violin-making.

Andrea Amati, the date of whose birth is not known, as the church records of the time have been destroyed, is supposed to have been born about 1530. Of humble parentage, and practicing what was then considered a lowly art, he was unknown to fame even in his own land until the latter years of his life, when recognition came from a foreign land, and King Charles IX., of France, that great patron of art, commissioned him to construct twenty-four different instruments for his Royal Chapel. These were destroyed in the French Revolution, not one of them having an authentic existence to-day. His work was well planned and executed. He made violins of both large and small size. His wood was usually cut on the slab, after the Brescian custom—his varnish, a rich brown, tinged with yellow. His corners are graceful and rather pointed, and his *f* holes resemble Gasparo da Salo's. Very few of his violins are recorded. Thousands of copies of all kinds have been made, mostly with coat of arms and inscription on the back, in imitation of the chapel instruments. They are defective, however, in many ways, and are easily detected by the eye experienced in measurements, varnish, wood and workmanship. The originals are not very desirable as solo instruments as their tone, while sweet, is not powerful. Andrea Amati is said to have died about 1580.

Antonio and Girolamo (Hieronymus) Amati commonly known as the brothers Amati, occupy a position as makers next to that Nicolo. They were sons of Andrea. It is not known when they were born, but they worked together from 1575 to 1625. Their violins are justly celebrated for their beautiful outline and finish, and for their exquisite tone. The brothers knew the weak points of the violins of their day, and with marked originality strengthened or remedied them. . . . Hieronymus died in 1640. The date of Antonio's death is unknown. Nicolo Amati, born, as shown by the church record of Cremona, September 3, 1596; died April 12, 1684. We now come to the consideration of one who has exercised a powerful influence in the violin world. He was the teacher of that king of violin makers, Antonio Stradivari, and as such we have to credit him, in a large degree, with the success Stradivari attained. He it was who originated those wonderful violins known as the "Grand Amatis," from which Stradivari obtained his ideas of artistic work-

manship and finish. Nicolo was the son of Hieronymus Amati, and worked with his father and uncle Antonio, finally succeeding them in business. . . . The great influence of Nicolo Amati may be appreciated when we stop to consider his pupils. The list includes the following of special prominence: Antonio Stradivari, Jacobus Stainer, Heinrich Jacobs, Cappa, Paola Grancino, G. B. Rugeri, F. Rugeri, Andrea Guarnerius and Testore. Fortunately quite a number of Nicolo Amati's violins exist, although few of them are to be found perfectly preserved. . . . Thousands of imitations exist which bear Nicolo Amati's name. Some are easily detected; others, being of a better grade, are by the many, either ignorant or dishonest makers, repairers and dealers, readily sold as genuine specimens to unsuspecting purchasers. Such an instance recently came to our notice, when a lady proudly exhibited to us a Klotz copy of Amati, which she had purchased at a certain local shop for a fine Nicolo Amati, "at a great bargain!" As an Amati it would have been worth probably \$2,000. As it is, being a Klotz, \$250 would cover its value.

THE ANATOMY OF THE VIOLIN

AN INSTRUMENT OF PARTS.....MUSICAL TRADE REVIEW

Taken to pieces a violin would be found to consist of the following parts: Back, 2 pieces; belly, 2; coins and blocks, 6; sides, 5; side linings, 12; bar, 1; purflings, 24; neck, 1; finger-board, 1; nut, 1; bridge, 1; tail-board, 1; button for tail-board, 1; string for tail-board, 1; guard for string, 1; sound post, 1; strings, 4; pegs, 4; total, 69. Three kinds of wood are used—maple, pine, and ebony. Maple is used for the back, the neck, the side pieces, and the bridge. Pine is used for the belly, the bar, the coins, and blocks, the side linings, and the sound-post. Ebony is used for the finger-board, the tail-board, the nut, the guard for string of tail-board, the pegs and the button.

SINCERITY IN ART

ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN.....ART INTERCHANGE

If art were an exact science, there would be as little talk of sincere art as of sincere mathematics. Art is something vastly different. It is creative. It is not analytic, it constructs; and, though never lawless, its manifestations are too rich in their variety, too rapid in their ever-shifting changes, to be comprehended by the formal knowledge of rules and methods.

The intensely literal mind sees sincerity only in an exact copying of outward semblance, refusing the virtue to that power of delineation which reveals the inner significance, the character that is the work of the indwelling, formative spirit. "Come!" says the literalist, "here is a brown house, surrounded by green fields and spanned by blue sky. The science of perspective determines your drawing. There are the proper colors in your tubes, or at least you may compound them; what hinders you from giving us an exact copy of the scene before us, line for line, tint for tint? And if you give us something other than that, how dare you claim sincerity?"

Brown house, green fields, blue sky—that is what the literalist sees. Alas for the poor artist! He sees multitudinous gradations in that "blue" sky—shifting, too, momentarily; no chance to study de-

tails; a constant change in light and shadow. There are tints, ripples and tones of color in the grass—each a note in the great symphony and as elusive as any strain of music. A wealth of reddish, golden, greenish browns diversifies the weather-beaten house, and, perhaps a bit of vivid color, overlooked by the complacent literalist, dominates the entire color-scheme! Copy these effects! The artist, happily, is troubled by no such misconception of the scope of his art. He sees that all these tints of color, these effects of light and shade, and these haunting subtleties of line are controlled by a great, underlying conception, marshaling them into harmony. Gladly—aye, reverently, he sets himself to giving some hint of what that conception is. He feels it, and he becomes the master of all detail—changing, modifying, amplifying, until the picture stands completed—sincere, though it has no point of literal identity with the scene that the artist painted, because it faithfully represents the sentiment of that scene. Mountain, forest, sky, sea—what are these to the artist but wonderful, far-reaching suggestions? Let him put out of his mind the historic, the literary associations that cluster about so many scenes. However keenly the man may feel them—and with the impressionableness of the artistic nature strong within him, he is likely to feel them—as an artist they are to him as though they were not. If he choose to paint a sunset on Lake Como instead of a sunset at Hopvine Centre, because the selected locality will help him to sell his picture, it speaks well for his business ability; it has nothing to do with his artistic success. Granting that the two pictures are equally good, his sagacity is well bestowed. If he paints the thing that he feels to be the poorer for the sake of a quick sale, then let him frankly confess himself an artisan to that extent—a shopman catering to the public taste, not an artist, molding and guiding it by the power of his insight and inspiration. What business has he, primarily, with

" . . . snowy summits old in story?"

What business, indeed, with any special lake, tree or sweeping vista—save as they yield him hints of that beauty of curving line, pure color and just relationship of many parts to one harmonious whole that art should reveal?

Nor will the true artist need to go far afield for his suggestions; there will be precious ones for him in many a commonplace and unesthetic environment. To take these suggestions out of such environment, to lift them up in the sight of all men, clothed with the beauty that is theirs by right—that is the artist's nobly interpretative work. The greater the artist the more illuminating will he find the slightest hint. To him, as to all great seers,

" . . . the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The most genuine artist is he who sees in his art that wonderful process by virtue of which, taking his material wherever he finds it, he builds for all men a world apart—ideal, indeed, but not alien from the visible universe.

The impressionist painter relies upon the spectator's sense of aspect rather than his knowledge of the constituent parts or formation of the objects represented, as the older artists did.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

THE PLEASURES OF RUIN

PARADOXICAL SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.....SAN FRAN. NEWS LETTER

To the philosophical mind—and it is really marvelous how philosophical one can become under adversity—there are certain compensating advantages in the state of ruin, which, if not quite so intense as the pleasures of hope, or memory, or imagination, do much to reconcile us to the change in our circumstances. The first feeling is one of extreme relief that the whole thing is over and we are out of suspense. The smash has come; writs and attachments have blossomed into sheriff's officers and the auctioneer, whose fell and inexorable hammer has made short work of our goods and chattels. Our wealthy friends have said just what we expected, and Brown, who used to look dinners and twenty-dollar pieces at us whenever he met us before, now crosses over to the opposite side of the street. The cheap lodgings in the shady neighborhood have become stern and ineradicable facts, and we can look about us at last and endeavor to make the best of the position. But now you have a newly-acquired sense of freedom, to which, perhaps, you have long been a stranger. It is no longer a question whether you shall dine at Delmonico's or the Maison Riche, but in all probability the choice will lie—if your taste still inclines to the French menu—of the "diner de jour" of six courses for twenty-five cents, or, if your fancy lies more in the American style, one of the popular-price restaurants, three dishes for a quarter. No longer will the varying merits of chicken gumbo, or turtle soup, salmon mayonnaise, and aspic of lobster, truffled turkey, and oyster stuffed capon come between you and your night's rest. Again, your present circumstances are such that you are no longer harassed by the touters for subscriptions, male and female, and, therefore, you find it needless to discuss the comparative merits of the claims put forward by the friends of the Cannibal Islanders for Worcestershire sauce, or by the friends of the Mayor of Milpitas for a drinking fountain, to be placed in the plaza in honor of that distinguished grocer and municipal chief.

When you go to the theatre or opera you are no longer compelled to pay fifty or a hundred per cent. for the privilege of receiving your ticket from an agent, and you go to the gallery, where, if the peanuts and lager beer are a bit of a nuisance at first, you soon get accustomed to it. At any rate, you are permitted to hear the play without being bored by one of Brown's "good stories" during the prima donna's chief aria, or while the eminent tragedian is giving some fine piece of declamation.

In fact, you discover sources of gratuitous amusement which indifference has hitherto hidden from you. You enjoy yourself with the attractions at the Park, or a five-cent ride to where you can enjoy the fresh air, which you will come to think as pleasant as the sojourn at other resorts you may have been in the habit of visiting at a much greater distance from the city. But the time when you do really enjoy the "Pleasures of Ruin" is when that exquisite moment comes—

which it will, sooner or later, when a temporary, or it may be a permanent, change in your fortunes takes place. If you are an author, your book has found a publisher; if an artist, your picture a buyer, or some one pays up an old debt, or some distant relative mentions your name in his will. Whatever it may be, the keen appreciation of the benefits we formerly enjoyed, which our vicissitudes have taught us, and the knowledge we have acquired of the dingier side of nature, give a remarkable zest to our return to a brighter life. And if a man has good health and spirits he will find that it is as true that "hope springs eternal in the human breast" as, that when things are at their worst they mend, and, if he be of an extra-hopeful disposition, he will welcome the increased depression of his fortunes as a sure forerunner of a change of luck.

FALSE REFINEMENT

WILLIAM MATHEWS.....NUGÆ LITTERARIÆ*

Few English words are oftener abused than "refinement." Fastidious persons, who are disgusted with what pleases the generality of men, and who demand that life shall be thrice winnowed for their use, are apt to plume themselves upon their superior refinement. No doubt, there are certain sensitive organizations which suffer where coarser ones escape unscathed, but a tendency to magnify small annoyances is quite as common to little as to great minds. The Bible, speaking of certain Israelitish women, says that "they could not set the sole of their foot to the ground for delicateness and tenderness," which is certainly not meant for a compliment. It is hard to see a true refinement in a selfishness which demands the best of everything, and is satisfied with nothing; which lays waste whole fields for a pineapple, and crushes a thousand roses for one fragrant drop. Mrs. Kirkland, in an admirable essay on Fastidiousness, observes that, like other spurious things, that quality is often inconsistent with itself; the coarsest things are done, the cruellest things said, by the most fastidious people. It was a perception of this which led Swift to say that "a nice man is a man of nasty ideas." Horace Walpole was a proverb of epicurean particularity of taste, yet not one of the vulgar persons whom he vilified had a keener relish for a coarse allusion or a malicious falsehood. "Louis XIV. was insolently nice in some things, but what was he in others?"

Among the extraordinary instances of fastidiousness, that of Poppœa, who required a bath of asses' milk, and that of the princess, who wept because, in the lowest of half-a-dozen beds on which she was trying to rest, a rose leaf was doubled, are well known. It is told of one of the pupils of Verocchio, Nanni Grosso, that when dying in a hospital he rejected an ordinary crucifix presented to him, demanding one made by Donatello, declaring that otherwise he would die unshrived, so disagreeable to him were ill-executed works of his art. Miss Tyler, Southey's aunt, with whom he lived in his

* Roberts Brothers, publishers.

childhood, was so fastidious that she once buried a cup for six weeks to purify it from the lips of a person whom she considered not clean. Mrs. Kirkland tells of a gentleman who would not sign his name till he had put on his gloves, lest possibly he should contaminate his fingers, and of a lady who objected to joining in the communion at church because the idea of drinking after other people was so disgusting.

Some of the most celebrated literary men and musical composers have been noted for their fastidiousness. The poet Gray manifested a morbid and effeminate delicacy, which was, in a great degree, assumed for effect. In spite of sickness and age, he continued to the last a coxcomb in his dress, which was of a finical neatness. Disliking to seem old, he refused to wear spectacles when his sight began to be dim, though at considerable inconvenience. Nothing offended him more than vulgarity, either of manner or sentiment, yet his own squeamish and overacted elegance was vulgarity likewise, but because it belonged to an opposite extreme, and was that of the man-milliner instead of the rustic, he had no suspicion of the failing. Gray, however, was only one of many authors—from Aristotle to Bacon and from Bacon to Buffon—who have been fastidious about their personal adornment. Buffon, in his study, was always arrayed in bagwig and ruffles. Rousseau could compose only on the finest gilt-edged paper, and it was only in a laced suit, and with his finger sparkling with a diamond, that Richardson could portray Sir Charles Grandison. Of literary fastidiousness, the most pardonable form is that which makes an author shudder at a misprint in his writings, yet this is sometimes carried to ridiculous extremes. It is told of an Italian poet, who went to present a copy of his verses to the Pope, that finding, as he was looking them over in the coach on the way, a misprint of a single letter, his heart was broken with vexation and chagrin. What if he had written for a daily newspaper, and found all his roses turned into noses, all his angels turned into angles and his happiness into pappiness?

It has been justly said of fastidious people, that we need expect no delicate, silent self-sacrifice, no tender watching for others' tastes or needs, no graceful yielding up of privileges in unconsidered trifles, on which wait no "flowing thanks." "They may be kind and obliging to a certain extent, but when the service required involves anything disagreeable, anything offensive to the taste on which they pride themselves, we must apply elsewhere. Their fineness of nature sifts common duties, selecting for practice only those which pass the test; and conscience is not hurt, for unsuspected pride has given her a bribe." It is a fearful compensation of this form of selfishness, for selfishness it commonly is, under whatever delicate phrases and lofty pretensions fastidiousness is veiled, that the sensitiveness thus indulged and petted becomes a tyrant, whose ever-increasing exactions nothing can satisfy.

There is no doubt that delicacy is to the mind what fragrance is to fruit, and that the finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling. But extreme refinement is false delicacy, and that only

can be properly styled refinement which, as Coleridge says, "by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners."

ON THE ANTI-POETICAL

A TENTATIVE DIAGNOSIS.....THE SPECTATOR

There are some persons to whom poetry is as much foolishness as Christianity was to the Greeks of St. Paul's day. They are not merely indifferent to it, but regard it, in some cases at any rate, with positive contempt and dislike. If asked to read a passage containing a thought expressed in poetic form, the mere fact of its being so expressed is an annoyance to them. "If he wants to say it, why cannot he say it in prose?" they inquire. Or still worse, "There is nothing *in* poetry, as you would see if it were put into prose, so it has to be served up as poetry." These objections by the anti-poetical, are not drawn from fancy but from fact, and they fall like a douche of cold water on the lovers of poetry, who regard it as perhaps the most perfect and exquisite gift bestowed on man. And what makes this contempt peculiarly aggravating is, that it is often accompanied by an assumption of superiority in the despisers of poetry. They give us to understand that they have too much common-sense to notice anything so flimsy, so impractical, as poetry. They would have a lurking sympathy with one of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's characters, a certain Aunt Asphyxia, who divided all flowers "into blows that were of use, and blows that were of no use" and as she scouted the latter, so would they be inclined to scout poetry. Now, many of these anti-poetical folk have, as Sir George Chesney, in one of his Indian novels, admirably expressed it, "plenty of good old stupid blood in their veins," so that it is easy to account for their indifference or contempt for our favorite form of literature, and to plume ourselves on our own superiority. But the case is not so delightfully simple as this. For other cavaliers are as decidedly clever, and the problem we have to confront is, how is it that so many able men and women have ranged themselves on the anti-poetical side? Each one of us could in our own experience produce several examples, and there are many famous men whose names are household words to whom poetry was a thing of nought. Carlyle, in one of his books, declared that poetry was played out, though he was, as we shall see later, quite able to appreciate one of the essentials of poetry. Darwin's mind became dead to poetry as it did to certain other realms of art and imagination. The great Sir William Herschel declared at one period of his life "that poetry was all lies," though, half vanquished by a poem on a scientific subject that was read to him, he afterwards ventured on a little poetical experiment himself. The present writer remembers a few years ago hearing Lord Blachford—of whom Newman said, "He was the most gifted, the most talented, and of the most wonderful grasp of mind of all his contemporaries"—remark, "I can only read poetry that has a story in it now," thus putting out of court, as it were, three-quarters of our rich inheritance from the poets. Therefore, to say that it is only the stupid, or those who, in Sir Philip Sidney's words, "are of so earth-creeping a mind, that they cannot rise to the sky of poetry," who are indifferent to it, is utterly untrue.

What on earth, then, can be the matter with these clever people? How shall we diagnose their case? They are not, as a rule, devoid of imagination. They can appreciate beauty in other of its departments—in music, it may be, or in painting, or in oratory, in landscape, in architecture, or in sculpture. Why do they not care for the thing of beauty that the poet offers them?

To answer this question aright, it is clear that we must realize what the function of the poet is, what is the nature of the faculties of mind that he exercises himself and appeals to in his hearers; and what faculties therefore must be wanting in those persons who are as blind to the beauties he offers them as a cow or a sheep would be to a fine sunset. We believe that his gift is a twofold one, lying in the regions of what Mr. Saintsbury speaks of as "poetic thought and poetic sound," which Mr. Gosse blends into one in his expression, "harmonious thought." This double gift bestows on the poet the vision of the ideal and the power of its expression. Of the two, the first is the most important. Idealization is perhaps the highest exercise of the imaginative faculty, and its source lies in a longing for perfection and a quick sensibility to all manifestations of beauty, whether material or spiritual, and a sympathetic insight enabling the poet to detect it wherever it may be found. He sees it himself, and can open the eyes of others to perceive it, in nature, in life, in character, reading in it, to borrow a Scriptural phrase, a copy of the pattern shown in the mount. With the eye of the seer he looks beyond and below the outward into the inward, his quick insight revealing the essential truth of everything, whether good or bad. That which is dark throws up the light into higher relief, the poet using it to set forth some truth of life or thought, and thus becoming the prophet and teacher. For if we go deep enough, we find that moral and spiritual truth are one with beauty:

"Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;"

For divine or eternal truth must be beautiful, and the highest beauty must be true, because it is the ideal as it exists in the mind of God. It was this thought that was with Milton when he spoke of the Creator looking at his world:

"How it showed,
Answering his great idea."

It is this great idea of which the poet is in search. But he goes beyond the appreciation of the obviously beautiful, and does not reject that which is outwardly repulsive, if only he can discover therein the germs of the divine. He seeks and finds the jewel in the dust-heap. In our common talk we often bear witness to the truth of poetry being the manifestation of the ideal in life; when, for example, in referring to some noble character, we speak of its self-sacrifice or heroism as the poetry of life. Thus, proving, as we said, his capacity of appreciating one of the essentials of poetry, Carlyle writes: "Thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same ideal out of. What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic or poetic?" If, then, Carlyle was so well able to appreciate the ideal in life, why is it that he should depreciate poetry in

verse? The reason of this neglect brings us to the second essential for a taste for poetry. The failure may lie, not in the power of appreciating poetic thought, but in the capacity to enjoy poetic sound. There are many persons who are insensible to the charms of the medium in which the poet works, and have little or no ear for poetic language, a gift entirely distinct from that of an ear for music and as variously withheld and bestowed. Does this come from a physical or an intellectual defect? Is it with our ears or our minds that we enjoy the language poetry? We believe it is with both, and the two pleasures are often so closely blended together that it is difficult to distinguish them and to say where one begins and the other ends. Take such lines (we all have our particular charmers) as Herbert's:

"The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die;"

or Shakespeare's—

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break;"

or perhaps the most exquisitely melodious verse in Shelley's *Skylark*—

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not.
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;"

or some of the majestic lines of Milton, rolling out their rich tones like those of a grand organ, and it is both mind and ear that are charmed by them. Each receives a pure and refined delight; the one from the perfect expression which the insight of the poet into the essential character of his subject, enables him to give; the other by the melodious and harmonious sounds of the words he chooses, or, as Sidney puts it, "words set in delightful proportions," and marshalled in rhythmic measure. There are cases, but we believe them to be extremely rare, in which it is the ear alone that is pleased by poetic sound. We have heard the remark made by a friend who declared herself otherwise indifferent to poetry, that the richness of tone in Shelley's poems gave her real enjoyment, even when she did not understand a word of his meaning. It would have been the same if they had been written in an unknown tongue, as long as that tongue was a musical one. Her gift of a delicately constituted ear for the tones of language, insured her this pleasure. In her case, as in many others, it was not combined with an ear for music. It was an imperfect appreciation, and it is, of course, only where the required faculties are combined that poetry yields the keenest delight. Given the power of idealization and the mind and the ear for poetical language, it will be a continual joy. That there are other minor causes for indifference to poetry we quite admit, such as the impatience felt by the intensely practical, businesslike mind to get at a writer's meaning at once, without having to reach it through the images and parables and circumlocution of the poet, but we believe that we have indicated the main ones. Where the necessary qualifications are all wanting, then, however gifted otherwise our anti-poetical friends may be, we can only say that though they are not sorry for themselves, we are extremely sorry for them.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

The Town of Babyville.....Lou J. Beauchamp.....New York Voice.

It's the dearest town, the fairest town, the prettiest town to me,
Of all the towns in all the lands, this side or 'cross the sea;
It's sunshine there, and moonshine there, and starshine all the time,
And it's never cold, and none get old, in its lovely summer clime;
There's never a ghost or a goblin there, and sin was never known,
And no one ever had a pain, or heard a neighbor groan,
And the birds sing always, night and day, in fact they're never still,
In this airy, fairy, darling place, the Town of Babyville.

The stores are full of sweetmeats, and they're sold for just a song,
The hobby-horses in the streets are free the whole day long;
The band plays every afternoon, there's fireworks every night,
And all the babies toddle out to see the glorious sight.
You kiss them as you meet them, and they kiss you when you go,
And clap their hands, and laugh with glee, to see you at their show;
The doctor died last summer, and is resting o'er the hill,
For none get sick, they haven't time, in the Town of Babyville.

The houses are of gingerbread, the fences are of cake;
The river's full of lemonade, and a big panada lake;
You eat whenever hungry, and you drink whenever dry,
And pay your board in kisses—that surely isn't high;
But if you want to live there you have to pay a toll.
Some pay it very readily, some can't, to save their soul;
It's not in gold or silver, nor yet a paper bill,
It's just to bring a baby to the Town of Babyville.

You can live with us forever, if a baby comes along,
We want another sunny face, another voice in song,
For we all sing in our village, from the book of Mother Goose,
And it takes a babe to teach you how to let your voice out loose;
So if you think of coming, just send your name along,
And tell us when the baby came, and if it's well and strong,
And tell us when to meet you, we'll be waiting by the mill,
And the band will play you welcome to the Town of Babyville.

God bless us all, and keep us, what heavy hearts there'd be
If all these little darlings should be lost to you and me;
There would never be a sunny day in all the wide, wide land,
And all the skies above us, with clouds could but be spanned.
But God is good: stop worrying, and join me in a song—
Here's love, and life, and sunshine to the babies, weak and strong!
Let's cuddle down beside them, and rest content, until
God calls us all to Heaven, from the Town of Babyville.

The Little Pink Shoe, Kate Thyson Marr, N. Y. Journal Sleepy Man, Chas. G. D. Roberts, The Book of the Native

Only a little pink baby shoe
That is stained and wrinkled and torn,
With a tiny hole where the little pink toe
Peeped out in the days that are gone.

The little pink toe was the "big little pig"
That to market so often would go,
And over and over the legend was told
As I kissed the little pink toe.

"Piggie some more," the red lips would lisp,
And the story and kiss were given
Again and again, so happy were we
In motherhood's foretaste of heaven.

But there came a night, with a desolate blight,
When death bore my idol away,
And no little toe ever peeps from the shoe
To be kissed in the sweet old way.

But my tears have deluged the little pink shoe
And stained it a deeper stain,
And I long for the touch that would chill me in
death
If it gave me my darling again.

So, when I am dead, lay the little pink shoe
Near my heart which is silent and cold,
And perhaps up above, in the sunlight of love,
I shall kiss the pink toe as of old.

When the sleepy man comes with the dust on his eyes
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town:
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane,
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.
(So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN*

—Master—Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale? Johnny—Whalebone. Master—Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal? Tommy—Sealing wax.

—Bobbie had been studying his dear old grandfather's wrinkled face for a long time. "Well, Bob," said the old gentleman, "do you like my face?" "Yes, grandpa," said Bobbie, "it's an awfully nice face. But why don't you have it ironed?"

—Sir John Lubbock told some school children the other day a capital story of his little niece, who, on being asked to name the constituents of the atmosphere, replied, "Oxygen and Cambridgen."

—Freddie—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa? Papa—Yes, my boy. "Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"

—Willie—I had a little brother go to heaven last night. Bobbie—Oh, that's nothing. I had a little brother come from heaven last night. Willie (after thinking a moment)—Maybe it's the same baby!

—"How fast you are growing, Tommie." "Yes. Too fast, I think. They water me too much. Why, I have to take a bath every morning."

—Kindly Visitor (noticing the empty cage)—Did your canary die a natural death? Little Reginald (promptly)—Yes, ma'am; the cat ate him.

—"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Ethel, who met her father in the hall as he came home on Wednesday night. "Did he have a bill?" "No, papa. He had just a plain nose."

—Teacher—Tommy, if you gave your little brother nine sticks of candy and then took away seven, what would that make? Tommy—It would make him yell.

—"Here! what does this mean?" shouted Whooply, as he found his youngest riding a broomstick over the top of the piano. "This is all right. Mamma said if I'd stay in I could play on the piano."

—Mamma (to Tommy)—I am sorry you and your sister quarreled over that orange, and that James had to interfere. Whose part did James take? Tommy—Whose part? He took the whole orange.

—A school teacher lately put the question: "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" responded a bright member of the class.

—Old Lady (questioning little girl)—Suppose the Queen had died in childhood, who would have succeeded to the English throne? Little Girl—Her eldest son!

—"Now, Violet, can you give me any reason why I should not punish you for being naughty?" Violet—Yes, ma. Doctor said you weren't to take any vi'lent ex'cise.

—Rural Teacher—What current event of great interest can you give me this morning? Small Girl (eagerly)—My ma has just made twenty tumblers of jelly.

—Mamma—I don't see why you call Daisy Martin selfish. I think she is a very nice little girl. Ethel—Oh, mamma, but she is selfish! She's always at the head of the class, and she won't let any of the rest of us get ahead of her.

—Pickaninny Jim was enthusiastically enjoying his favorite dainty—pigs' feet. "Mammy," he remarked, "hit do seem er shame." "Wut is you got on yoh min' dis time?" "I kain' he'p 'speckin' dat sumpin's wrong when er pig hab only four feet an' I hyar's tell of er no-count centipede hab mo'n a hunru'd."

—Little Bess (who is so much accustomed to see baby creep that she thinks it is his normal mode of traveling)—Oh, mamma, come quick! Baby is standing on his hind legs.

—"You look very much better to-day, little one," said the doctor to the youthful invalid. "How do you know, sir? You haven't looked at my tongue yet!" was the reply.

—"We's got up a new club, pa," said an ingenious little fellow of 7 years to his father recently, "and I've got everything to say about it." "Indeed! Are you president?" asked the interested parent. "No, indeed, I'm not! Jimmie Brown is president and Sallie is vice-president, and Wallis is secretary, and Tommy is treasurer." "But what are you then?" "Well, I know the name, and I know he's boss, and I don't know what he has to do, but I'm the majority!"

—Uncle—Bobby, I suppose you've been a good little boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle—Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.

—Teacher—James, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard? James—I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a yard that the Cuban children play in.

—"Why, Frankie, what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?" "I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up."

—Bobby—Pop, what does hereditary mean? Fond Parent—It means, Bobby, something that goes from parent to child. Now see if you can give me an example of something that is hereditary. Bobby—Measles. I got 'em from mother.

—Freddie—Ma, what is the baby's name? Ma—The baby hasn't any name. Freddie—Then how did he know he belonged here?

—When Harry was four years old, his grandmother was trying to teach him to count, and asked: "How many legs have you?" He answered promptly, "Two." "How many legs has Brownie?" And looking at the dog for a moment, he replied, "Brownie has one on each corner."

—Nurse had given Charlie some gruel which burnt him, it was so hot. Struggling manfully to keep it in, he at last burst out: "Oh, nurse, I can't keep it in; my mouth leaks."

—"Willie," said his mother, "did you say your prayers last night, like a good little boy?" "No, ma'am," replied Willie; "I said 'em like a bad little boy."

* Compiled from Contemporaries.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

CAPTAIN TOM WOOLLEY

GRANT ALLEN.....CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

Well, yes, sir, the young lady was a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Cap'n Tom 'Oolley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water." She came here every year. She said she never could take to anywheres like the coast of Cornwall. But after that last year, she never come again. Seems as if Bill-o'-my-soul must have give her a distaste o' the Cornish folk like.

Well, that's true what you say, sir; there ain't no sea anywheres like the sea here in Cornwall. It breaks, as you may put it, all so green as an emerald, around the stacks and skerries off Land's End and the Lizard. See it breaking yonder, sometimes, in fine white foam, most as high as a light-house, round they granite peaks, and you wouldn't find nothing more beautiful, not if it was painted in oils by they artist gents at Newlyn. The Channel?—well, what's the Channel, come to think o' it, but a muddy river, in the manner o' speaking, with the Seine and the Avon flooding it all with dirt and refuse? The North Sea?—no, nor the North Sea ain't much better neither, through being filled with yellow clay by the mouths o' Thames and Rhine and Humber. I know 'em all, bless your 'eart, as have sailed in coasting craft, man an' boy, this fifty year an' more, an' being bred myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset—an' a muddier sea you wouldn't want nowhere than that, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, belying my own home, if I may make bold to put it so, which is as tidy a little town as any in the country. But the open Atlantic, where it rolls right in, all blue and green, and clear as crystal, on they Cornish rocks—why, there ain't no water like it for pleasure of swimming, in the British Isles, not till a man comes around again to Caithness and Sutherland.

Our Joe—him as they calls the fisherman poet—he says it reminds him of a good woman's heart, it does. You look right down into the depths, as far as you can see; and it's all transparent, and it's all pure an' innocent. That's the sea, in Cornwall.

The young lady's name I was speakin' of was Noe. She was a Miss Pryce o' London; but through knowing of her so intimate like, we always called her by her given name, Miss Noe. She was at home with the children, you see, and my missus was fonder of her than of any other folks as ever took our lodgings, same as she might be with your good lady, sir, begging your pardon. She was a fine-built young woman, too, was Miss Noe. See her clamber up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see her swim agin the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her tell the little ones stories by the rocks at nights, you'd say she was one o' these book-writers, as it might be yourself, sir. Fine upstanding young lady, too, with a color in her cheek and a spring in her step, walking free across Mull-yon moors the same as if they belonged to her.

Well, it wasn't long before we perceived Miss Noe was pretty good friends with a gentleman up to Brown's, Mr. Moore, from Exeter. He was a

nice young doctor, come to Kynance for his holiday, and when them two went out walking together, with her father and mother hanging about like for company, as is the way with parients, a finer young couple you'd never set eyes on. At the end of a fortnight my wife says to me, "Tom," says she, "it ain't 'Mr. Moore' no more with our young lady; it's plain Alex this morning." His name being Alexander, it was Alex for short, as is the new fashion now, though when I was young 'twas all Alick or else Sandy.

"An' a good thing, too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," says I, not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with; nor yet in money, as there ain't no counting upon; but a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, deserves to be married to a fine upstanding young fellow, or where'd the country get its soldiers and sailors from?

"And a handsome couple they'll make," says my missus, being fond of Miss Noe.

Well, one of they days, Mr. Moore—that's Alex—he went out swimming off the rocks by the cove, and Miss Noe, she was ashore, sitting high on the cliff, reading a book or something. But every now and again my wife sees her raise her head and look out to sea, anxious like, after the heads bobbing about like buoys in the water. At last up she jumps and runs down to the cottage, all breathless. I could see in a minute her heart was in her mouth. "Oh, Cap'n Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, do look out at Alex. He's swimming over there, an' it seems to me he's in some sort o' trouble"—love having eyes as can see better'n a binocular.

Well, I gets down my telescope, an' I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out to sea—a black speck on the water. I gets him well fixed. Sure enough, there he was, throwing his arms up wild, and trying to make signs to the shore for help.

"Is it cramp?" says the young lady.

"Don't you believe it," says I. "There's a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming nor there need be. A man can't swim for ever," says I, "let him be so strong as you like," says I. "Tired out, that's what I calls it," says I. And tired out Mr. Alex was, sure enough, by the look of him."

"Oh, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone, let alone a Christian.

I was half-way down to my boat by that time.

"Save him?" says I. "It is the saving of him? Bless your heart, if he warn't no friend of yourn at all—as man to man—I'd save him. Bill-o'-my soul," says I, seeing Bill on the shore, "come and help me," says I. "There's a gentleman drownding."

"Drownding?" says Bill, running down and putting out. "Come on!" says Bill. "I'm with you!" His name being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his having been such a favorite when he was young with all the young women.

Well, we put off and rowed, Bill taking one of the

sweeps—as is our name for they long oars—and me the other. After a while it struck me we wasn't heading outward. I looked up, and saw, and we was most turned toward shore again. I'd pulled the boat around on Bill—which I didn't understand, he being then a stronger man nor me to pull—not but what, when I was in my best days, I'd have pulled a boat against any man in England.

"Bill," says I, sharp, "you're not a-pullin'."

He looks up at me rather odd. "Mate," says he, quiet-like, "I'm no fool. Now, what are you a-rowing for?—the young fellow or the money?"

"Pull, pull, man!" I shouts out. "Pull, pull, I tell you! The gentleman's drownin'—Miss Noe's young gentleman!"

He pulls a stroke or two, quite feeble. His heart wasn't in it. Then I loses my temper.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "am I cap'n of this here craft or are you? For unless you pull harder—I don't want no strong language here; but as sure as my name is Cap'n Tom 'Oolley, I'll wring your ugly neck for you!"

He holds up his sweep, and says he, "Oh, is that your game?" says he. "An' do you propose to compensate me?"

It flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I, "do you mean to tell me—and a man there a-drownin'? Have you no common humanity," says I, bristling up, "that you'd think of five pound afore a fellow-creature?"

"Five pound is a good bit better nor thirty bob," says Bill, looking up at me, sullen-like.

Well, sir, I'll say it to your face, though your own father is a county councillor, I always thought that one as bad a law as the county could make. But law it is, all the same, and there ain't no helping it. It's five pound reward for bringing in a dead corpse, an' it's only thirty bob for bringing in a man alive as you save from drownin'.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, raising my sweep, being that angry with the man that I'd have knocked him over the head as soon as I would a rat, "will you row, or shall I brain you?"

Just at that minute my eyes went towards the shore; and if there wasn't Miss Noe, not wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all—though a lady with skirts—and swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

I up with my voice, an' I shouts, "Come along, Miss Noe! You puts the men to shame! Blessings on you for a brave girl!" She was swimming that splendid!

Well, I rows towards her, and helps her aboard into the boat, and in she jumps, all dripping, but taking no more notice of it, bless you, than if water was a feather bed to her. And she seizes the oar Bill-o'-my-soul wouldn't work, and she cries out to me, agonized like, "Row on, Cap'n 'Oolley, for heaven's sake, row on! Alex is a-drownin'!"

Well, I wasn't going to carry a supercargo, as you may say, to weight the boat, nor yet a passenger for nothing. So, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Bill-o'-my-soul and I clasps un around the waist, being a older man nor him, but, heaven be praised, a strong one. He was took by surprise, too much to struggle. An' I heaves un over afore he knowed where he was, and makes a Jonah of him. He come up spluttering, being the worst

swimmer for a seafaring man as ever I met with. "There," says I, hitting out at him with the blade o' my sweep. "See how you likes it yourself," says I. "There's five pound a-goin' beggin' for who-ever pulls out your ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trouble about you living." And off we two rows, Miss Noe in her dripping clothes, and leaves Bill there, to sink or swim, accordin' as he was minded.

A quarter o' a mile out we comes up to a sailing boat. Wind was nor'-east, or might a been a p'int nearer east, mayhap, and a sail before the wind could bear straight down upon where Mr. Alex was drownin'. Miss Noe, she stood up and calls out to the men: "Over yonder!" she cries, showing the way with her hand. "Quick, quick; he's drownin'!"

In a second they sees, and without one word off they goes, luffing that sudden I wouldn't 'a believed it if I hadn't seen it, and they flies before half a gale over in the direction of the gentleman. Well, he was done up for swimming, through not having another kick left in him, as you may say; but he was able to float on his back, and might have floated an hour more, mayhap, if so be as the chill o' the water didn't numb him and send him to the bottom. They come up to him, and pulled un in. I could see them a-pulling of him; but whether it was thirty bob or five pounds' worth, I couldn't rightly make out for certain.

"Is it alive or dead?" says the young lady.

"Well," says I, "he do look rather limp," says I, "as is natural when you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhow, we'd better row back and get your things dried, miss."

"Oh, no," says she, crying, "I can't go back till I know. Cap'n 'Oolley," says she, "we must row on and meet them."

Well, I didn't quite like it, owing to the gentleman perhaps having nothin' on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of; still, this being a matter o' life and death, where such things can't be allowed to count, I rows on to meet them.

About a hundred yards off, I stands up and shouts, so as she shouldn't understand, "Is it a five-pound job, mate, or a thirty-bobber?"

And the young gentleman himself lifts himself up in reply, with one of the fishermen's jerseys on, an' a sail wrapped around un, and he shouts at the top of his voice, waving his hand, "Alive, alive, Noel!"

I wanted to turn then; but, bless you, there wasn't no keeping back that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was, at the sound of his voice, she'd stood up in the boat and jumped off the seat, and was swimming for dear life again to the sailing-boat where her young gentleman was a-sitting.

He was most dead when she got there. He'd just had strength o' mind to hold up till he could shout to her, and then he falls back, numb like and as white as death, till they gets him ashore again. There Bill-o'-my-soul was standing, spluttering and shivering, looking blue with cold, and saying as how I'd done him out o' five pounds, or, anyways, thirty shillings, through throwing of him overboard. They took the young gentleman up to his lodgings, and gave him the regular thing—hot blankets an' such, an' brandy; an' by the end o' the day he was pretty-well right again. But the young lady, she

didn't so much as ketch a cold with it; and afore they left this place, him and her was married. An' when Bill-o'-my-soul come to hear that her father and mother wanted to give ten pound apiece to the men in the boat an' me, he was just that mad that you could 'a heard his language five houses off, and not choice language neither.

CULTURE

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.....URBAN DIALOGUES*

I didn't quite catch her name when old Shaw presented her to me, and I must have shown it by staring rather blankly, for as we passed into the dining-room he leaned back and whispered something, but it was lost in the buzz of hungry conversation, and I sat down to dinner without the faintest idea as to who she was, and I doubted if she knew me. But not for long. She began:

"How did you like the Ibsen performances?" With that my heart fell. She didn't know me, and I was in for it.

"Oh," said I, rather nonchalantly, but full of trepidation, for I wasn't sure whether Ibsen was a new acrobat or a pianist, or what. You can never tell where these Boston women are going to break out next, anyhow. "Oh, I didn't care for him. A little too much, don't you think?"

"Yes," she acquiesced, "he is very strong."

I thought it was an acrobat. Ever since Sandow was in Boston they've been crazy over 'em.

"Too much muscle on his neck," I ventured.

"What a queer way to put it! Tell me, is that a new expression?" She took a little tablet with a gold pencil attached from somewhere, and prepared to write.

"You see," she said, "I am making a list of unusual idioms, colloquialisms and bits of slang. I intend, some day, to trace their growth, development, and passage into general use. 'Too much muscle on his neck.' I think that most expressive and full of connotation. It might be applied with equal appropriateness to parts of Browning, and I think it describes Sudermann perfectly."

As she proceeded with this I could feel my appetite slipping from me. I gulped at a glass of wine, and was dimly conscious that there was no escape. She went on: "It has just flashed on my mind. I think I've traced the origin of it already."

"The origin of what?" said I, a little wildly.

"The expression, 'too much muscle on his neck.' It must be derived from a conjunction of the two very common phrases, 'to have a thing on the brain,' and 'to get it in the neck.'"

"Yes," rejoined I, feebly, "that seems very plausible." I made mental note of the fact that the one was especially applicable to her and the other to me. She evidently had something on the brain, and I was getting it in the neck. When I emerged from the mazes of this thought she was holding an animated conversation, as she thought with me, but in reality with herself.

"Do you know," she was saying, "this is quite the most interesting expression I've run across in some time; its perfectly evident connection with the two I've mentioned, added to the elusiveness of that connection, makes it, in many respects, the most important and interesting on my list."

* Published by Stone & Kimball.

"I am very glad to have been able to give it to you," said I, with a ghastly attempt at looking pleasant.

"But tell me," she went on, having put away her tablet, "which do you really think he is best in, *The Pillars of Society*, or *The Master Builder*?"

"Who?" said I, absently. I had forgotten all about the acrobat.

"Why, Ibsen?"

"Oh, yes, Ibsen." I laughed nervously. "Why, I think he was better in *The Master Builder*. That is a much better test of pure strength. *The Pillars of Society* is a mere trick. Salvini did the same thing in Sampson, and he was nothing but a big, soft Italian."

"I quite agree with you regarding the strength in *The Master Builder*, but I don't quite understand your other comparison," she said.

I didn't quite understand it myself, and I didn't see how she expected to. I supposed, of course, the *Pillars of Society* and *The Master Builder* were the names of acrobatic acts, and I simply bluffed about Salvini in Sampson, as the *Pillars of Society* sounded about like the scene where he pulls the temple down upon him. It was time to change the subject. That was plain. So, with cool irrelevance, I asked:

"Have you read Chimmie Fadden?"

"No," she replied, "I have little or no chance to read ordinary biography. I am engaged this winter almost entirely on the history of slang, and what time I have aside from that is devoted to the Browning and Walt Whitman clubs and the Christian Science Circle; besides, I take two courses at the Harvard Annex—one on Dante; the other on the town tax during the Middle Ages, so you see I have little time for outside reading."

"Yes," gasped I, "I see."

An hour later I was reviving, with the aid of one of old Shaw's cigars and a glass of cognac. "Tell me," said I—"that Miss a—a—what's—her—name. She's some sort of a new woman, isn't she?"

"I guess not," said old Shaw. "We've had that kind in Boston ever since I can remember."

"Indeed?" I remarked vaguely.

THE ORACLE IN THE ART GALLERY

AN ADMIRER OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL.....TO-DAY

A local oracle was walking through a gallery with one of those large-eyed, artless, simple, modest girls, the other day. He was enlarging on the different schools of painting. He appreciated everything; he knew everything. They came to a picture. He saw, without looking, a name in the corner.

"Now, there," he said, "I can tell the Dutch school at a glance. That is by Edboker. Edboker is a favorite of mine. There is something so genuine in his painting, something so natural and strong in his handling of a subject. I think nothing is more marked or curious than the distinctions between painters in the way they treat the same theme. The strong Dutch individuality of Edboker—"

"I beg your pardon, but it appears to me this picture is painted by E. A. Baker."

"Baker! Ah, dear me, so it is. How very Dutch he is!"

IN DIALECT; SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

The Recruit.....Robert W. Chambers....With the Band My Honey.....Harriet Francene Crocker.....:Judge

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!

Now turn out your toes!

Yer belt is unhookit,

Yer cap is on crookit,

Ye may not be dhrunk,

But, be jabbers, ye look it!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye march like the eagle in Cintheral Parrk!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"A saint it ud sadden

To drill such a mug!

Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—

Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!

Ye've jaws like a goat—

Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n—

Sure, man, ye've no shape!

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two bowlders!

Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake, but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken yer eye.

Ye're gettin' too bold, ye

Compel me to scold ye—

'Tis halt! that I say—

Will ye heed what I told ye?

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Be jabbers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a gadd'n'

Wid Dagoes like you!

I'll travel no farther,

I'm dyin' for—wather—

Come on, if ye like—

Can ye loan me a quarther?

Ya-as, you,

What, two!

And ye'll pay the potheen?

Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!

You'll do—

Whist! Mark!

The Rigiment's flatthered to own ye, me spark!"

'Clar to goo'ness dat chile what I raised

Done mek me pow'ful proud! de people praised

Her lubly voice las' night an' clap deir han's

To mek her sing ag'in; yo' understand's

Her po' brack mammy's mighty proud of her;

My honey!

How peart an' sweet she stood dere in her gown

Of shinin' silk an' dem dear eyes so brown;

An' she looked right at me when she done sing,

My lamb! my ol' heart beat like everyt'ing.

'Pears like I almos' wuships dat dear chile;

My honey!

Oh, when her voice rung out an' people cheered,

An' all de lights an' flowers dey kin' o' bleared

Dis niggah's eyes, I see as plain as day

Dat chile on mammy's lap so far away.

Away down South an' see her baby face;

My honey!

Her own po' mammy daid, she put her haid

On dis brack niggah's bosom, an' I prayed

De blessid Lawd to mek me strong enough

To keep dat dear chile's paf from bein' rough,

An' tek good keer of her, my little lamb;

My honey!

An' doan' yo' think her mammy's pow'ful proud

Las' night to hear de people clap so loud

To mek her sing annuder time? Dat chile

Looked ober all dem haid's an' sent a smile

Right into dis brack face! De good Lawd bless

My honey!

I Canna Leave My Mither Yet.....Galveston News

O, Lizzie, lass, I lo'ed ye lang,

And constant I hae been to thee,

Sae tell me, lassie, will ye gang

Amang the hethery hills o' Dee?

I canna gang, I winna gang,

I mauna leave my mither yet,

For nane can lo'e her like mysel',

My ain kindhearted mither yet.

I'll hap ye in my Hieland plaid,

And keep the wintry cauld frae thee;

Nae ill can harm thee, dearest maid,

Amang the heathery hills o' Dee.

I canna gang, I winna gang,

I mauna leave my mither yet,

For nane can lo'e her like mysel',

My ain kindhearted mither yet.

Ye'll wander over the ferny knowes,

And herd the wee bit lambs wi' me,

And pu' the blae that hidden grows

Amang the heathery hills o' Dee.

I canna gang, I winna gang,

I mauna leave my mither yet,

For nane can lo'e her like mysel',

My ain kindhearted mither yet.

Noo, Lizzie, dry your fa'in tears,

Your mither kind will gang wi' thee,

We baith will tend her fadin' years,

Amang the heathery hills o' Dee.

Gin I maun gang, I e'en maun gang,

An' we shall live thegither yet,

For nane can lo'e her like mysel',

My ain kindhearted mither yet.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

The Late William Taylor Adams (Oliver Optic):—

William Taylor Adams, or, as he was better known, Oliver Optic, who died March 27, says a writer in the New York Sun, was born in Medway, Mass., on July 30, 1822. For twenty years he was a teacher in the public schools of Boston, and he served one year as a member of the Massachusetts Legislature. He began in 1850 to write juvenile stories, and in this branch of literary work achieved marked success. He ultimately gave up his labors in the schools and devoted his entire time to writing. To-day his works are known everywhere among boys and girls. In all, more than 2,000,000 copies of his books have found their way into the hands of readers, more than of any American author living. His first book was published in 1853 under the title, *Hatchie, the Guardian Slave*. It had a large sale, and was followed by a collection of stories called *In Doors and Out*. The *Riverdale Series*, in six volumes, appeared in 1862. About one hundred volumes comprise the complete works of the dead writer. Among them are *The Boat Club*, *Woodville*, *Young America Abroad*, *Starry Flag*, *Onward and Upward*, *Yacht Club* and *Great Western*. Oliver Optic wrote but two novels for older readers. They were *The Way of the World* and *Living Too Fast*. At various times he edited the *Student and Schoolmate*, *Our Little Ones*, and *Oliver Optic's Magazine for Boys and Girls*. Mr. Adams married Miss Sarah Jenkins, of Dorchester, in 1846, and was left a widower in 1885. He had two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Sol Smith Russell, the actor.

Henrik Ibsen at Home:—

"The most powerful man," says Ibsen, "is he who is most alone." Acting up to this dictum, writes R. J. G. in *The Sketch*, the author of John Gabriel Borkman has done his utmost to resist and frustrate the wiles of the humble, but nimble reportorial interviewer. So anxious is he to remain "alone" in the sanctity of his private life, that he always takes infinite trouble to telegraph broadcast official and categorical denials of the statements that may appear in any so-called interview, even when the offending paper is an almost unheard-of and altogether insignificant publication. A certain M. Paul Ginisty seems, however, to have enjoyed somewhat exceptional opportunities, and the particulars he gives concerning the personality and surroundings of the great dramatist cannot but be of interest at a time when all Europe seems to be discussing his latest play. It appears that in private life Henrik Ibsen is one of the most simple men in the world. Outward appearances trouble him but little; indeed, M. Ginisty hints darkly that his coat is rubbed and faded, and that several buttons are missing. The expressive, slightly-ironical face, with the thin and tightly closed lips, immediately attracts attention. He expresses himself slowly and with little animation; his eyes are cold and lack fire; he is always polite, as courteous to his servant as to the most distinguished stranger. His study

is modest in the extreme. On the wall there is a very small book-case, containing a few books of reference; opposite this hangs a fine painting of the master, the only objet d'art in the room. Near the window stands the writing-table, placed in such a position that the author can, without rising from his work, watch the passers-by in the street below. Everything on the table is arranged with the minutest care. Ibsen is, above all, a lover of order and precision. "It seems extraordinary," remarks M. Ginisty, "that this poet, this impassioned dissector of souls, this physiologist whose life is absorbed in the study of storm-tossed and broken hearts, should suffer from a veritable archivist's mania for arranging, classing, and ticketing endless scraps of paper." The table is covered with countless little piles of documents all neatly done up in elastic bands. An enormous gray envelope is always full of letters that require answering. Ibsen's correspondence is very extensive. No one receives more agonizing confessions from all parts of the globe, more earnest appeals for counsel from women who seem to look upon him as their spiritual director. He replies to nearly all, never hurriedly, sometimes after many days. His writing, which was at one time almost illegible, is now bold and clear. On the table stand a few common and exceedingly prosaic-looking nicknacks, a small wooden bear and a bronze rabbit playing the violin are among the most prominent. These "riens de bazar," as M. Ginisty calls them, are carefully grouped with that order which characterizes everything in the room, and Ibsen entertains the strange fancy that it would be quite impossible for him to write without having them before his eyes. The dining and drawing rooms are, in striking contrast to the modesty of the study, furnished in a severely luxurious style. On the walls hang French tapestries and a number of fine paintings, mostly belonging to the Flemish and Italian schools. Ibsen is decidedly an art connoisseur, and he has often been heard to declare that he would have been an artist if his father had not lost his fortune. The passion for painting still remains, and now that he is well off, he has collected a number of fine pictures, nearly all the work of artists "discovered" by himself. Ibsen is always very mysterious with regard to any new work he may contemplate. He works slowly, and rewrites his plays three or four times before finally giving them to the world. Several times he has consigned to the flames the work of many months, and the last version of his pieces often differs entirely from the first. He works all the morning, and takes a short walk before dinner, which, according to Norwegian custom, takes place at three o'clock. Afterwards he goes out to a well-known café in University street, the principal thoroughfare in Christiania, where he reads the papers. Here his admirers may converse with him to their heart's content. He rather encourages conversation, for this is his hunting ground, this is his opportunity for studying human nature. Often there steals over the interviewer an uncomfortable feeling that his inner being is as an open book to the

quiet man with the great head, and he wonders whether he too will some day figure in one of those awful tragedies where there is nothing, nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Pietari Paivarinta, the Finnish Novelist:—

The English journals, says the New York Herald, are beginning to talk about the advent of a great Finnish writer called Pietari Paivarinta, whose wonderful story, *Pentti and Juka*, is soon to make its appearance in literary London under the patronage of Mr. William Archer, who is said to have dismissed his old favorite, the Norwegian, and welcomed his new flame with the words, "Farther north than Ibsen, and more powerful." And so there seems to be little doubt that before long the praises of Pietari Paivarinta will be sung in this country as in England, since he has been discovered under such favorable auspices. Finland, by reason of its language and the customs of its people, has developed little literature, with the exception of the myths and legends, which have long since found their place among the classics of the world. There is, to be sure, their so-called national writer, Xavier Marnier, but he is more of a Swede than a Finlander, more of a Russian than a Swede, and more of a Frenchman than all, for he writes in French and is a member of the French Academy. We have also heard of Runcherg, some of whose works have been translated into German. *Pentti and Juka*, the title of one of the stories, which Mr. Archer evidently intends shall do duty for all in the volume, is not uncommon in its theme. A poor young man wins, by his courage, a sweetheart who had been refused to him, and whom he had twice saved from death. But the author rarely embarrasses himself with such a romantic canvas. Ordinarily his themes are more simple—the thousand little occurrences of rural life, an encounter in the highway, a scene in a market place, or a village funeral. The frames that he chooses—he could find no others—suggest those in which Tourgenieff has placed some of his smallest and most powerful pictures. Still Paivarinta is not a descriptive writer, for he constantly pauses when the reader's comprehension calls for more exact details, and would be called insufficient and abstruse were it not for his marvellous power of visualization. Little by little, through suggestion and hint, the reader becomes acquainted with the author's great desolate, sad country, the soil of which brings forth only rye, and that so sparingly that in order to have bread all the year around one must mix the flour with the bark of certain trees, ground very fine. A winter of seven months, during which the earth lies asleep and shrivelled; no cities or towns even where existence can warm itself with a little comfort and good cheer, nothing but collections of farmhouses, which are isolated by the snow. Paivarinta selects types rather than individuals, and they are always the same in principle, but retouched with new traits or characteristics. He treats them with a vast tenderness. They are not human beings without hope, but beings whose hopes aspirations, ambitions, are bounded and shut in. These are his humble heroes. And you almost recollect that you have met them before. They remind you of the moujiks, of simple heart,

who abound in the works of Russian writers, and who animate especially Tourgenieff's *Tales of a Huntsman* and *Les Contes Populaires* of Tolstoi. But you cannot call Paivarinta an imitator of these writers, for he may have never heard of them. His characters are simply placed in a similar environment of nature. Nor can you say, for the same reason that his realism smacks of Zola, although his adherence to "that fidelity to experience and probability of motive that are the essential conditions of a great imaginative literature" is as marked as it is in the works of the author of Rome. For the following facts concerning Pietari Paivarinta I am indebted to Gabriel Syveton, who has secured them, after much trouble through correspondence with certain persons in the parish of Ylivieska, Finland, and who has embodied them in an interesting article in a recent number of the *Revue Bleue*. Pietari Paivarinta is seventy years old. He was the eldest of four children in a poor day laborer's family in the parish of Ylivieska. He was scarcely ten years of age when his father became a confirmed invalid, and the greatest misery imaginable fell upon them all. Proud, but cast down, the little Pietari was sent out to beg from house to house. Then he found a little work to do among strangers in a neighboring parish—enough to keep him and to send a little money to his dear ones at home. Here he managed to buy books and newspapers. He had learned to read and write at school, for primary instruction is well founded in Finland, and now he wished to go further and accomplish alone his literary education. At twenty-two he married a young peasant girl. The problem of existence presented itself anew to him. He purchased a small tract of forest land, built himself a little cottage, and lived there for four years, in almost primeval solitude, more exposed to Master Petz, the Finland bear, than to the chance of meeting a human being. Fortunately, he had a good voice, and found employment as a crier at Alavieska. From there he passed later in the same occupation to his native village of Ylivieska. In the meantime he occupied his leisure in writing for the newspapers and defending with his pen the national language of Finland. In 1867, at the age of forty, he wrote a book, which was published at a job printer's in Uleaborg. He called it *Episodes of the Great War*. He succeeded and became in a moment the popular writer of Finland. Since then Paivarinta has continued to produce works, and with unvaried success. One of his most interesting books, *My Life: A Description of Domestic Existence*, was published at the expense of the Finland Society for the Instruction of the People. The patriarch of Ylivieska is now a sort of public official, and has been sent to the Diet by the peasants, whose little existence he knows so well. Fame, coming to him from the great cultured world of the south at his time of life, must seem wonderfully strange to him.

Julian Hawthorne:—

In the autobiographical essay which introduces his volume *Confessions and Criticisms*, says the Book Buyer, Mr. Julian Hawthorne makes a humorous protest against the critics who resent his being the son of his father. He himself is so proud

of the fact that he cannot recognize the enormity of following in his father's footsteps, even against that father's solemn advice and warning. Julian became the first heir of Nathaniel Hawthorne's body just four years before the father produced the first great heir of his invention, *The Scarlet Letter*. This was in 1846, the year of the Mosses from an Old Manse. When Julian was seven years old his father was appointed consul at Liverpool. There the family remained four years. They spent the three next years on the Continent. Returning to America in 1860, Julian, a young Hercules of fourteen, whose muscles were more in evidence than his scholarship, was sent to have the latter developed at Frank Sanborn's school in Concord. The experiment was so far successful that he entered Harvard in 1863. But even at Harvard he won greater renown by his bodily than by his mental prowess. He read much, indeed, and much to the purpose, as was subsequently evidenced, but his reading did not lie along the lines of routine collegiate achievement. Had he followed the advice of his friend and admirer, John C. Heenan, and adopted the profession of pugilism, he could not have surprised his classmates more than he did when, after studying civil engineering at Harvard and in Dresden, and practising it in New York, he finally relinquished it for literature. His first essay in this line had been a series of sonnets in the revived Putnam's Magazine of 1869. Then came stories in various periodicals, and finally, in 1872, a novel called *Bressant*. The success of the latter decided his future. He had married in the interim Miss Amelung, the daughter of a New York merchant, and the question of a proper monetary provision for the future had become one of imminent urgency. So, despite the warning of his father and the more particularized advice of Mr. Heenan, he became a literary man. His second novel, *Idolatry*, and a remarkable series of sketches entitled *Saxon Studies*, the result of a two years' residence in Dresden in 1872-73, convinced everybody, save the critics who treasured up against him the memory of *The Scarlet Letter*, that he had determined wisely. Other novels that followed, among which may be mentioned *Garth* in 1875 and *Sebastian Strome* in 1880, strengthened this conviction. He was in London for seven years, writing novels and contributing reviews to the *Spectator* until 1882, and then returned to the United States. He remained in his native country until 1893, when he took his family, now consisting of Mrs. Hawthorne and seven children, to Jamaica. It was here that he wrote *A Fool of Nature*, which won the prize of \$10,000, offered by the *New York Herald* for the best serial novel, over eleven hundred competitors. Considerable as Mr. Hawthorne's achievement has been, it has never quite represented the measure of his powers. Prodiggally as he has been gifted by nature, he has been a spendthrift even of that prodigality. We hear of his writing a novel in three weeks, a novelette in twenty-six hours. These are amazing feats. Yet one wishes that the mental resources which they indicate had been husbanded with more thrift. Partly they have been forced upon him by the demands of the butcher and the baker, but partly also they result from a robust scorn of pretence. He will not take himself so

seriously; he will not assume that it matters greatly what he does. This modesty is an engaging trait in the individual, but perilous in the artist. And one would like to see all perils swept away from the path of an artist who has produced works of such singular imaginative intensity as Archibald Malmaison, *Garth*, and *Sebastian Strome*. The former he himself tells us, has been the most popular of all of his books. Few stories in the language have a more weird and uncanny interest, but the sustained power of the two longer novels makes them his masterpieces. They are not only full of felicities of craftsmanship, they are not only vivid romances which hold your attention to the end, but they have a philosophy to expound, a criticism of life to offer. Their dominant note is a hatred of sham, convention and artificiality. The same mood which makes Mr. Hawthorne take himself so lightly makes him take the world very seriously. He recognizes the littleness of the things which seem great to little men, but is impressed and impresses us with the vast and awful mystery that underlies the littlenesses. From his father he has inherited a peculiar insight into the morbid depths of psychology. He knows how to reach those recesses of the mind wherein lie hidden the spectres of old superstitions. But he has a sympathy with the practical and workaday world which he has won for himself. Mr. Hawthorne is now in the full flush of his maturity. When he withdrew from the stress and turmoil of life in this country he allowed his mind to lie fallow, while leisurely cultivating the soil of his Jamaica farm. His return to literature may result in his realizing the utmost of which his friends deem him capable. Mr. Hawthorne's eldest daughter, Hildegard, has given evidence that she shares the family genius. One of his sons is vice-consul of the United States at Kingston, Jamaica; the other is with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Sudermann's Estimate of Modern Writers:—

Herman Sudermann, author of *Magda*, reads English with ease, says a Berlin correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, and is a close student of our literature, but does not venture to speak the language. His wife shares his interest in our books, and is a great admirer of a number of English authors. "Kipling is the most read by literary men, with us, the public not being yet well acquainted with him," said Herr Sudermann, in the interview described by the *Tribune* correspondent. "He is certainly a very great artist. Our knowledge of American literature," he added, "is also very meagre. Hawthorne, Whitman and Thoreau we do not know at all. Bret Harte is the most widely read, and we think of him just as if he were a German. Mark Twain is also popular, and we all laugh at his jokes. Of your poets Poe is the most known, and in later years Aldrich's name is often quoted." Herr Sudermann studied to be a teacher, but became a journalist instead. It was his intention throughout, however, to be a writer of books. "In my own work," he said to the interviewer, "I have tried more or less to strike out a line of my own, but it goes without saying that Ibsen has exercised a great influence upon me. Indeed, without Ibsen, Tolstoi and Zola, the entire modern movement in literature could not be."

THE ESSENCE OF FRIENDSHIP

BY HENRIK IBSEN

[A selected reading from *John Gabriel Borkman*, by Henrik Ibsen. Stone & Kimball, publishers. Borkman is an ex-king of finance, whose genius for speculation unfortunately led him to misappropriate funds of the bank of which he was chief director. Since serving his term he has lived a life of absolute seclusion. Estranged from his wife and son and deserted by all his former friends, save one, he has not left his apartment in years. But for the visits of the faithful Vilhelm Foldal, a poor clerk whom he still patronizes, although he is in every way in Foldal's debt, and Frida, the young daughter of this only friend, who sometimes comes to play to him, he sees no one, although he is always expecting the bank officials to recognize his importance to them and send some one to importune him to return. The scene of the reading is a room in Borkman's apartment. A knock is heard.]

Borkman (standing beside the writing table with his left hand resting upon it, and his right thrust in the breast of his coat).—Come in.

(Vilhelm Foldal comes softly into the room. He is a bent and worn man, with mild blue eyes and long, thin gray hair straggling down over his coat collar. He has a portfolio under his arm, a soft felt hat, and large horn spectacles, which he pushes up over his forehead.)

Borkman (changes his attitude and looks at Foldal with a half-disappointed, half-pleased expression).—Oh, is it only you?

Foldal.—Good evening, John Gabriel. Yes, you see it's me.

Borkman (with a stern glance).—I must say you're rather a late visitor.

Foldal.—Well, you know, it's a good bit of a way, especially when you have to trudge it on foot.

Borkman.—But why do you always walk, Vilhelm? The tramway passes your door.

Foldal.—It's better for you to walk—and then you always save two pence. Well, has Frida been playing to you lately?

Borkman.—She's just this moment gone. Didn't you meet her outside?

Foldal.—No, I've seen nothing of her for a long time; not since she went to live with this Mrs. Wilton.

Borkman (seating himself on the sofa and waving his hand toward a chair).—You may sit down, Vilhelm.

Foldal (seating himself on the edge of a chair).—Many thanks. (Looks mournfully at him). You can't think how lonely I feel since Frida left home.

Borkman.—Oh, come—you have plenty left.

Foldal.—Yes, God knows I have—five of them. But Frida was the only one who at all understood me. (Shaking his head sadly). The others don't understand me a bit.

Borkman (vehemently).—There is nothing bitterer than that.

Foldal.—Yes, there is, John Gabriel. I have gone through a domestic scene to-night—just before I started.

Borkman.—Indeed? What about?

Foldal (with an outburst).—My people at home—they despise me.

Borkman (indignantly).—Despise——!

Foldal (wiping his eyes).—I've long known it; but to-day it came out unmistakably.

Borkman (after a short silence).—You made an unwise choice, I'm afraid, when you married.

Foldal.—I had practically no choice in the matter. And, you see, one feels a need for compan-

ionship as one begins to get on in years. And so crushed as I then was—so utterly broken down——

Borkman (jumping up in anger).—Is this meant for me? A reproach——!

Foldal (alarmed).—No, no, for heaven's sake, John Gabriel——!

Borkman.—Yes, you're thinking of the disaster to the bank! I can see you are!

Foldal (soothingly).—But I don't blame you for that. Heaven forbid!

Borkman (growling, resumes his seat).—Well, that's a good thing, at any rate.

Foldal.—Besides, you musn't think it's my wife that I complain of. It's true she hasn't much polish, poor thing; but she's a good sort of woman all the same. No, it's the children.

Borkman.—I thought as much.

Foldal.—For the children—well, they have more culture, and therefore they expect more of life.

Borkman (looking at him sympathetically).—And so your children despise you, Vilhelm?

Foldal (shrugging his shoulders).—I haven't made much of a career, you see—there's no denying that.

Borkman (moving nearer to him, and laying his hand upon his arm).—Don't they know, then, that in your young days you wrote a tragedy?

Foldal.—Yes, of course they know that. But it doesn't seem to make much impression upon them.

Borkman.—Then they don't understand these things. For your tragedy is good. I'm firmly convinced of that.

Foldal (brightening up).—Yes, don't you think there are some good things in it, John Gabriel? Good God, if I could only manage to get it placed! (Opens his portfolio and begins eagerly turning over the contents). Look here! Just let me show you one or two alterations I've made.

Borkman.—Have you it with you?

Foldal.—Yes, I thought I'd bring it. It's so long now since I've read it. And I thought perhaps it might amuse you to hear an act or two.

Borkman (rising, with a negative gesture).—No, no; we'll keep that for another time.

Foldal.—Well, well, as you please.

(Borkman paces up and down the room. Foldal puts the manuscript up again.)

Borkman (stopping in front of him).—You're quite right in what you said just now—you haven't made any career. But I promise you this, Vilhelm, that when once the hour of my restoration strikes——

Foldal (making a movement to rise).—Oh, thanks, thanks!

Borkman (waving his hand).—No, please be seated. (With rising excitement). When the hour of my restoration strikes—when they see that they can't get on without me—when they come to me, here in the gallery, and crawl to my feet and beseech me to take the reins of the bank again—the new bank, that they've founded and can't carry on, (Placing himself beside the writing table in the same attitude as before, and striking his breast). Here I shall stand and receive them! And it shall be known far and wide, all the country over what conditions John Gabriel Borkman imposes before he'll (stopping suddenly and staring at Foldal). You're looking so doubtfully at me! Perhaps you don't believe that they'll come? That they must, must, must come to me some day? Do you not believe it?

Foldal.—Yes, heaven knows I do, John Gabriel.

Borkman (seating himself again on the sofa).—I firmly believe it. I am immovably convinced—I know that they will come. If I hadn't been certain of that I'd have put a bullet through my head long ago.

Foldal (anxiously).—Oh, no, for heaven's sake!

Borkman (exultantly).—But they'll come! They'll come sure enough. You shall see. I expect them any day, any moment. And you see, I hold myself in readiness to receive them.

Foldal (with a sigh).—If only they'd come quickly.

Borkman (restlessly).—Yes, time flies; the years slip away; life—Ah, no—I daren't think of it! (Looking at him). Do you know what I sometimes feel like?

Foldal.—What?

Borkman.—I feel like a Napoleon who has been maimed in his first battle.

Foldal (placing his hand upon his portfolio).—I have that feeling, too.

Borkman.—Oh, well, that's on a smaller scale, of course.

Foldal (quietly).—My little world of poetry is very precious to me, John Gabriel.

Borkman (vehemently).—Yes, but think of me, who could have created millions! All the mines I would have controlled! New veins without end. And the waterfalls, and the quarries, and the trade routes, and steamship lines all the wide world over! I would have organized it all—I alone!

Foldal.—Yes, I know, I know. There was nothing in the world you would have shrunk from.

Borkman (clenching his hands together).—And now I have to sit here, like a wounded eagle, and look on while others pass me in the race, and take everything away from me, piece by piece!

Foldal.—That is my fate, too.

Borkman (not noticing him).—Only to think of it; so near to the goal as I was. If I'd only had another week to look about me! All the deposits would have been covered. All the securities I had dealt with so daringly would have been in their places again as before. Vast companies were within a hair's breadth of being floated. Not a soul should have lost a halfpenny.

Foldal.—Yes, yes; you were on the very verge of success.

Borkman (with suppressed fury).—And then treachery overtook me. Just at the critical mo-

ment (looking at him). Do you know what I hold to be the most infamous crime a man can be guilty of?

Foldal.—No, tell me.

Borkman.—It isn't murder. It isn't robbery or housebreaking. It isn't even perjury. For all these things, people do to those they hate or who are indifferent to them, and don't matter.

Foldal.—What is the worst of them, John Gabriel?

Borkman (with emphasis).—The most infamous of crimes is a friend's betrayal of his friend's confidence.

Foldal (somewhat doubtfully).—Yes, but you know—

Borkman (firing up).—What are you going to say? I see it in your face. But it's of no use. The people who had their securities in the bank should have got them all back again—every farthing. No; I tell you the most infamous crime a man can commit is to misuse a friend's letters; to publish to all the world what has been confided to him alone, in the closest secrecy, like a whisper in an empty, dark, double-locked room. The man who can do such things is infected and poisoned in every fibre with the morals of the higher rascality. And such a friend was mine—and it was he who crushed me.

Foldal.—I can guess whom you mean.

Borkman.—There wasn't a nook or cranny of my life that I hesitated to lay open to him. And then, when the moment came, he turned against me the weapons I myself had placed in his hands.

Foldal.—I've never been able to understand why he— Of course, there were whispers of all sorts at the time.

Borkman.—What were the whispers? Tell me. You see, I know nothing. For I had to go straight into—into isolation. What did people whisper, Vilhelm?

Foldal.—You were to have gone into the ministry, they said.

Borkman.—I was offered a portfolio, but I refused it.

Foldal.—Then it wasn't there you stood in his way?

Borkman.—Oh, no; that wasn't the reason he betrayed me.

Foldal.—Then I really can't understand.

Borkman.—I may as well tell you, Vilhelm.

Foldal.—Well?

Borkman.—There was—in fact, there was a woman in the case.

Foldal.—A woman in the case? Well, but, John Gabriel—

Borkman (interrupting).—Well, well—let's say no more of these stupid old stories. After all, neither of us got into the ministry, neither he nor I.

Foldal.—But he rose high in the world.

Borkman.—And I fell into the abyss.

Foldal.—Oh, it's a terrible tragedy—

Borkman (nodding to him).—Almost as terrible as yours, I fancy, when I come to think of it.

Foldal (naively).—Yes, at least as terrible.

Borkman (laughing quietly).—But, looked at from another point of view, it's really a sort of comedy as well.

Foldal.—A comedy? The story of your life?

Borkman.—Yes; it seems to be taking a turn in that direction. For let me tell you—

Foldal.—What?

Borkman.—You say you didn't meet Frida as you came in?

Foldal.—No.

Borkman.—At this moment, as we sit here, she is playing waltzes for the guests of the man who betrayed and ruined me.

Foldal.—I hadn't the least idea of that.

Borkman.—Yes, she took her music, and went straight from me to—the great house.

Foldal (apologetically).—Well, you see, poor child—

Borkman.—And can you guess for whom she's playing, among the rest?

Foldal.—No.

Borkman.—For my son.

Foldal.—I'm certain your son doesn't know the circumstances, John Gabriel.

Borkman (gloomily, sitting and beating the table).—Yes, he knows, as surely as I'm sitting here.

Foldal.—Then how can he possibly be a guest in that house?

Borkman (shaking his head).—My son probably doesn't see things with my eyes. I'll take my oath he's on my enemies' side. No doubt he thinks, as they do, that Hinkel only did his confounded duty when he went and betrayed me.

Foldal.—But, my dear friend, who can have got him to see things in that light?

Borkman.—Who? Do you forget who has brought him up? First his aunt, from the time he was six or seven years old, and now, of late years, his mother.

Foldal.—I believe you're doing them an injustice.

Borkman (firing up).—I never do any one injustice. Both of them have gone and poisoned his mind against me, I tell you!

Foldal (soothingly).—Well, well, well, I suppose they have.

Borkman (indignantly).—Oh, these women! They wreck and ruin life for us. Play the devil with our whole destiny—our triumphal progress.

Foldal.—Not all of them.

Borkman.—Indeed? Can you tell me of a single one that's good for anything?

Foldal.—No, that's the trouble. The few that I know are good for nothing.

Borkman (with a snort of scorn).—Well, then, what's the good of it? What's the good of such women existing, if you never know them?

Foldal (warmly).—Yes, John Gabriel, there is good in it, I assure you. It's such a blessed, beneficial thought that here or there in the world somewhere, far away—the true woman exists after all.

Borkman (moving impatiently on the sofa).—Oh, do spare me that poetical nonsense!

Foldal (looks at him, deeply wounded).—Do you call my holiest faith poetical nonsense?

Borkman (harshly).—Yes, I do. That's what has always prevented you from getting on in the world. If you'd get all that out of your head, I could still help you on in life—help you to rise.

Foldal (boiling inwardly).—Oh, you can't do that.

Borkman.—I can, when once I come into power again.

Foldal.—That won't be for many a day.

Borkman (vehemently).—Perhaps you think that day will never come? Answer me.

Foldal.—I don't know what to answer.

Borkman (rising, cold and dignified, and waving his hand towards the door). Then I no longer have any use for you.

Foldal (starting up).—No use?

Borkman.—Since you don't believe that the tide will turn for me—

Foldal.—How can I believe in the teeth of all reason? You would have to be legally rehabilitated—

Borkman.—Go on! Go on!

Foldal.—It's true I never passed my examinations; but I've read enough law to know that—

Borkman (quickly).—It's impossible, you mean?

Foldal.—There's no precedent for such a thing.

Borkman.—Exceptional men are above precedents.

Foldal.—The law knows nothing of such distinctions.

Borkman (harshly and decisively).—You are no poet, Vilhelm.

Foldal (unconsciously folding his hands).—Do you say that in sober earnest?

Borkman (dismissing the subject without answering).—We are only wasting each other's time. You'd better not come here again.

Foldal.—Then you really want me to leave you?

Borkman (without looking at him).—I have no longer any use for you. Here you've been lying to me all the time.

Foldal (shaking his head).—Never lying, John Gabriel.

Borkman.—Haven't you sat here feeding me with hope and trust and confidence—that was all a lie?

Foldal.—It wasn't a lie so long as you believed in my vocation. So long as you believed in me I believed in you.

Borkman.—Then we've been all the time deceiving each other. And perhaps deceiving ourselves—both of us.

Foldal.—But isn't that just the essence of friendship, John Gabriel?

Borkman (smiling bitterly).—Yes, you're right there. Friendship means deception. I've learnt that once before.

Foldal (looking at him).—I have no poetic vocation. And you actually say it to me so bluntly.

Borkman (in a gentler tone).—Well, you know, I don't pretend to know much about these matters.

Foldal.—Perhaps you know more than you think.

Borkman.—I?

Foldal (softly).—Yes, you. For I myself have had my doubts, now and then, I may tell you. The horrible doubt that I may have bungled my life for the sake of a delusion.

Borkman.—If you have no faith in yourself, you're on the downward path indeed.

Foldal.—That was why I found such comfort in coming here to lean upon your faith in me. (Taking up hat). But now you have become a stranger to me.

Borkman.—And you to me.

Foldal.—Good night, John Gabriel.

Borkman.—Good night, Vilhelm.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SCILLY ISLANDS

OFF THE COAST OF ENGLAND.....SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

The approach to Scilly is from Penzance, from which important Cornish town, the distance is about thirty-five miles. Thence steamers ply to and fro daily in summer, and twice or thrice in spring and autumn, making the trip in about three hours. Starting from Penzance the view of St. Michael's Mount, opposite Marazion is very fine, especially if the connecting causeway is visible, and the villages of Newlyn and Mousehole (corrupted Mouzel), when a large and very picturesque fleet of mackerel fishing boats is to be seen in the spring, lying at anchor by day (their work being done at night). The steamer keeps its way along the Cornish coast by the Logan rock, till the Land's End is seen. In bright weather the color of the water is entrancing, from the darkest blue in the depths beside the vessel's track to the palest green when a sandy shore is underneath it. Almost every day the steamer passes fleets of fishing smacks going into Penzance with their capture of the night—vessels with sails of many colors, from white to red and dark brown. Such a little fleet, each vessel running before the wind and anxious to be first at Penzance with its "take" of fish for market, is a beautiful sight.

You are soon, however, out on the Atlantic, with nothing visible to the west but a waste of waters. Gradually the lighthouse on the Wolf rock is sighted, almost half way between Penzance and Scilly. This was erected in 1871, and is a great triumph of engineering skill. After half an hour's steaming past the Wolf the nearest headlight on the Scilly Isles, on St. Martin's, is sighted, and nothing can be more interesting to a novice voyaging for the first time among these islets in the ocean than to see, from the level expanse of water, headland after headland show itself, each at first a small dark spot upon the surface, but growing larger as the vessel approaches it, till soon the whole western horizon seems as though it were a single line of rocks rising out of the ever restless sea, with occasional threads of whitest spray from the great Atlantic rollers streaming down or around them.

As this archipelago of islands is approached it looks as though all might belong to one, so continuous appears the coast line. But as the steamer passes through the sound between St. Martin's and the Eastern Islands, St. Mary's to the left and Tresco right in front, with gleaming trails of white sand in many a creek or inlet and a hyacinthine sea in front of each, their separate characteristics reveal themselves. The view of the bay toward Tresco Abbey from the sea, with its purples, blues and greens, is magnificent. It is the colors of Scilly that are its greatest charm, not its cliffs; but its rocks and bays and little inlets, its seas in storm, or in calm, if seen in sunshine, disclose a color that is quite unique. The climate of the Scillies is the most equable in the British Isles. It ranges, on an average, from 40 to 60 degrees. On the coldest day it is warm, and on the hottest it is cool. There are only three seasons in Scilly, of four months

each, namely, spring, summer and autumn. When the autumn ends spring begins. There is no great elevation on the islands. The highest land in Bryher is only 135 feet above sea level, although the telegraph tower built on St. Mary's reaches a height of 158 feet, but the rock scenery of the entire group is remarkable. There are rocks, fantastic, jagged, peaked, toothed, serrated; rocks resembling living creatures and others suggestive of primeval vastness and uncouthness, and some grandly castellated. Those on the peninsula of Peninnis, especially if seen in mist—Menawar, the Maiden Bower, Shipman's Head, the Haycocks at Annet, and many others are strikingly grand. The curious resemblance to primeval animal forms has given rise to many of the names of these rocks, and certainly many are

Like a great sea beast, crawled forth to sun itself. While there are elephants' tusks, monks' cowls, pipers' holes, giants' castles, pulpit rocks, etc. The rocks are all of granite, but as the feldspar constituent predominates over the quartz the color is lighter than in many granite districts, at times almost red in hue, and the forms produced by weathering, by the erosion of sea and wind, differ considerably from those which are seen in the districts where quartz, mica and hornblende are more abundant. The Island of Annet (or Annette, as it is sometimes written), is more strangely beautiful than words can represent it—the wild Haycock rocks along its northern shore, and on the island itself soft, springy masses of skrift, honeycombed and burrowed by the nesting puffins, myriads of birds everywhere, some sailing on the lapping water, others sitting like exquisite balls of fluff with scarlet points on reef and boulder or flying in and out of the sea-pink plants, as bees fly in and out of flowers, and others turning inquiring faces as they stand at their little earth-house doors—it is a veritable seabirds' paradise.

But, as already mentioned, it is color more than form that constitutes the special charm of Scilly. There are opalescent, and prismatic hues to be seen around those western islands of Lyonesse more delicate than art can reproduce. The translucent green of the wave underneath its snowy crest is purer than the finest emerald. There are long reaches of water more amethystine than the amethyst, and others of a more delicate blue than the sapphire or hyacinth. Looking down from any of the heights on the shallower intersecting bays when the sun is shining, the colors range over the whole spectrum according as the ground beneath is sand or rock or seaweed, while the smaller crested waves break into all the rainbow glories of the prism. The deeper water is first beryl-tinted, then dark azure and then purple. There is certainly nothing finer to be seen on the Channel islands or anywhere else in Great Britain and Ireland, while if beheld from such a point of view as the signal or telegraph station on St. Mary's, with a foreground of golden gorse, the effect is almost magical. The constant music of the waves added to this charm of color—for on the calmest days there is always some ocean

melody—creates a combination in Scilly peculiar to itself. At times there is the thunder of the largest billows breaking over the rocks or surging through their narrow channels, and combining from many quarters to make up a magnificent natural orchestra; while, during the greater storms, the spray from the Atlantic rollers rises 150 feet above the top of the highest rock or lighthouse, that is, three hundred feet into the air. The finest wave effect, however, is produced when the recoil of the surge after striking a reef or rock carries the water back against both wind and tide, and snowy streamers are to be seen on the crests of the billows as they move seaward, not landward.

On the island of Tresco there are the ruins of an old ecclesiastical structure founded before the Norman conquest, and in the reign of Henry I. attached to the monastery of Tavistock in Cornwall. The lord proprietor has chosen Tresco for his residence, and has filled his terraced garden with the trees and flowers of many lands. A visitor might imagine himself in the tropics. Aloes, palms, cacti, dracaenas, bamboos, three kinds of mesembryanthemum, grow in the open air, and many scores of other plants too numerous to mention. Some persons, who have seen much elsewhere, may form expectations as to the rock scenery of the Scillies greater than can be realized, but very few have ever been disappointed with the gardens of Tresco. In some respects they are more remarkable than the well-known gardens at Kew, near London.

Another attraction in these islands to the casual visitor is their remoteness from civilization, and the perfect restfulness of the life one is compelled to lead upon them. Though not wholly cut off from the rest of the world, one can be freed here from every possible source of worry, and leading a perfectly objective existence, may spend hours of every day boating, fishing, climbing and shore wandering—above all, becoming familiar with the marvelous rock scenery and color of those remote islets of England. The simplicity, honesty and genuineness of the Scillians, their delight in their flower farms, bordered by quaint hedges of anonyms, esculoma or veronica, the entire absence of civic strife and wrangling, the contentedness and industry of the people—all these give a singular charm to the islands. There are in all about three hundred of them, and at low water many of them are joined together, but they are simply rocks—the inhabited islands are St. Mary's, St. Martin's, Bryhar, Tresco and St. Agnes. The distance between the islands varies from one to three miles.

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL"

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.....LAND OF SUNSHINE

A dozen miles from Uncle Sam's deserted frontier post of Camp Verde, Arizona, and about half as far up Beaver Creek from Montezuma Castle, is that unique spot ridiculously misnamed Montezuma's Well. It has no more to do with Montezuma than with the north pole, and it is nobody's well at all. But whatever name it may wear, it is a wonder. Those who have seen the explored world are the ones best fitted to know how strange a thing it is, but to any traveler, even a retail one, it is startling.

Here is a round limestone hill, into whose one side Beaver Creek has quarried half-way. It looks from below like ten thousand other hills in the Southwest: at the top, it looks unlike any other hill in the world. For here is a tremendous and unexpected hole-in-the-ground, and in its bottom the gloomiest of all lakelets. There are but two other places in America which even suggest it, the strange volcanic bowl in the *salinas* west of Zuni, N. M., and the Volcan de Agua in Guatemala. Nine out of every ten visitors will at first flush take this also for a crater, but its sides are untoasted limestone, and its origin is not igneous but erosive. Slow-burrowing springs, far down the crust, have gophered till the undermined hill-top has slumped into the unguessed abyss. It is not so overwhelming as the Grand Cañon or the greatest Natural Bridge, nor so dazzling as the Petrified Forest, nor so romantic as some of the great gray ruins that were human homes before America was discovered, but it is, I think, perhaps the ghostliest thing in the Southwestern Wonderland. This sudden well in the gray limestone is about eighty feet deep from rim to water-level, and two hundred yards in diameter. The walls are apparently as circular as man could have carved them. The tar-black lakelet at the bottom is of an unknown depth—a 380-foot line at my last visit (1891) having failed to find bottom. It is fed by strong springs so far down that they make not the slightest ruffle, but I have thrown in a large rock and watched the bubbles come up for close to an hour. There is something indescribably uncanny in this sudden abyss, with its ghostly rocks, its gloomy tarn, its strange parasites of a forgotten humanity.

On the side where Beaver Creek has eaten into the hill, there is left only the thinnest of rims to hold the "Well." A bowl of such dimensions and of so thin proportionate crockery would be fragile indeed. Yet between the creek and the well, on this knife-edge rim of limestone, are huddled the ruins of one of the prehistoric Pueblo fort-houses. A crumbled talus of masonry, with its tallest remaining walls not to exceed eight feet, it is yet one of the most suggestive types of the ancient régime when the few first American farmers and home-makers made head against the outnumbering vagrant savages, and the niggard wilderness. Below, along the pinched creek, were their tiny irrigated farms; up here on the ridge-pole, between two precipices, was their communal town of several stories, and, commanded by it, their last retreat. The fort-house absolutely controlled the only reasonable entrance to the well. The only other path down to the lake's edge could be held by boys against an enemy. Clambering down this cliff-path to the little platform at the water level, one is suddenly aware of a cave-mouth even gloomier than the gloomy lake. A sad little sycamore stands before it, and beyond stretches that strange, dark unscratched mirror of the dark pool. The cave is a natural limestone cave, burrowing hundreds of feet under the hill, but at the first turn in it the explorer shivers with sudden wonder. For here, too, were the homes of the hunted Pueblos! Away back in the gloom is a strong wall of prehistoric masonry, with a narrow doorway, and back again another door and another wall and so on. The

limestone floor rings in places bell-like to the tread, and deep under it one can hear the chuckle of subterranean water-sprites. Here and there, too, it is broken through, and there is the buried brook ready to be drunk from as in the old days of the terror. Here was the last refuge of the Cliff-Builders. Here are still the fragments of their pottery and of their agate tools, and in one room the unforgetful mortar preserves the perfect imprint of a baby's hand that pressed it wet a thousand years, may be, ago.

From the arching entrance behind the discouraged sycamore, one looks across the gloomy lake to the gloomy further cliff, and there is another thrill. Up almost to the top, under a great eyebrow of rock, is nestled a perfect cliff house, and a few rods to the right another. The dark rock beetles above; below, the unfathomed pool mirrors the rude window-hole. At the door is a ledge where a few men might stand, but elsewhere a mountain sheep could not get a foothold. I know practically every Cliff-Dweller ruin in the Southwest. Some of them are enormous and imposing edifices, and this is but one small room, yet it stands in my memory perhaps unique. It is the saddest homestead in the world—the last eloquence of that cruel test of the enlarging heart of man. We began nomads. Here the first American homemaker, graduated from the level of the beast, risen to care for his young and their dam, stood to prove how he could endure for them. And if a man of to-day thinks he knows what home is, and believes he values it, I would counsel him to go look at the cliff-houses of Montezuma's Well and think back to them, and let their dumb eloquence tell him what these brown, forgotten ones suffered and dared for home's sake.

LIFE IN JAMAICA

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.....THE CENTURY

The light and the heat are the two things that most impress one on first coming to this land. The light is the more impressive of the two. From sunrise to sunset it is omnipresent and constant. The very shadows are luminous, dark though they appear by contrast. I should say that latitude 17 degrees was about 45,000,000 miles nearer the sun than latitude 40 degrees. Yet it is a tender, soft, suffused light, not a fierce and hard one. The atmosphere is not so rarefied as that of our own West. One can read here by moonlight, but one cannot read fine print easily. The remote distances of the landscape are melted in an aerial haze instead of being defined with the relentless clearness of a steel engraving. Nevertheless, the light of the tropics is superlative. It seems to belong to a planet more recently evolved from the parental luminary than ours. So intense and pervasive is it, one would almost say it irradiates the mind as well as the body. It appears to possess a spiritual quality. I had read of blazing tropic suns, of scorching, blistering tropic heats, but I find nothing of the sort. However great the ultimate effect may be, the manner is always gentle, sweet, subtle, soothing. Harbor Street in Kingston never shows so savage a temperature as Broadway in New York. But for all that, it will not do to take undue liberties with this soft-spoken climate. After walking

a few miles along the white, undulating roads, or panting up a steep hillside, nothing could be more delicious than the touch of the northern breeze fanning you as you sit under the shadow of a broad-spreading silk-cotton, nor could anything be more dangerous. You are being fanned by the wings of death. Evaporation is wonderfully rapid. You come in from exercise drenched with perspiration, and before you can make ready for a rub-down your skin is already dry. In the North a slight chill may be followed by a slight cold, and that be the end of it. Here your chill may turn out the end of everything for you. Moreover, the soil, when dampened by rain, probably exhales a miasma productive of what we call malarial fever. In Jamaica it occasionally develops into an appallingly ugly and brief disease known as black vomit. On the other hand, if you are rationally cautious, and let liquor of every kind alone, you may walk, or climb, or play tennis, or ride horseback all through the hottest part of the cloudless day, and feel only the better for it at night; in fact, you must take plenty of outdoor exercise in order to be at your best. The way to get ill is to avoid exertion and perspiration, and sit at ease in the shade absorbing cooling drinks. Such people sometimes last two years.

THE FLORIDA KEYS

THE ORIENT OF THE WEST.....N. Y. HOME JOURNAL

The word "key" is incorrect as applied to an island. It is a corruption of the Spanish word "cayo," meaning a small island. "Key West" is wrong, too. Its true name is "Cayo Hueso," or Bone Key, but we have Anglicized and got it as far wrong as possible. It is not even the western key of that chain. Such distinction belongs to the Dry Tortugas, many miles farther west. The Dry Tortugas is fortified, and was a naval post during the late war. It was also the prison of military convicts. It is a small, low, sandy island, projecting but a few feet at any point above high water. To the east several small keys intervene before Key West is reached. The latter is but a few hundred acres in extent, but, because of its fairly good harbor, a commercial city of about 25,000 population has been built on its rocky face. From the channel leading up from Florida Straits it presents a most picturesque appearance, with its low-lying shore, fringed with the long-armed and high-tufted cocoanut palms outlined against the sky, and the little squatty dwellings. Its aspect is purely Oriental and tropical, and there is not a port in America bearing the least resemblance to it. Of late years the main town has assumed American airs, and several large buildings have been erected, but happily the shore still presents a vision of fair Cathay. Here is another stone fort now utterly useless, except as a tomb for its garrison in case of an attack. Modern ordnance would riddle it as though it were pasteboard. Yet, in case of a war with a naval power, Key West would be an important strategic point. Sponging, fishing, and cigar-making are the principal industries of this tropical city. It is the headquarters of the sponge trade of the western hemisphere. The fishing industry is an important one, and well may it be, for the waters fairly teem with fish of all descriptions.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

ANIMALS' ILLUSIONS

ROBERT BLIGHT.....CONTRIBUTED

The issue of *Current Literature* for February gave an interesting extract from the *London Spectator*, under the heading, "Odd Misconceptions of Birds and Beasts." This subject forms an important chapter of animal intelligence. We cannot analyze the mental processes of animals, because we are unable to communicate with them in any common symbols. For the materials which shall be of use in our inquiries into the phenomena of mind as exhibited by what are called "the lower animals," we have to depend entirely on observations by competent persons; and, therefore, notes such as those given in the *Spectator* are always sure to be welcomed.

Exception may fairly be taken to the use of the words "misconceptions" and "illusions" in connection with some of the incidents recorded. The hen which sat on a golf-ball undoubtedly suffered a misconception; so does a cat which adopts a squirrel or a couple of baby rats, when her own kittens have been drowned. This misconception, however, is not due to poverty of intelligence, nor to inability to apply tests, nor to a want of comprehension, but to the overwhelming power of the instincts of maternity. Rightly is this power called overwhelming, when in the case of the tenderest human mother it endows a physically weak woman with a giant's strength, overshadows every effort of logical reasoning, quenches all thought of self-preservation, and makes her fulfil the highest ideal of self-sacrifice. It is clear that there are some bodily states which obliterate, for the time being, all mental powers.

In the other cases mentioned, such as the swan which fought his own reflection in the window of the house boat, the Russian ponies which would not go near a donkey, the horses terrified by a monkey leaping over their backs in the stable, and the pony which must test the rails on the railroad before crossing, there does not appear to be any misconception or illusion, but a want of experience—that experience by which all sensations are interpreted, whether by animal intelligence or by human intellect. No one can have watched young children without noting the value of experience. They are conscious of similarity and difference, but the difference alarms because they have not experienced it. Let the bearded uncle approach the child of his clean-shaven brother. There is fear in the young mind until the soothing and natural voice reassures, and then the test by touch begins. We cannot rightly call the child's fear a misconception or an illusion.

The lighthouse child, who had seen no quadruped but a dog, exclaimed on seeing a cow for the first time on the mainland, "What a funny dog!" "Dog" was the generic name, and "funny" the specific one. The use of a specific name indicated an appreciation of difference. There is no misconception, no illusion. The actions of animals in similar circumstances testify as well as words can do that their mental faculties work much as those of inexperienced children do.

The present writer can give two instances which seem to emphasize the point taken, and to be parallel to those given in the *Spectator*: In driving into the country, without lamps, one moonless but starlight night, we came to a village street in which several houses stood close to the road. Lamps in the windows threw long lines of light as sharp and clear as shadows in the sunlight. At the first of these the horse stopped so suddenly that the driver and myself were nearly thrown out. As no amount of persuasion would make the animal move, we got out and stroked and coaxed him to advance. After the first glare was passed we had no further difficulty, and continued our journey. In passing my hand over the horse's coat, while stroking him, I found that he was trembling and breaking out into a perspiration—sure signs of intense fear, but in a few moments he was himself again.

I had a favorite cat which came habitually to my bedroom door as soon as persons began to move about the house in the morning, and mewed for admittance, scratching to emphasize his request if immediate response was not made. One morning the idea seized me to place him upon the dressing-table while I was dressing. The cat at once saw his reflection in the mirror, and began to arch his back and whisk his tail. He twisted and turned himself, and began to "spit," as if eager for a contest, and of course his apparent adversary did the same. Then he struck savagely at the mirror, evidently without the desired result. Puzzled, he went behind the glass to investigate, returning thoroughly dissatisfied and eager to get at closer quarters. With a hearty laugh, I drew near and began to stroke him, and in the mirror he now saw his own reflection and mine, with my hand upon his head. It seemed as if the cat took in the situation at once, for he glanced from me to the reflection several times, lost his irritation, and settled down to watch the proceedings, every now and then looking into the mirror and back to me. Many a time subsequently he took up his position before the mirror, quietly and naturally regarding his own and my image without the slightest emotion.

We can scarcely tell how much experience the wild animals would require to enable them to interpret sensations aright, but we know that the more we train domestic animals, the more accustomed they get to sights and sounds which would otherwise terrify them. The whole question of animal intelligence is still one of the most interesting, and, in spite of the splendid work done by Romanes, one of the studies with many problems unsolved. Light may come, if, while watching the animals, we do not hesitate to work backwards from our own mental processes to theirs.

AN ELEPHANT KRAAL IN CEYLON

JOSEPH MOORE.....HALF-HOURS OF TRAVEL*

[It was on the occasion of the visit of the two sons of the Prince of Wales, Albert Victor and George, who were making a tour of the world as midshipmen, to Ceylon

* From *Half-Hours of Travel*, edited by Charles Morris. J. B. Lippincott Company, publishers.

that a grand elephant hunt was projected as a finale to the festivities given in their honor. Joseph Moore, author of "The Queen's Empire," was in Ceylon at the time, and took the opportunity to witness the Cingalese mode of taking this great animal. We subjoin his account of the exciting occurrence.]

The ground chosen for the exciting sport was a narrow valley close to the Labugama water-works, by which Colombo, thirty miles distant, is to be supplied. A locality known to be frequented by elephants is selected—one where the needful water, shade and forage are present. In such a spot the kraal had been erected by the natives, under the direction of their chiefs. This popular term is a heritage from the Dutch occupation, and corresponds to our word corral. It formed an irregular figure, but not unlike a square with one corner truncated. The matter of outline, however, is governed somewhat by the topography of the site. It may describe a rectangle or a triangle, but must always have the added funnel, to lead the herd to the entrance. Care must be taken not to destroy the foliage about the approach to the trap, as the elephant has a keen instinct of danger. The enclosure is constructed of the trunks of trees nearly a foot in diameter, and firmly set in the ground, crossed with rails of lesser thickness, and usually braced from the outside with forked timbers. In place of Western modes of joining, the parts are lashed with rattan and other stout tendrils, known as jungle ropes. The whole covered a space of some three acres, and had a height of about ten feet. Adjoining the kraal were stands for the distinguished guests and visitors from all parts of the island to view the operation of fettering the captives. Despite its strength, such a barrier would be futile were an enraged elephant allowed to attack it with all its power. This contingency is generally prevented by stratagem, but at times it occurs, when the escape of the herd is probable. The devices employed to ward off a charge are of the simplest character, never implying force, but always depending upon man's craft and daring, and the timorous nature of the giant brute.

After the kraal had been completed, nearly three thousand natives were engaged for several weeks in securing the game. A large section of country was surrounded, and the cordon slowly contracted until about twenty elephants, comprising two distinct herds, were brought within surveillance. One chief declared that he had driven his herd eighty miles. In pursuing this work of patience, tact and hardship, the beaters are cautious not to alarm the elephants, but to allow them, as much as possible, to pursue their usual peaceful habits in the jungle, at the same time advancing them, step by step, day and night, in the direction of the stockade. When the circle has been so reduced as to excite their mistrust, or the danger of a stampede, fires are built at close intervals around the line, and the watchers flash torches, brandish light spears, or sound a cry known to be hideous to the elephantine ear, "Harriharri-hooi-ooi!" . . .

Sunset was upon the camp before the stir caused by the arrival of the princes had subsided, and then word came that the drive in would not be attempted until the following morning. After dinner some veterans of Indian life amused us for an hour or

more with stories of elephants, tigers, leopards and snakes, before we retired to the rude couches to dream of encounters with savage creatures. But it was not all a dream. Shortly before daylight, when the prattling Singalese outside made it impossible to sleep, there fell upon our ears the most appalling cry of terror that a human being could utter. In an instant we were upon our feet. Its piercing tone of despair roused the occupant of every hut, and a moment later the ominous word, "cobra" flew from tongue to tongue. Men clad in pajamas and slippers, followed by excited natives, dashed to the rescue, to find that a partition of light palm leaves had fallen on the slumbering victim of the fright. The incident was serious enough, however, to prove the animated respect which "old Indians" have for the imperious serpent.

After this adventure we had the early tea and prepared for the bugle-call, the signal that the great spectacle of the day was about to commence. Morning passed, but without the expected summons. To occupy the time and learn the cause of delay, we walked over the hills to the rear of the kraal, only to hear that the beaters were having difficulty in bringing the game to the entrance.

Here were stationed the large tame elephants selected to assist in noosing their wild brethren. One of the number, an enormous tusker, equipped with chains and ropes, stood the ideal of strength and docility. Encouraged by his driver, we fed him with sweet stalks, which were taken with the utmost grace, and in return he gently lifted us high into the air upon his tusks, using his trunk with almost human care to guard us against a fall. The trained elephant is associated in the Occident with amusement only, but throughout the East Indies he serves various purposes of utility. In addition to his offices in war and pageantry, of which we have already had glimpses, he is valuable in constructing roads, moving heavy stones, uprooting small trees, clearing a jungle, hauling weighty loads, and piling timber. Most observers agree that his power and sagacity are best displayed in the task of handling lumber. At the command of his mahout, emphasized by the prick of an iron goad, he will select a log among many, weighing half a ton or more, lift it upon his tusks, carry it to the required place, and return for another. Two working in conjunction will rear a pile with greatest accuracy, arranging the logs in rows crossing each other at right angles.

As long as silence governed the plan of strategy, visitors were enjoined from going towards the front of the kraal, and this prohibition, added to the long delay, caused much outspoken impatience; but when, suddenly, a distant storm of cries and shrill noises announced that the "drive-in" was imminent and the need of concealment past, we hurried forward to an elevated position overlooking the entrance. The hunted elephants, terrified by the uproar, bolted headlong to the upper gate, halted there for a moment undecided, and then, suspecting the trap, turned again on their pursuers. An army of natives, reinforced by many European volunteers, retired without ceremony, but only a few rods, and then promptly reformed their lines. Advancing again, the beaters boldly pricked the infuriated, trumpeting monsters with the light wands they carried, at the same time wildly gesticulating and

shouting, "harri-harri." But the herd stood in close order, refusing to move forward. A long and stirring contest now ensued, much of which was hidden from us by the tall jungle. Even when the combatants were invisible, the position of the elephants was indicated by the cracking bamboos, waving trees, stentorian growls and sometimes an uplifted trunk. Under the leadership of a savage cow bent upon protecting the calf at her side, they repeatedly charged the cordon, only to be driven back by harmless screams and toy spears. Finally a native ventured too near the desperate mother, and in an instant she caught him with her trunk and crushed out his life with a mammoth foot. It was now decided that the leader must be disabled to curb her fury. After a short truce, until a rifle was brought, the gallant brute fell, wounded near the ear, and while her blood poured out in a great stream, the little calf ran about the prostrate form in appealing distress. The cow lay perhaps five minutes, then unexpectedly arose, gathered the herd about her, and led them with a rush through the funnel and into the enclosure. I saw every one of them pass the fence—seven wild elephants—and in the flush of that moment I had scored a rare experience. In an instant watchers sprang forward and barred the entrance. At last the captives were "kraaled."

The instinct that two herds of elephants never mingle was dominant even during the critical struggle, the larger body, yet outside, having succeeded in maintaining separate ground, and so, for a time, escaped capture. Hence the lines were continued with unabated vigilance around the herd still in the jungle, until the gate could be safely opened for another drive. Contrary to all precedent, steps were immediately taken for "tying up" that afternoon. Usually a night is allowed to intervene, as the prisoners spend their rage and exhaust themselves in the interval by vain assaults upon the stockade, tearing through the heavy undergrowth and bellowing in alarm and bewilderment. By morning they stand together, silent and subdued, and as far from their tormentors as possible. This premature movement, undertaken against the advice of the chiefs, was ordered for the reason that the princes were timed to leave that evening. Unwisely, only two days had been allotted in the reception programme for the kraal, and so the royal guests were hurried away to Nuwara Eliya for an elk hunt, which proved a failure. Many visitors, however, remained until the end, including the admiral and some of his lieutenants. Briefly, the too hasty attempt at noosing, executed in a deluge of rain, was unsuccessful; this, be it noted, in defiance of the herculean efforts of three tame elephants to butt and belabor the wild ones into subjection. As the wounded cow still gave battle, she was reluctantly killed during this fray, and the marksman proudly bore off the tail as a trophy.

Let us pass over the detail of how the corral was forced that night and the captives escaped. Also of how they were soon retaken, along with six of the other herd. In a word, when the "tying up" began in earnest there were twelve unfortunates in the toils. The victims were engaged in cooling each other with mud and water when the bars of the small rear entrance were removed and four

tame elephants entered, each mounted by two or three noosers, and followed by assistants with spears and ropes. In a trice the herd took fright and charged the palisade, only to retreat before the puny wands and loud whoops of the guards. Despairing of escape, they dashed to and fro, around and around, to avoid contact with the approaching foes. Thus pressed without respite, they sometimes evinced a disposition to be warlike, which was effectually checked by a few blows or thumps from the tame animals. In these encounters the exposed riders were unnoticed and unharmed, but the men on foot were cautious to evade attack. After long maneuvering the trained elephants managed to separate a large cow from the herd, and so ranged themselves about her that she was forced to stand. This was the opportunity wanted, and in a flash an agile native slipped under one of the friendly brutes, rope in hand. Waiting until the restless prisoner lifted her hind foot, he deftly placed the noose about her leg and withdrew. Another venture fettered the second limb, the decoys meanwhile warding off with their trunks several wrathful strokes aimed at the man. The ropes were now firmly secured to a stout tree, and the captive left entirely alone save her calf. Then began a titanic struggle for liberty that no few words can justly portray. Finding herself baffled in untying the many knots, or in uprooting the tree, she writhed, screamed, tore at the foliage, pawed the earth, tossed clouds of dust over her back, flung her trunk about fiercely, and planted her head upon the ground for leverage to rend asunder the bonds. At length she fell in exhaustion, anguish and despair, and lay motionless and resigned. The natives well knew that these symptoms forebode the loss of their prize. She panted for an hour or more, sighed deeply, and died—of "broken heart." A male, somewhat above medium size, was next submitted to the exciting ordeal with minor variations. While he stood jammed between two of the tame elephants, away from any tree, the nooser induced him to raise his hind foot by touching it gently, drew the running knot about his leg, and retreated. In this case the rope was attached to the girth of one of the trained animals, and the sagacious brute, knowing exactly what was expected of him, began to drag the captive towards a tree facing the spectators' stands. The wild one resisted violently, but without avail, as the tame allies steadily pushed, butted and pulled him across the enclosure. When the tying was complete his contortions to free himself were astonishing, though in the end he calmed down hopeless and covered with soil. While these operations were in progress the two orphan calves became troublesome, wailing, charging to and fro, chasing the noosers and running under the grown elephants. As the element of danger was absent, the binding of these little ones was merry work. In addition to securing one leg, a noose was passed around their necks. They bellowed, threw off the ropes, rapped their assailants and displayed the most comical exasperations.

The work of "tying up" continued a second day, but few strangers cared to remain. At the conclusion the prizes were sold at auction, realizing from sixty rupees for a calf to three hundred and fifty rupees for the largest.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

PASTIMES IN ATHOLL

HIGHLAND SPORTS AND GAMES.....BLACK AND WHITE

The Atholl Country has been a paradise of Highland sport from time immemorial, and Blair a favorite place for the exercise of athletic pastimes where in the Celt delights. The authentic records of the chase in Glentilt and in the valley of the Garry go back some four centuries. The "royal" sport of deer-driving, by the tainchel, or cordon of Highlanders, who scouted the hills and forced the herds to an appointed place—usually the narrow neck of a valley—where the hunters lay in wait, had been brought to perfection by 1528, the year when, as Pitscottie relates in his quaint narrative, King James V., with his mother and the Pope's Legate, visited Atholl. It was then that the Earl of Atholl outdid all previous or later displays of Highland hospitality by erecting, in a region of wood and wilderness, a hunting-palace for the lodging of the royal party, which palace, after three days of sport and feasting, was fired to light them on their homeward way. It was of green timber, and "was biggit in the middle of a green meadow," the walls "woven of birk" and defended by fosse and drawbridge, and the floor "laid with green earth and strewed with such flowers as grow in the meadows," so that "no man knew whereon he gade, but as he had been in a green garden." To this forest-lodge was brought the product of the three days' chase: to wit, thirty score of hart and hind, besides roe, wolf, wild cat and other game. Here also, in a Maytime, thirty-six years later, Mary Stuart had her not less memorable hunting in Atholl. As the story is told by an onlooker, the deer were driven not only from the woods and hills of Atholl, but from Badenoch, Mar, and other districts. Two thousand head of red deer were brought together by the tainchel; and then, through the Queen slipping one of the dogs on a wolf, the herd took fright and, led by a stag of noble head, rushed back along the narrow path by which they had come, so that the drivers had to cast themselves flat on the heather and let the deer pass over them. Notwithstanding, "there was killed that day three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves and some roe."

Such "great and gorgeous" provision can no longer be made, nor do wolves lurk any more in the recesses of Glentilt, nor wild cat contribute to the contents of the day's bag. The antlered denizens of Atholl Forest are, for the most part, marked and brought down by the patient labor and waiting and the trained skill of the stalker—a fairer, if less magnificent, form of sport. Yet the "drive" is not unknown in Atholl, and the deer can still be brought together in their hundreds, if not in their thousands. There remain, too, in full measure, the delights of the grouse moor and the salmon river. If not unchallenged pre-eminence, Atholl may claim rank among the foremost of Highland sporting-grounds, in red deer, in red cock, and the red-fleshed monarch of the flood.

As a natural pendant to Highland sport, comes Highland games. These also have ancient and firm footing at Blair Castle. The Atholl Games, as an

institution with appointed date and fixed character, do not extend back beyond the time of the present Duke's predecessor, but they have special features and associations that connect them with the old clan gatherings, which were exercise and stimulus to the tribesmen in feats of war and of chase. There is no savor of the sawdust nor the asphalt-track about these trials of skill and strength in pastimes racy of the soil and native to the air of Atholl. The spirit of betting and of professionalism, that has infected even certain Highland gatherings, has been kept at a distance from the games at Blair. They have bred champion athletes and dancers, indeed, but it has been by a natural and not an artificial process of training and selection. No scene can be more gay and exhilarating—more redolent of olden times—than that which is presented when clansmen and neighbors, dressed for the most part in the ancient garb of the land, assemble on the lawn in front of Blair Castle, to share in or to witness the annual sports. Hills and woods look down upon the spot, and the breezes waft to it the scent of heather and pine. In movement and in stature the competing Atholl men declare themselves still true sons of the mountain.

How ancient, in the spot where they are still practiced and cherished, some of these sports may be, no antiquary may say. Tradition has it that of old the chieftain was wont to keep beside his threshold a great putting-stone, which the guest was invited to throw as a test of strength, while at every smithy door lay a hammer or great bar of iron for like purpose. James I. of Scotland, the Poet-King, is said to have been a champion thrower of the stone. "Tossing the caber"—turning, somersault fashion, the trunk of a young tree in air—requires knack as well as sinew. It also is of unknown antiquity.

Passing over such vigorous exercise of the muscles as running, leaping, and tug-of-war, you come to dancing and reel and pibroch-playing. Atholl has always been famous for music and dance. It lays claim to Neil Gow, the last and greatest of the race of Highland family fiddlers, and it is the native country of the "eightsome reel." Formerly it was the harp that chiefly rejoiced the feasts of the heroes in the hall and their feasts in the field. After the great "hunting of Atholl" in 1564, Mary, Queen of Scots, presented a harp to the winner of the prize for harping, and it remained until a comparatively late date an heirloom of the family of the Robertsons of Lude. Latterly the "great Highland bagpipe" has been the instrument whereby double energy has been put into the heads and the heels of the men and the women of Atholl, and its piercing note is the very voice of the Atholl games.

THE GAME OF PELOTA

SOMETHING BETWEEN TENNIS AND BASEBALL.....LESLIE'S MONTHLY

Pelota has its origin in the Basque provinces of Spain and France. It is extensively played on both sides of the Pyrenees, but to see it played to perfection one should visit the South American Republic

of Uruguay and the River Plate, for it is thither that most of the best professionals emigrate, finding there a fuller appreciation of their talents and better pay. Buenos Ayres contains at least four or five great courts in which the game can be played, and some idea of the popularity of the entertainment may be gained from the fact that these courts are capable of seating over a thousand spectators, and on the day of any great match are crammed to suffocation. The court itself is sixty yards long by fifteen broad. It has one side-wall and an end-wall at right angles to each other. Facing these walls sit the spectators, tier upon tier; and seated upon their chairs on the space between the actual court and the front row are the umpires. The number of points, or tantos, in a game are forty, though sometimes twenty-five or thirty only are played; and a board, in full view, keeps the interested spectator well acquainted with the varying fortunes of either side.

The four players, clothed in white trousers, red or blue jerseys, and basque caps, wear on their feet, in place of our tennis shoes, the *alpargata*—a canvas slipper soled with straw. Upon their right hands is fixed the *cesta*, or *chistera*, with which they drive the ball. This instrument can best be described as resembling those wickerwork grooves which are put over the wheels of bicycles to save a lady's skirts from being muddied. It is rather more than a foot long, and the hand fits into a kind of glove at one extremity, being further bound around the wrist with leathern thongs. With this they either strike or scoop the ball. As a matter of fact, the ball is caught, poised, and then driven back; but the three separate actions only look like one, and the force with which the ball can be driven is infinitely greater than that which can be got out of a tennis racket. There are plenty of players who, standing in the middle of the court, can volley or half-volley a ball against the end-wall with such strength as to send it out of the other end of the court altogether, and it must be remembered that the court is sixty yards long. As in the game of tennis, a great deal depends on the service, and the man who is "in" has always a slight advantage; but the rallies, when once fairly started, are interminable. The agility, the extraordinary swiftness and subtlety with which a player will recover a difficult ball—especially in the back-handed strokes—and their marvelous judgment of distance are almost inconceivable. Moreover, the players' powers of endurance are taxed to the utmost by the enormous size of the court and the space they have sometimes to cover.

AN ADIRONDACK ADVENTURE

TRAPPER THOMPSON'S WILD RIDE.....PHILADELPHIA TIMES

Jerry Thompson is an excellent trapper and a man of great fearlessness, but he doesn't particularly care to repeat the adventure that recently befell him. When a man plunges through this wild and rugged region on the back of an infuriated deer he is having an experience which falls to the lot of few men, and which they, it may be safely assumed, little care to have happen them again. That was Jerry's experience recently. The fact that he was not killed by the deer was due to his quick wit and extreme agility. Jerry was wander-

ing about the Adirondacks in search of game when he suddenly encountered a big buck. The meeting was so unexpected that both man and animal were for the moment too surprised to act. Quick as was Jerry, the buck was quicker, and before the luckless hunter fully realized his position he was rolling over and over on the ground with the raging animal stamping furiously at him. Jerry struggled to his feet, but before he had regained an upright position the buck came at him with lowered head. It tossed its huge antlers wildly about, and had it not been for a sudden resolve that flashed across his mind Jerry would have been impaled upon the sharp prongs. When the buck was just about to spear him Jerry clutched the animal's antlers, and in another moment he was astride the much-surprised buck's back. Then came a series of snortings, buckings and kickings which discounted the antics of any bucking broncho that Jerry says he has ever seen. It was a most unique and thrilling spectacle with no witnesses. Jerry clung to the buck's back with might and main. It was hold on or fall off to serious injury and probable death. After cavorting in the clearing in which the duel had so unexpectedly been begun the deer started up the mountain side as if chased by all the dogs in creation.

Jerry was not slow to recognize the extreme peril of his position. He was in imminent danger of being swept from the deer's back by the branches of trees, and badly injured. The moment the buck felt Jerry slide from its back it would instantly wheel about and attack the hunter. This Jerry knew. His knowledge of deer was ample enough to assure him of its wariness. Half a mile was traversed before anything like a low tree came upon the direction of the buck's mad chase. Jerry braced himself; he felt sure that if he were struck by the lower limbs of the tree nothing short of a miracle would save him. The tree, happily, was not a young one, but one that was stunted, and had possibly for many years withstood the furious blasts of wind that had howled through that wild and desolate region. Its limbs were stout. On flew the deer. Nearer and nearer came the tree. Jerry, in his furious race imagined that it was racing toward him, eager to lay him low at the buck's feet.

When almost directly under the limb which projected across the deer's pathway Jerry, by a powerful effort, raised himself up and, with a clutch of steel, grasped the friendly limb of the tree and swung himself clear of the buck's back. In another moment he had drawn himself up into the tree. With an angry snort the buck turned and charged at the tree. Stout as was the tree, Jerry felt the impact distinctly when the head of the maddened buck struck. The hunter drew himself still higher in the tree, and began to breathe more freely. Unfortunately, he had no revolver with him. His knife had fallen from his belt when he was knocked down by the deer. There was nothing to do but to sit in the tree until the buck went its way. For nearly an hour the savage buck walked about under the tree, pawing the ground fiercely, and every once in a while looking up into the tree to see whether Jerry was still there. Eventually the buck went away, and Jerry, still nervous and vigilant, descended and hurried homeward as fast as limping would permit.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

SUPERSTITIONS AND THEIR GROWTH

UNIVERSAL CREDULITY OF MANKIND.....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

We are in the habit of referring to almost any period of the past as the "age of superstition," unmindful of the fact that there is hardly a superstition of the past which does not yet retain a foothold in this day of enlightenment and advanced civilization. It is only a little over a year ago that a woman was burned to death in Ireland by her husband and neighbors on the charge of "possessing an evil eye." In our country there are plenty of people who believe in witchcraft as implicitly as did our Puritan ancestors in New England. They can be found in our own community. Thousands of people believe in ghosts—uneasy spirits of the departed, returned to visit the glimpses of the moon or with some more dire intent. To enumerate the list of superstitions which many intelligent people still cling to, would be too great an undertaking.

Belief in witches is still universal, that is to say, it is not confined to any one nation, but obtains to a greater or less extent in all countries. It obtains to such an extent in Italy that devout Catholics, when asking a blessing of Pope Pio Nino—who was believed to have the jettatura, or power of the evil eye—were wont to point two fingers at him as a protection against the papal jettatore. In England, particularly in Somerset and Devonshire, the peasantry are to this day believers in the "evil eye," to the malign influence of which all kinds of sickness, both in man and beast, are constantly ascribed. "Her was overlooked, her was, and I knows very well who dou'd it," is a common explanation of maladies no more obscure than stomach ache. In Somerset, if a farmer's cattle get sick he goes in secret to the "white witch"—that is, the old witchfinder—to ascertain who has "overlooked" his things and to learn the best antidote. Quite recently the report was made of a wealthy farmer in Devonshire whose cattle were dying of anthrax, who applied to a white witch for a remedy against the pestilence, and as a consequence he lost his whole herd. A very famous charm giving power to become a witch is printed in a work on the folk-lore of Cornwall. It ran to the following effect: "Go to the chancel of a church to sacrament, hide away the bread from the hands of the priest, at midnight carry it around the church from south to north, crossing east three times. The third time a big toad, open-mouthed, will be met; put the bread in it. As soon as swallowed, he will breathe three times upon the man, and from that hour he will become a witch, known by five black spots diagonally placed under the tongue." The belief that witches who "overlook" both man and beast can transform themselves into hares is a common belief in the west of England. In many of the great kitchen chimneys of the old farm-houses a sheep's heart or a pig's heart has been found stuck full of pins as a reprisal against witches, and the occasional coincidence of some harm befalling the suspected witch confirms the general belief. Pigs' hearts stuck full of pins are used for malignant as well as protective purposes, it being believed that the pricking of the

pig's heart will act on the heart of the person aimed at. Again, when an "overlooked" pig dies, it is sometimes customary to put the heart, full of pins and thorns, up the chimney, in the belief that, as the pig's heart dried and withered, so would the heart of the pestilent person who had "evil-eyed" the pig. This superstition, though in a different form, is familiar in the sympathetic magic of Rosetti's Sister Helen, and the waxen image of her false lover. Among the wilder sections of Pennsylvania, Tennessee and other middle and southern states, as well as among the fishermen of the Delaware and Maryland peninsulas, many instances of firm belief in the "evil eye" are said to exist.

The precautions against witchcraft are, like the forms of witchcraft, very numerous. Spitting is a very common form of protection against the "evil eye." Theocritus is almost literally translated by the rustic, who says: "If you meet anybody with a north eye, spit three times"—only one of the instances, however, of the existence to-day of the superstitions of Paganism, but one which still lingers in the unseemly French habit of insult by spitting in the face. Among objects in common use whose origin in popular superstitions has been generally forgotten, are the half-moons on horses' harness, which were once regarded as potent amulets against "evil eye," the horse shoe nailed over the doors of houses, and the coral baubles on which infants cut their teeth, of which the shape keeps the remembrance of the old classic fascinum because the image of it was hung around the necks of children as a guard against witchcraft.

Although the belief in the "evil eye" may not grow, it will probably none the less exist in more or less pronounced forms, until that millennial day when a high state of civilization shall be general in what are now the least favored parts of the earth. The hope of weeding it all out at once is as vain as that of the sudden overthrow of the various fanatic faiths of man.

"Those faiths—fanatic faiths—which, wedded fast
To some false doctrine—hugs them to the last."

PRODIGES AND PORTENTS OF ANCIENT DAYS

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY BOOK.....LONDON SOCIETY

The amazing credulity and superstition of old days seems to have reached its maximum in the time of Charles II., or thereabouts. . . . This man saw the finger of God in the execution of the King; that one in the premature death of the great Protector. To one the unprecedented position gained for England amongst the nations by the genius of Cromwell was a fitting reward to the saints and their party, while to another the great plague, followed so soon by the fire, was a judgment upon a country which had slain its king and poured out blood like water.

Amid such a ferment of men's minds it is not surprising that an extraordinary book termed the *Mirabilis Annus*, or *The Year of Prodiges and Wonders*, Being a Faithful and Impartial Collection of Several Signs that Have Been Seen in the Heavens, in the Earth, and in the Waters, should

have made its appearance. The title-page, upon which no author's name appears, goes on to proclaim that these are now "made publick for a seasonable warning to the people of these three kingdoms speedily to repent and turn to the Lord, whose hand is lifted up amongst us." After a long and tedious preface, much after the style of Hugh Peter's sermons to the army, the anonymous writer plunges into a list of several prodigies and apparitions seen in the heavens from August 1, 1660, to the latter end of May, 1661. Many of these consist of the well-known phenomena called "parhelioi" or "double suns," but the conclusions drawn from them and the allusions to what happened after previous similar appearances, are often more curious than the events themselves. Plenty of other signs and wonders can have been nothing more than shooting stars, while others were as plainly aerolites or meteoric stones. The author's wonderful deductions and parallels from what occurred, and his boundless faith in the narrators, are rather pleasant in these days when few believe much in anything outside their own experience. The first "prodigie" was the appearance of two suns to some reapers near Hertford. Two suns, it seems, "do naturally portend much moisture and rainy weather. But God ordaines them (as some learned men conceive) to signifie severall judgments, as War, Famine and Pestilence. Some do affirm they portend the fall of Great Men from their power, who rule with pride and disdain. They do also signifie disturbances and innovations in matters of Religion." Accordingly, there were two suns seen in England at one time, shining at a good distance from each other, at the beginning of Queen Mary's reign. Even three suns were seen at a time at Kingston-on-Thames, May 14, 1661; one of a blood-red color, another half blood-red and half like silver, the true sun being No. 3, who, as he rose in his splendor, put the intruders to flight. This sight had occurred at Rome just before the contention of Galba, Otho and Vitellius for the empire; in Germany in 1541, "about which time Popery was rejected in the Palatinate," and in this country not long before the battle of Dunbar (September 3, 1650). Five suns, however, were seen here in 1233, "after which followed so Great a Dearth that many People were constrained to eat horse flesh and barks of Trees." On the continent this would have been rather looked down on, for at Dantzic, in 1660, seven suns were seen all at once by "a Person of Quality and Ingenuity."

A fine lunar rainbow was seen from near "the New Artillery ground between eleven and twelve of the clock at night, October 5, 1660, the meaning and import whereof the Lord may in due time discover." A few days after the rainbow the inhabitants of Wood Street, City, saw, or thought they saw, about four P. M., "a fiery Meteor in the form of a Shipstreamer, or, as others apprehended, of a Beesome with the great end foremost; it passed with a very swift motion from West to East." Immediately upon it followed another meteor of the same shape, but not of the same "bignesse." The parallel drawn is that "a prodigious sign in this Form appeared, Anno 1550, when the persecution began to wax hot in Scotland against the professors of the Truth." Prodigy No. 10 is to the effect that

at Shenley, in Hertfordshire, being the day (October 17, 1660) whereon Colonel Scroope, Colonel Jones, and others were executed at Charing Cross, there "was seen in the Aire towards the Evening the appearance of five naked men, exceeding bright and glorious," moving very swiftly. The report of this was received from "an Eye-witness, who is not in the least suspected to be a Phanatique." The dismembered quarters of the unfortunate colonels being set up on Aldgate and Bishopsgate, a bright star was seen over the former, and seven pillars of smoke over the latter, "reaching up towards Heaven as high as the beholders could discern."

SKELETON DANCE OF NEW SOUTH WALES

CAMPBELL PENDLETON.....BUFFALO NEWS

Dancing "as she is taught" by French masters is little in vogue with the natives of New South Wales, but they do something far more original and interesting in their own way—though rather too violent and eccentric to be introduced into the civilized ballroom. It is not a religious exercise like the whirling antics of the dancing dervishes and the grotesque contortions of our American Indians celebrating a good harvest or a victory over foes. It is rather a tribal social event, and a source of amusement, indulged in for the purpose of stirring the blood and getting up a little pleasurable excitement.

A level spot edged by a forest somewhere near their huts is chosen. Then, when night falls, a huge fire is built by the women and youngsters, while the young men who are to honor Terpsichore—or whoever their goddess of dancing may be—retire to arrange their toilets. This is done by chalking their bare, brown bodies with pipe clay in lines to represent zones; broad lines for the arms and legs, and narrow ones for the ribs. The orchestra consists of a lot of shields vigorously beaten, and accompanied by voices the reverse of tuneful. When the fire burns brightly, throwing the surrounding landscape into deeper gloom, and the hideous din of the war shields rends the sky, there suddenly emerges from the shadows of the woods what appears to the horror-struck spectator to be a company of skeletons. They execute a series of violent and curious contortions of the arms and legs, much resembling the performances of a pasteboard jumping jack, keeping time to the rhythmic clashing of the shields, then they suddenly vanish from view as if by magic. This disappearance, so surprising to see, is really very simple in execution; since the bodies of the dancers are only chalked in front, they have but to turn around to cause their dusky forms to vanish in the gloom of the background.

The uncertain gleam and flicker of the fire, bringing out some of the figures in bold relief while leaving others indistinct and ghost-like, with a Rembrandt effect of light and shadow, the intensified darkness of the surroundings, the anything but human gyrations of the skeletons, all conspire to make a scene suggestive of Dante's Inferno. The performers appear and disappear, continuing their wild gesticulations and getting more and more excited till at last they drop from exhaustion and the dance is over. Indeed, dancing to a finish is a characteristic common to all savage tribes.

TOLD OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS.*

A Witticism of Lawyer Evarts—A few years ago the celebrated Potter family, of which Bishop Potter is a member, held a reunion, the chief feature of which was a banquet. During the banquet the various heads of the different families of Potters arose and gave a short account of the pedigrees and deeds of their ancestors, and each head seemed to be able to demonstrate that their branch was the oldest and most renowned. After all the speakers had finished Hon. William M. Evarts, who was present as the legal adviser of the New York branch, was called upon for a speech and responded by saying that he felt there was little left for him to say, but after listening to the ancestry and history of the family he felt he could cast his eyes toward heaven and cry, "Oh, Lord! thou art the clay and we are the Potters."

Written in Collaboration—An ambitious youth once sent his first MS. to Dumas, asking the distinguished novelist to become his collaborateur. The latter was astounded at the impertinence. Angrily seizing his pen, he wrote: "How dare you, sir, yoke together a noble horse and a contemptible ass?"

He received the following reply:

"How dare you, sir, call me a horse?"

His anger vanished, and he laughingly penned the following:

"Send on your MS., my friend, I gladly accept your proposition."

A Dignified Remonstrance—Numerous are the stories told of the humor and ready wit of the late Lord Fitzgerald, but none is better than that of the discomfiture of a treasury official who was sent over from London to complain of excessive expenditure for fuel in the Lord Chief Justice's court. He was shown into his room, and proceeded gravely and formally to state his errand and to enlarge on the importance of economy in the matter of fuel. The Lord Chief Justice listened to him very patiently, and then rang the bell, and when the servant appeared, said:

"Tell Mary that the man has come about the coals."

Post-Prandial Oratory—Dr. Elisha Kane, on returning from his great Arctic exploration, was invited to a banquet in New York, where an after-dinner speaker talked an hour.

"Doctor, what did you think of the speaker?" asked a friend.

"It was like an Arctic sunset," answered the explorer.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Bright and interesting, but provokingly long in operation," replied the doctor.

President McCosh's Prayer—President McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out the notices to the students. The closing exercise was a fervent prayer by the

doctor. One morning after he had read the notices a student came up with a notice that Prof. Kargé's French class would be at nine o'clock that day instead of half-past nine as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Prof. Kargé would be much disappointed if the notice was not read. The exercises went on and the Doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the senators and representatives, the Governor of New Jersey, the Mayor, and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. Then Prof. Kargé's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: "And, Lord, bless Prof. Kargé, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of at half-past nine as usual."

When Teddy Spoke His Piece—When Theodore Roosevelt, the present Police Commissioner of New York, was a boy he was "Teddy" to nearly every one who knew him. One of the exceptions was the dignified master of the village "Academy." The master always said "Theodore." Then, as now in country schools, "speaking" took the place of the usual daily lessons on Friday afternoons. Each pupil declaimed in turn. On a particular Friday afternoon Teddy was expected to recite a certain stirring poem familiar to all budding aspirants to oratorical honors, called *Marco Bozzaris*. The first few lines run something like this:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power."

As Teddy's turn came nearer and nearer his buoyant nature became more and more depressed. "Theodore Roosevelt," called the master. The now limp youth walked painfully up to the platform, made his bow, and began:

"At midnight in his guarded tent
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knees——"

Here memory failed him. "Greece, her knees—Greece, her knees——Greece, her knees——" At this point the master, unable to resist the temptation, interrupted, "Grease her knees once more, Theodore, then maybe she will go!"

The Philosopher's Revenge—Herbert Spencer plays billiards rather well for a philosopher, and he is never wholly sorry when he wins the game. Once, at the Athenæum Club, he played fifty up with an antagonist, who began by putting the red into the top pocket, and getting into position for the spot stroke, and ran out without giving the author of *The Synthetic System* a chance of handling his cue. It was very provoking, and at last Mr. Spencer felt constrained to speak. "Sir," he said, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind; but adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a misspent youth."

* Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

We often use the phrase "to vegetate" to mean—the living of useless, idle, mechanical life. Such an application of the words, however, is a libel on plants. It is based, most assuredly, on a want of knowledge of the real life led by members of the vegetable kingdom. There is no exaggeration, and nothing derogatory to our own position, when we say that plants, like ourselves, are units in the great sum total of living and active beings; that they, like us, eat and drink that they may live; that they, too, like the human race, marry and rear families. We read in the *Saturday Review*, in an article on *The Life of Plants*:

The public have long contented themselves with assigning a limited and comparatively low degree of vitality to the vegetable kingdom. Animals wander at pleasure on the land, in the air or in the water.

The Life of Plants They quarrel and they love, and exhibit their sensations of pleasures and pains in ways intelligible to us. Plants remain rooted in the soil; for migration from place to place they await the caprice of the winds, the unconscious aid of animals, or the selfish intelligence of man. When we see the dung-beetle rolling up its ball of dung that its eggs may have warmth and its grubs food, we praise the patience and foresight of the animal; when we see the club-headed hairs of our English insect-eating sundew bend over to imprison its prey, we marvel at the devices of Nature. At the most, we attribute to plants a dull process of growth not very different from the formation of the crystal in the rocks. Accurate work upon the structure and functions of plants shows that such views are quite erroneous. The living part of plants is composed of protoplasm, precisely as in animals. In both this protoplasm is arranged in little masses, with separate individualities, called cells. In animal cells there is frequently no protective membrane or cell wall; when such exists, for the most part it is delicate, highly elastic and inconspicuous. In plant cells the wall is thick, nearly rigid, and is the most obvious structure when a tissue is placed under the microscope. But these thick cell-walls are not living; they are a dead framework formed by the living protoplasm of the cells, and serve merely as a supporting skeleton as mechanically separate from the living material as is the wooden trellis-work supporting a vine. The chief difference is that as the plant grows it adds to the thickness of its own trellis-work, and forms new meshes. Of course, the analogy is not exact, as the cell-walls form, not open meshes, but little hollow compartments. In the walls of these are numberless minute apertures, through which the protoplasm of adjoining cells is continuous, forming a common living mass from the top of the highest tree down to the tiniest hair on its roots.

This protoplasm is active, contractile, irritable, motile, like the protoplasm of animals. We can observe these attributes very easily in the hairs of plants and in the movements of leaves. We can arrest the functions by heat, electricity, and narcotics. There are also forms of vegetable life which are not rooted to one spot, but are equipped with organs by which they can move through the water. *Protococcus pluvialis*, in some of its stages, and *Volvox globator* are as lively in their motions as any microscopic animal which inhabits the pond. We have to regard plants as active living organisms. We have to recognize the fact that the fundamental phenomena of life are identical in plants and animals, and that the living material which exhibits the phe-

nomena is of a nature essentially the same in both. In this view nothing is more probable than that the mode of nutrition in plants should arrest our attention. Here we may quote again from the same article:

It used to be considered that the nourishment by the roots of a plant and its distribution by the circulation of the sap were mere mechanical processes. Now, however, we know that they depend upon the vital activity of the protoplasm of the plant. Animals and plants—in fact, all living protoplasm—require water, heat-giving or carbonaceous food, like starch or sugar, and flesh-forming or nitrogenous food, like lean beef or white of egg. Animals for the most part take these in by the mouth. They are absorbed in the gut and carried to the tissues by the blood. Green plants are able to build up their starchy food from the gases in the air. Water and nitrogenous food, in the form of simple, soluble salts, like nitrates, they absorb by the roots. Partly by the aid of special vessels or channels, partly along the continuous chain of protoplasm from cell to cell, these supplies, coming up from the roots and down from the leaves are distributed to every cell in the plant body. The older view was that all this happened in obedience to simple physical laws; the starch formed in the leaves was turned into sugar, and that diffused slowly through the tissues of the plant, just as a lump of sugar melting in a teaspoon at the surface of a cup of tea would gradually sweeten the whole. But it is found that living protoplasm will not allow soluble substances to diffuse through it as they would diffuse through dead material. Sometimes more, sometimes less passes through than would happen in obedience to the physical law. So also, the nitrates of the soil do not simply, dissolved in water, diffuse into the delicate hairs on the roots. These, in the first place, liberate an acid secretion which acts upon the particles of the soil and prepares them for absorption, just as the food of animals is prepared by the action of juices shed upon it, before it is absorbed by the blood. The cells of the roots, moreover, select and reject, taking less of some things and more of others than the laws of diffusion would dictate. In hot climates evaporation from the surface of the soil is sometimes so rapid that the water, coming up impregnated with salts from the subsoil, leaves these as a white crust on the surface of the ground. It was thought that the constant evaporation of water, from the immense area of the leaves of a plant, drew up a current of water which brought with it into the plant and left behind in the tissues the soluble salts of the soil. Evaporation from the leaves certainly assists the ascending current of nutrient sap; but this occurs under the regulation of the vital activity of the protoplasm of the cells. Evaporation of water does not take place all over the leaves. It occurs through a number of minute openings guarded each by a pair of cells which form movable lips. By the contraction of the protoplasm of these lips, sometimes the little mouths gape widely, sometimes they are compressed, and the amount of evaporation is in this way regulated by the needs of the plant. But even this is not a complete account of the protoplasmic regulation of the ascent of the sap. If the stem of an actively growing plant be cut across, and a tube containing mercury be attached in place of the foliage-bearing part, it can be seen that there is an upward pressure of the sap sufficient to sustain a considerable weight of mercury. The upward current goes on independently of evaporation, and this upward current is caused chiefly by active absorption on the part of the living protoplasm of the roots. An interesting illustration of this may be seen in plants grown in London. The roots are protected from the noxious in-

fluences of fogs and gases by the soil; but the delicate mouths of the leaves frequently become choked by dust and by a greasy deposit from fogs. When this happens, evaporation may cease almost entirely, but the roots continue to absorb water, and the plant not unfrequently dies in a condition of dropsy, the cells being bloated and turgid with water, and no longer able to discharge their normal functions.

For the perfect performance of the functions of life light is necessary. No light, no healthy life, may be taken to be an axiom. Experiments have been made to determine the effect on plant life of the several rays which go to make up sunlight. An account of some performed by the well-known French physicist, Flammarion, are given in the *Scientific American* under the title of *The Philosophy of Plants*:

A recent experiment made by the well-known French physicist, Camillo Flammarion, at the Agricultural and Climatological Experiment Station, at Juvisy, indicates plainly the effect of different colored light upon plants, and the result of special value, practically and theoretically, to plant physiologists and climatologists. It has been clearly shown by the various experiments that ordinary "colorless" light is represented by natural sunlight, because, when exposed only to it, health and natural growth reign. Colored light, according to the particular color used, causes either one-sided acceleration or retardation of the development of the plant. In his most interesting experiment, Flammarion adopted the plan of exposing sensitive plants (*Mimosa sensitiva*), which he raised from seed, to different colored light. These plants are specially sensitive to the effect of light and to touch, and were, therefore, well adapted for Flammarion's experiment.

He planted a number of seeds, and the seedlings, after they reached a height of about one inch, were planted in pots, in pairs, and placed in a hothouse, where each pot received the same quantity of light, and an even temperature prevailed, so that the plants were subjected to the same conditions. But the experimenter placed over some of the plants bells of green, red or blue glass, while others received the sunlight through the plain glass of the hothouse window. The effect of the colored light was soon perceptible in the development of the plants, and the more they developed the plainer this difference became, until at the end of two months the plants under the red glass were 16 inches high, those under the green glass measured only 5 inches, and those under the blue glass were only 1 inch high, while the plants that had been left in the colorless light were 4 inches high.

It must be remarked that a practical gardener would tell us there is a flaw in the experiment, as here recorded. The plants under the bell-glasses experienced more "forcing" than those which were uncovered; and therefore it is scarcely fair to compare the length attained by the covered plants with that of the uncovered. To make the test reliable there ought to have been a pot placed under a "colorless" bell. This does not, however, affect the relative effects of the three colors, red, green and blue.

The red light forced the plants most, for those subjected to it blossomed five weeks after the seeds were planted, and the stems were much longer than the stems of the other plants. The difference between them and those exposed to the blue light was most marked. The leaves of the latter were, indeed, dark green, whilst the leaves of those subjected to the red light were pale, poor in chlorophyll, but the plants themselves seemed unhealthy and stunted; they had gained nothing in height since they were

placed under the blue glass. Therefore it was proved that the blue light was not only an impediment, but an actual injury to vegetation. The effect of the red light was noticeable, not only in the growth of the plants, but also in their sensitiveness, for even the slightest touch, a breath, was sufficient to cause the leaves to close and the little stems to droop. The plants exposed only to white light were not easily affected, and those raised under blue glass were not at all sensitive. Those raised under white light must be considered normal. They were more stocky and showed a greater tendency to bud, but the buds did not open.

Flammarion extended his experiments to other kinds of plants, such as geraniums, strawberries, etc., but in all cases blue light proved injurious to vegetation, and plants that were exposed to its influence for months showed no development. All the functions of the plant organism seemed to be suspended. The fruit of strawberry plants developed under bells of different colors, but varied considerably in size and quality, as in some cases the leaves were developed at the expense of the fruit, and in other cases, as when the plants were exposed to blue light, growth was impeded in every way.

By making these investigations Flammarion has given an impulse to the study of the subject; and new results will be obtained which will be of practical use in gardening and the propagation of plants.

We have long been familiar with the effects of the electric light on the growth of plants. Siemens showed in 1880 that an arc light of 1400 candles at about two metres had the same action as daylight; he also ripened fruits by the light; and he demonstrated that plants do not require a time of rest, but will grow continuously in the electric light and stand a greater forcing heat. Now we hear of the application of electricity to the earth in which the plants grow. Some experiments of Norkevich Jodko are thus noted in an article in *The Electrical World*:

There are two methods in which he applied electricity, one of them consisting in placing a copper and a zinc plate in the earth and connecting them above the ground by a wire, thus producing a galvanic cell; the second method, which he seemed to prefer, consisting in "leading off the atmospheric electricity of the earth." Both are very simple; the latter is done by means of wooden poles about 30 feet high, the tops of which contain nickel-plated copper needles, insulated from the pole and connected through four radial wires to as many zinc plates in the ground; ten to fifteen of these poles are sufficient for a hectare (2½ acres); the cost per hectare is about \$7.50. The action of the current in both methods is a double one; it acts chemically in dissolving the parts of the earth necessary for nourishing the plants, making it easier for them to obtain the nourishment. He adds that electroculture can only be applied with advantage in rich soils, and that in poor soils the action is detrimental. The second action is a mechanical one, as it is claimed that the particles of the electrified earth are set into molecular vibration, thus loosening the earth; that the electric current produces such an action was claimed to be shown by some photographs of dust particles on glass plates under the influence of weak currents. . . . The principal results obtained are shown in a table of data covering a period of three years, the experiments having been made with rye, oats, barley, potatoes and hemp, the figures giving the yield with and without electroculture. Barley and potatoes at first gave negative results, but it was shown that the "electrocultivators" had been too numerous, and when their number was reduced, the yield was increased. The average increase seems to be between 25 and 50 per cent., in some cases

being nearly 100 per cent. The effect of the cultivators on fruit trees gave as good results.

The Electrical World also adds:

Specnew subjected the seeds of peas, beans, barley and roses for two minutes to the alternating current of an in-half the time, but otherwise it does not affect the plant; ex-half the time, but otherwise it does not affect the plant; experiments of others, however, have shown that the continuous but weak currents through the earth surrounding the roots have a favorable action, as has also the equalization of the atmospheric electricity, with that in the earth, through the plants or the neighboring earth; such a treatment of the seeds and the plants not only increases their growth, but also increases the relative amount of nourishment in the fruit; with beets, for instance, the amount of sugar and alcohol was increased appreciably, as was also the starch in potatoes.

Experiments such as these prove that the life of plants is as abstruse a matter as the life of animals; and that the vegetable physiologist has to solve problems kindred to those which present themselves to the animal physiologist. The realm of Botany has just as great fascination for those who endeavor to penetrate its mysteries as Zoölogy has; and the systematizer of the plants needs acumen equal to that which characterizes the naturalist who traces the chain of order among the animals. In the study of them we find ever-present evidence of those laws which so frequently, in the minds of some, are exclusively connected with the animal world—Heredity, Variation, the Struggle for Life and the Survival of the Fittest. In our gardens, our green-houses, and our hot-houses, every day, we see the results of man's interference by artificial selection, in the useful vegetables, the luscious fruits, and the gorgeous flowers. Yet there is a wider and richer range for all who care for beauty and mystery. The field and the forest, the wayside and the secluded glen, the plain and the mountain, the sandy dunes of the sea-shore and the swamp in the meadows, are free to all, and yield a wealth of interest and knowledge never appreciated until it is sought for, just as the diamond is naught until it is mined and polished. Well, indeed, did Longfellow sing:

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things."

What is it in their nature which draws the human heart towards them? Apart from any scientific interest, flowers have for ages been beloved by the human race. Their form, their fragrance, and their colors have attracted not only the lover, the poet, and the painter, but also the simplest child who delights to weave a daisy chain. And not merely the flowers, but the plants are dear. The laurel and the palm, in their rank, hold a higher place than the rose. Flowers and plants enter into man's emblems, folk-lore, and legends; with them we deck the house for seasons of mirth, with them we cheer the sick, with them we honor the dead.

One of the most striking and lavish, not to say wasteful uses of flowers, is a Spanish one recorded by W. N. Reid, in a late number of *The Strand Magazine*:

Not many of the butterfly visitors at Teneriffe (Canary Islands), have had an opportunity of witnessing the great

fiesta, which is very justly the pride of the natives. It is in the Villa Orotava that the festival of flowers takes place, that beautiful picturesque and aristocratic old town, which clings to the slope of the valley, right under the protecting wing of the majestic Peak.

A Carpet of Flowers

It has been the custom for many years, on the feast of Corpus Christi (the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and therefore varying from the middle of May to the middle of June), to bear the Sacred Host in procession through the streets, returning to the quaint little church by a slightly different route. The streets traversed by this solemn procession are literally carpeted with flower petals by the devout natives. For several weeks before the great day, flowers of all kinds are assiduously collected in baskets from the inexhaustible garden round about. After these have been sorted, according to color, they are torn to pieces and converted into opulent heaps of fragrant petals.

At dawn, on the morning of the fiesta, moulds of wood and cardboard are placed in position; and, later on, the baskets of petals are brought forward by scores of willing workers. Then, patiently and skilfully, the practised "artists" begin to fill in the designs with glowing petals. The background—the full width of each street excepting the footpaths—is usually of an effective dark green.

The street corners are adorned with larger and more ambitious pictures. Several houses en route, too, are noted for their own individual efforts, notably, the residence of the Monteverde family, before which, on the great day itself, may be seen an admiring crowd, studying the beautiful allegorical and religious devices wrought in flower petals on the ground. When all the coloring is deftly filled in, the moulds are withdrawn, leaving the always picturesque streets carpeted with many-colored flowers. The artists' handiwork is then carefully sprinkled with water, so as to keep it fresh until the procession shall come and tread it almost out of existence. Of course, the steepness of the streets adds materially to the unique beauty of the entire spectacle, because many of the floral "carpets" seem to be hung, so to speak, before one's eyes.

For two or three hours or so an invariably well-conducted crowd, in gala dress, streams up and down the pavements, halting here and there to admire the more striking designs. Among those good folks one searches in vain for a single heavy-footed barbarian, longing to run amuck among the lovely flower carpets.

As the hour approaches, most of the spectators betake themselves to the church, while the handful of strange visitors seek points of vantage—flat roofs and balconies—from which to view the procession and consequent immolations of the "carpets." The view of the whole function from above is truly lovely; the streets stretching away on every hand in the guise of gorgeous strips of variegated color. At the little "broadway" beyond, perhaps, is an irregular square, on which is vividly shown, in flower petals, a white cock, a monstrous cross, a crown of thorns, a golden chalice wonderfully shaded, and many other emblems of the Passion—all standing out against a pure white background.

Presently the entire pageant comes into view—white-robed boys, priests in splendid vestments and serried lines of chanting, crimson-robed "Brothers of the Lord." At this moment the different effects of color are very striking, as the procession moves through the flower-carpeted street. Seen from above, the red kerchiefs which cover the women's heads form a glowing mass, rivaling the widespread petals in variety, if not in beauty of coloring.

But the procession has faded in the distance now; the band strikes up a march, and the crowd surges into its wake. Coachmen rush off by side streets to get their vehicles. And then one realizes, swiftly, the full extent of the floral holocaust. Nothing remains but a scattered, pitiful covering of bruised petals, from which a faint perfume is wafted up appealingly to those who have witnessed the strange scene.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

THE NEW EDUCATION AND SCHOOL EXTENSION

WILLIAM T. HARRIS.....THE ARENA

The school is making a reading population of well-nigh the whole people in this country, and not merely in this country, but in all countries of Europe and America. The cheapening of the products of the printing press is making possible everywhere the family library. It is creating a public spirit in the towns, and causing public libraries to arise in towns and villages. We are just on the eve of an era of home reading such as has never before been witnessed in the world. The managers and directors of the schools everywhere hear the prophetic voice announcing this new era and proclaiming a new education which shall not only attend to the disciplinary studies of the school and to the acquirement of the conventional arts of reading and writing, the notation of numbers, the construction of maps and charts, and such semi-mechanical matters, but make its incursions into the most useful of arts for the home. The child in the school shall in his seventh or eighth year take lessons in cookery and learn those most valuable devices which will economize the raw materials of food and assist the vital forces by furnishing more palatable and more easily digested viands. One of the greatest wastes in the community will be lessened by this movement—a waste in precious articles of food and a waste in still more precious human strength. The school gives only an initiation in this important matter of the preparation of food. It does much, however, to provide a mass of people for the next generation fully educated not only theoretically in the science of food materials, but practically in the best devices for their preparation for consumption.

But the school must be improved by adding to it what is called school extension. We have seen enthusiastic people urging upon our universities the adoption of what has been called university extension. No one doubts that it is a good thing for the higher institutions of learning to take charge of the education of the people at large, to put as many of the people as possible into the process of self-education. But it is more important than this that the elementary school shall make itself a greater and greater power in the community by its influence upon pupils who have left school, and through the pupils who are in school upon the parents and other members of the family at home. The ideal of the new education demands that the country school shall see to it that something is done to direct the attention of its pupils upon the problems of practical life which concern agriculture and other rural arts. The wise man now feels it his duty to make a book and put his most useful discoveries into such form that the people may read it and learn to practice them. Professor Atwater has shown us the popular use that can be made of the most scientific insights into the processes by which food products are raised and by which they are fitted for consumption. Shall we not have agriculture reduced to a pedagogical form so that its fundamental principles may be taught in school in progressive lessons, just as the art of cookery is now taught?

Let the children in the agricultural community be properly educated in the elements of agriculture, and then let them be followed by school extension, and kept reading and studying in truly scientific and truly practical books, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the agricultural production of any community may be doubled in ten years' time.

School extension will look into the careers of pupils after they have left school and stimulate them to carry on their studies, and especially to apply their culture to the solution of the practical problems of their special vocations. Just as schools in agricultural districts will see to it that there is a plentiful supply of books in libraries for home reading relating to the practical arts of agriculture and to the sciences on which those arts are founded, so the school libraries in the cities and villages will be made to contain all of the most elementary and practical books relating to the arts practiced in the neighborhood, and to the sciences involved in those arts. It is well known that the greatest of all functions of the school remains, now as ever, the giving to the rising generation the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and that these great staple studies enable the child to combine with his fellow-men and avail himself of their wisdom through the printed page; but we know, too, that the schools have never done one-tenth of what is possible to be done in the way of assisting the child, and through him the parents, to reap the full value of these arts of reading and writing and intercommunication with one's fellow-men. We know that for the most part, these greatest of arts are allowed to rust unused in the lumber rooms of the minds of those pupils, who, after the strong stimulus of their school lives and the great promise of their early development, have allowed themselves to drop down into the deep furrows of use and wont—the ruts of mere mechanical habit. They have become drudges instead of directive powers in the community.

The new education will strive to save larger and larger percentages of the children for the higher life of directive power, and to diminish that dismal swarm of drudges that hang as a dead weight on the neck of the community.

It is not to be forgotten that, in this movement on the part of the schools to extend their influence beyond the schoolroom to the family, the larger portion of the reading must be of the nature of inspiration and stimulus, namely the works of the best literature—the poems and the novels. Almost every subject in modern reform is now treated in the novel; even political economy can be made a charming subject when undertaken by such an artist as Bellamy. A million of persons in the republic have read Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. School extension, therefore, we may be sure, will draw its readers into literature, and through literature carry them into the realms of natural history, physics, astronomy, and geology; into the realms of politics, political economy, criminology, history, jurisprudence, music, painting, and sculpture. It is the union of the school and library that furnishes the best practical method of school ex-

tension, and when there is a progress in learning that results in intellectual growth in the homes each person will be inspired with a spirit of adventure into new and untried fields.

THE NESTOR OF AMERICAN EDUCATION

DR. HENRY BARNARD AND HIS WORK.....DETROIT FREE PRESS

In this rushing end-of-the-century period it is easy for those of the active generation to lose sight and even memory of men who were conspicuous in an earlier day and to accept the monuments of their endeavors, however beneficial they may be, as fixed institutions, without giving much thought to the knowledge and labor necessary to make them successful. Take our magnificent public school system, probably the finest in the world, as an instance, how many persons not immediately interested in educational matters know anything about the struggles of the pioneers in the work of organizing and developing it from the crude and detached methods of the farther past into the splendid fabric of the present, with its incalculable power for the strengthening and upbuilding of our national life. To know that one of the ablest of these pioneers still lives will be pleasing information to every reader; to learn that his noble services in the cause of popular education have recently been fittingly commemorated will be even more gratifying.

Henry Barnard, to whom has been given the proud title of "Nestor of American education," was born in Hartford, Conn., January 24, 1811: and Monday, January 25, of this year, the day following the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth, was set apart by the Connecticut State Teachers' Association and by representative citizens of Hartford as "Barnard Day," in honor of this notable event, and the occasion celebrated by public exercises in the state capitol. It was also planned that an appropriate observance of the anniversary would be made in the public schools throughout the state, a programme of exercises having been arranged for that purpose. Dr. Barnard is still in good health, with unimpaired mental vigor, and resides in the home of his childhood, his office and library being the room in which he was born.

Henry Barnard's education began in the district school, which he attended till he had passed his twelfth year. He was next sent to an academy at Monson, Mass., and after a period in that institution he was prepared for college by a private tutor. A few months before he was sixteen years of age he entered Yale and graduated with honors in 1830, before he was twenty, achieving especial distinction on account of his oratorical powers. After leaving college he studied law, and was admitted to the bar at twenty-four. His vacations had been spent in travel in this country, and on completing his legal studies he went abroad, traveling through England, Scotland and Switzerland on foot, for the purpose of studying the social, scholastic and political conditions of those countries. During his travels he visited Carlyle, Wordsworth, De Quincy, Lockhart, Pestalozzi, Chalmers, Lord Brougham and other distinguished men. Returning to Hartford in 1836, he entered earnestly upon the work he had mapped out as his life's mission, the improvement of the educational institutions of his native country. In 1837 he was elected to repre-

sent his home city in the Connecticut Legislature, and in the following year he introduced an educational bill. His speech in presenting it produced such an effect that Roger Minot Sherman, the recognized leader of the house, moved a suspension of the rules for immediate action on the bill, and it was unanimously adopted by both houses of the Legislature. The bill created a board of school commissioners for the state, and Mr. Barnard was induced to accept the position of secretary of the board. He continued in this work until 1842, and by his endeavors education was made the leading question of the day, and his reports and suggestions are still considered standard educational documents. In 1842 the Connecticut Board of Education was abolished, and following the urgent advice of Governor Seward, of New York, and other leading men, Mr. Barnard delivered addresses in the principal cities of the country to arouse public sentiment in favor of organizing the educational systems of the different states. In 1843 Mr. Barnard became state superintendent of schools in Rhode Island, occupying the position till impaired health forced him to resign in 1849. During his work in Rhode Island he addressed over thirteen hundred educational meetings, and won the highest praise from the leading men of the state. In 1850 Mr. Barnard resumed his educational labors. Three calls came to him—one to the presidency of the University of Indiana, another to the chancellorship of the University of Michigan, and a third, which he accepted, from his own state, which gave him its highest educational positions, state superintendent of schools and principal of the Normal School. These positions he held four years, when ill-health again compelled him to resign. In 1858 he was able to resume his work in the educational field, and accepted the position of chancellor of the University of Wisconsin. Here he remained until 1860, devoting his energies mainly to the establishment of graded schools throughout the state. Severe nervous prostration compelled him to resign. In 1866 Dr. Barnard was elected president of St. John's College, Maryland, a position he resigned in the following year to become the first commissioner of education appointed by the United States government. He remained four years in Washington, during which time he organized the Bureau of Education, and issued four reports of a very valuable character, and it has been recorded as a striking fact, revealing the constructive character of Dr. Barnard's mind, that in the first report he advocated nearly every educational reform that has since been introduced into the United States.

In addition to his extraordinary labors as superintendent, lecturer and organizer, Dr. Barnard performed enough literary work to fill a library. The thirty-one volumes of his *American Journal of Education* and the fifty-two volumes of the *Library of Education* form the most complete encyclopedia of education ever issued. Every phase of educational work is treated exhaustively in these works. The *Westminster Review*, in speaking of the *Journal of Education*, said: "England has, as yet, nothing in the same field worthy of comparison with it," and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* says: "The *Journal* is by far the most valuable work in our language on the history of education."

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Col. Richard Malcolm Johnston, the novelist of Georgia dialect, is bereaved by the death of his wife, Frances Mansfield Johnston, in her sixty-eighth year. They were married when she was fifteen and Mr. Johnston twenty-two, and their golden wedding, not three years ago, was celebrated by a public reception at the Lyceum Theatre, in Baltimore, where both have resided since soon after the war.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, has entered into a contract with Major J. B. Pond to deliver next season a hundred lectures upon Italian art, together with readings from his own novels.

Paul Bourget, it will be remembered, brought and won a suit against his French publishers some months ago to compel them to give him an accounting. His example inspired his fellow-novelist Galdos to a similar course, and the Madrid lower court has pronounced in his favor. As in Bourget's case, there is no question of violation of contract, but the plea is that an author has a right to know from actual inspection of accounts, not merely from statements rendered, just how his books are selling.

August F. Jaccaci, who has been for several years art manager of Scribner's Magazine, has become the art editor of McClure's.

The Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, who was recently stricken with paralysis, is said to have been writing his reminiscences at the time illness overtook him. Whether they are completed or not is unknown, but fragments at any rate are expected to appear soon in Paris.

Joel Chandler Harris says that his Uncle Remus is a composite of three or four old negroes whom he knew as a boy, and that his Brer Rabbit stories are for the most part plantation tales.

A number of unpublished letters by Mme. de Staël have been found which were addressed to the Czar Alexander I. Another discovery is a number of letters which were sent to Bossuet.

Bram Stoker, who stands in Henry Irving's place to the outside world, has accompanied him on all his trips to this country. He is an athletic man, with pointed blonde beard and the shoulders of a college oarsman. He is an Oxford graduate, the author of at least one novel. At the Water's Mou', from which a reading was given in Current Literature for November, 1895, and a man particularly adapted to the various duties which he is called upon to perform as Irving's personal representative.

"Ouida" has already another short novel in the press, although *Le Selve* has been out but a few weeks. The new story shows the difficulty of putting ideas of social equality into practice. The title is *The Altruist*.

It transpires that the hero in Miss Lillian Bell's *Little Sister to the Wilderness* is drawn from life, the Rev. Thomas Dixon of the Peoples' Church, New York City, having been identified as the original.

Miss Pond, the daughter of Major Pond, has been associated with her father in the lecture-managing business for some time, but she has made her

first venture alone this year, when she has taken the negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, to England for the season.

Theodore Sedgwick Fay, who was associated with N. P. Willis and George P. Morris in editing *The New York Mirror*, more than sixty years ago, is still living in Berlin, at the age of ninety. Three novels from his pen, *Norman Leslie*, *Countess Ida* and *Hoboken*, a Romance of New York, were once very popular. A few years ago he wrote a history of Germany.

Russia's celebrated historian, Prof. Alexander Buchner, is dead. He was sixty-two years of age, and was born in St. Petersburg. Prof. Buchner was a student of Heidelberg, and his German tendencies were continually proving an obstacle to his advancement in Russia. In spite of them he occupied the chair of Russian history in most of the large universities in Russia at different times. Most of his numerous contributions to Russian history were written in German, though a few were in his native language.

The life of Tennyson, on which his son, the present lord, has been for some time at work, has now gone to the press. It is to be published in two good-sized volumes in the autumn.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new book is a collection of nine short stories grouped under the title of *A Story-Teller's Pack*.

Mr. Benson, of Dodo fame, is writing a novel of Greek life—of Greece at the time of her struggle with the Turks seventy years ago. It is to be published as a serial before coming out in book form.

A recent sale of books in London brought out a curious fact. It was a presentation copy of Keats's poems, 1817, first edition, with the autograph, "To W. Wordsworth, with the author's sincere reverence," and brought \$230, but Wordsworth had never even cut the leaves.

Henry Altemus, of Philadelphia, has ready for publication a new child-life story, called *Trif and Trixy*, by John Habberton, of Helen's Babies fame.

Pierre Loti has appealed through the French press for funds to equip a number of hospital ships upon the coast of Ireland, to which fishermen may be taken for treatment when ill.

The *Arena* is now under the editorial charge of Dr. John Clark Ridpath and Miss Helen H. Gardner.

M. François Coppée, through ill health, has been obliged to stop all work. Having undergone an operation, at the last accounts he was at Pau, with a fair chance of recovery.

The house in which Bishop Clement C. Moore wrote his immortal ballad, 'Twas the night before Christmas, is still standing in West Twenty-second street, New York City, the same street in which lived S. F. B. Morse, who invented the telegraph. The poem was written about 1840, for the amusement of the author's own children.

Mr. Ruskin is in good health again, but still abstains from all literary work. Ruskin and Emerson met at Oxford about twenty-five years ago, and their first impressions of each other were not complimentary. "I found Emerson's mind a total blank," said Ruskin to a friend, "in matters of art." "I found myself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views," said Emerson; "I wonder such a genius can be possessed of such a devil."

A dinner was given to the venerable poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, on the evening of March 25, by the Authors' Club of New York City. "More than one hundred and fifty representatives of literature, the arts and the sciences combined in paying testimony to their personal esteem for Mr. Stoddard, to their high regard for him as an author and to their appreciation of his services to literature," says the N. Y. Tribune. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the banker-poet, proposed the health of the guest of the evening in an eloquent speech, to which Mr. Stoddard responded in the following ode, composed for the occasion:

Gentlemen: If I have any right
To come before you here to-night
It is conferred on me by you,
And more for what I tried to do
Than anything that I have done.
A start, perhaps, a race not won!
But 'tis not wholly lost, I see,
For you, at least, believe in me.
Comrades, nay, fellows, let me say,
Since life at most is but a play,
And we are players, one and all,
And this is but a curtain call,
If I were merely player here,
And this assumption of his part,
I might pretend to drop a tear,
And lay my hand upon my heart
And say I could not speak, because
I felt so deeply your applause!
I cannot do this, if I would;
I can but thank you, as I should,
And take the honors you bestow—
A largess; not a lawful claim;
My share thereof is small, I know,
But from your hands to-night is fame—
A precious crown in these pert days
Of purchase or of self-made bays!
You give it—I receive it, then,
Though rather for your sake than mine.
A long and honorable line
Is yours—the Peerage of the Pen,
Founded when this old world was young,
And need was to preserve for men
(Lost else) what had been said and sung.
Tales our forgotten fathers told,
Dimly remembered from of old;
Sonorous canticles and prayers,
Service of elder gods than theirs
Which they knew not: the epic strain
Wherein dead people lived again!
A long, unbroken line is ours;
It has outlived whole lines of kings,
Seen mighty empires rise and fall,
And nations pass away like flowers—
Ruin and darkness cover all!
Nothing withstands the stress and strain,
The endless ebb and flow of things,
The rush of Time's resistless wings!
Nothing? One thing, and not in vain,
One thing remains: Letters remain!

Your art and mine, your more than mine,
Good fellows of the lettered line,
To whom I owe this Curtain Call,
I thank you all, I greet you all.
Noblesse oblige! But while I may,
Another word, my last, may be:
When this life-play of mine is ended,
And the black curtain has descended,
Think kindly as you can of me,
And say, for you may truly say,
"This dead player, living, loved his part,
And made it noble as he could,
Not for his own poor personal good,
But for the glory of his art!"

Among the other speakers were Frank R. Stockton, Laurence Hutton, George Haven Putnam, Parke Godwin, Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, and Richard Watson Gilder, who in the course of his remarks quoted from *The Flown Bird*, one of the most beautiful of Mr. Stoddard's poems:

The maple leaves are whirled away,
The depths of the great pines are stirred;
Night settles on the sullen day,
As in its nest the mountain bird.
My wandering feet go up and down,
And back and forth, from town to town,
Through the lone woods and by the sea,
To find the bird that fled from me.
I followed, and I follow yet,
I have forgotten to forget.

My heart goes back, but I go on,
Through summer heat and winter snow;
Poor heart, we are no longer one,
We are divided by our woe.
Go to the nest I built, and call,
She may be hiding after all,
The empty nest, if that remains,
And leave me in the long, long rains.
My sleeves with tears are always wet,
I have forgotten to forget.

Men know my story, but not me,
For such fidelity, they say,
Exists not—such a man as he
Exists not in the world to-day.
If his light bird has flown the nest,
She is no worse than all the rest;
Constant they are not, only good
To bill and coo, and hatch the brood.
He has but one thing to regret,
He has forgotten to forget.

All day I see the ravens fly,
I hear the sea-birds scream all night;
The moon goes up and down the sky,
And the sun comes in ghostly light.
Leaves whirl, white flakes about me blow—
Are they spring blossoms or the snow?
Only my hair! good-bye, my heart,
The time has come for us to part.
Be still, you will be happy yet,
For Death remembers to forget!

Ripley Hitchcock, the secretary of the Committee on Arrangements, read the numerous letters of regret, expressing good wishes, from A. Conan Doyle, W. D. Howells, Donald G. Mitchell (Ik Marvel), Charles Scribner, Maarten Maartens, Alphonse Daudet, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, John Bigelow, Edward Everett Hale, Hall Caine, William Winter, William Sharp, George F. Hoar, James Whitcomb Riley and Edith M. Thomas.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

The Works of Lord Byron, Andrew Lang, The Bookman

The Works of Lord Byron. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. I., Letters: 1804-13. The Macmillan Co.—Our generation is not likely to know all that is to be known about Byron. There are probably documents in reserve, in addition to accessible new documents. But Mr. Henley has begun a new edition of his Letters and other remains in prose, with copious and very entertaining notes. Even specialists will find Mr. Henley's notes more than adequate in the matter of biography and elucidation of events and allusions, also as pictures of the age. A few remarks on details are made below. Certainly, if we are to understand Byron, we must understand his milieu, "bigoted yet dissolute," with other veracious antitheses. Perhaps one generation is not much more dissolute than another. Byron and his coevals may remind one of the Duke of Wharton and his. Byron could not well be much more dissolute than Wharton, of whom Atterbury was so fond; and Wharton's genius might, perhaps, have rivalled Byron's, if he could have abstained from drink and the service of the king over the water. Both men were young, noble, notorious, full of power—and spoiled. Mr. Henley regards Byron as "the master poet" of the generation, and here I am, in one sense, unable to follow him. Even setting Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott aside as seniors, men of an elder generation, I am obliged to regard Keats and Shelley as poets infinitely greater than Byron. But, as their generation stoned them, while to Byron it listened eagerly, there is a sense in which Byron is undeniably its "master poet." Now the great Byron mystery is not Mrs. Beecher Stowe's legend, nor anything else that can be elucidated by documents, either in Mr. Henley's or in Mr. Murray's promised edition. The real mystery is the division of opinion about Byron's poetical merits. Mr. Henley has Scott, Goethe, Mr. Arnold, and the opinion of Byron's Europe on his side. On mine might be reckoned Thackeray and Mr. Swinburne in his later humor, and, perhaps, the common consent of the little flock which still cares for poetry. All the members of the little flock, to be sure, are not exactly allies with whom one would gladly march through Coventry. A person who ventures to think that Byron, as a poet, was egregiously over-rated, must be content to be called a prig, a sniffer, and so forth. The public which does not read poetry takes Byron for granted, and assumes that these epithets are well deserved. But a man can only say what he thinks! I am as much convinced as Mr. Henley can be of Byron's vigor, his powers of satire, his sensibility to what is great in nature, and to certain captivating ideas, Freedom and the like. On the other hand, I miss in him the indefinable essence of poetry, that which we admire in the great Elizabethans, and Cavaliers, in Milton, and in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson; nay, even in "Miss Byron," Alfred de Musset. Byron seems to me to be, as a writer, a poet of Pope's generation, who has read Scott, lives after the French

Revolution, has travelled, and has had adventures. If Wharton (the Duke) could have lived when Byron did, he might have been a poet like Byron, and might have lacked exactly what in Byron one misses. Not only the indefinable poetical essence is absent in Byron, but his technique, and even his grammar, are often deplorable. In an essay of Mr. Hayward's, the passages chosen to prove Byron's superiority in lucidity to Tennyson usually defy construction. And these are chosen passages. Byron's blank verse will scarcely be defended by any mortal.

These are enormous drawbacks, yet Byron won almost every contemporary suffrage, and still holds many. Why? This is the Byron mystery. One allows for reclamation, the reclamation of Byron's youth, beauty, rank, wit; for his legend—the queer romantic tales that Goethe believed. One allows for the novel element, the combination of Scott's still peculiar measures (very ill done) with Oriental romance, and the gloomy Byronic corsair. One allows for Byron's fine large topics, Greece, the sea, ruined empires, tempest, freedom; and probably the combination of so many obviously captivating things, poetical and personal, carried the contemporaries of Byron off their feet. The tradition swayed Mr. Arnold, but was wasted on Thackeray. A great deal, at lowest, remains to Byron, a unique place in letters, but for that poetic essence which lives in the works of the highest poets, I still think that one looks to Byron in vain. But it is too early to reiterate these heresies, if they are heresies. When Mr. Henley comes to publish Byron's poems, he may be able to convert one, though conversion is difficult in a question determined for every man by intuition.

On Byron's character it is vain to waste words. What character could one expect in a man of his education, position, passions, and hereditary qualities? In his earliest letters we find him damning, boasting of being drunk, and talking about "crimcons" to a Miss Pigot, with whom he had "a charming friendship." His mother he speaks of in the tone we know, though his letters to "The Honorable Mrs. Byron" (he would call her "Honorable") are not wanting in respect. He was never at ease with his title, as other young men of rank were at ease. He was an inveterate poseur; thus he writes of Lords Aberdeen and Elgin,

"Come, pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see"

in the way of Greek remains. The Pilgrim was really bored by Greek remains. He "unreservedly avowed," says Moore, "the little value he had for these relics of ancient art." He was the same in everything, "that man never was sincere." He had noble impulses, but all was evanescent. He was the fanfaron of his vices, and may very well have been less vicious than he pretended. Mr. Henley thinks he only had, perhaps, one friend, Lord Clare, though so many were anxious to be friendly. Without going into details and disputed points, it is not an amiable character, but nothing short of a moral miracle could have saved a man born and trained as

Byron was. Again, Scott, Moore, perhaps Shelley, who knew him, saw him in another and a happier light; while Leigh Hunt (whom I cheerfully hand over to Mr. Henley's mercies) saw him in a worse.

Hardy's Well-Beloved... ..*New York Tribune*

The Well-Beloved. A Sketch of a Temperament. By Thomas Hardy. Harper & Brothers.—For the first time in his career Mr. Hardy has written an ambiguous book, one that leaves a vague, indeterminate impression or that, if it touches the imagination at all with vividness, does so like a flare of jagged light across a serene sky. Hitherto the great interpreter of Wessex life, which means also of human life in its largest sense, has kept close to nature, and save for the early, melodramatic Desperate Remedies, his work has been distinguished by a peculiar unity, a peculiar sanity. In *The Well-Beloved* we have little, if any, of the old repose. Mr. Hardy has for the nonce abandoned the well-worn grooves of human experience in which he has always found so much that was new and profoundly moving. He has let his fancy go, audaciously, wildly, in the exploitation of a figment of his brain whom he calls at one point of the narrative "The Wandering Jew of the Loveworld." It ought not to be surprising, perhaps, that the book fails to ring true. "His life seemed no longer a professional man's experience," he says in describing Jocelyn Pierston, "but a ghost story." A ghost story to be enthralling must have at least a genuine ghost in it. But the hero of this novel is neither a ghost nor a man, neither true nor false, but a strange inconceivable individual for whom Mr. Hardy can extort no more respect, no more permanent regard, than though he was himself a fifth-rate novelist dealing with a third-rate subject. The truth is that the subject of *The Well-Beloved* is not necessarily of a minor character. In Poe's hands it could have been developed into a masterpiece. Under Mr. Hardy's treatment it makes no appeal at all to the imagination which is ready and willing to grant him his fundamental points.

It is on those points that *The Well-Beloved* goes to pieces. It is credible that a man, especially such a man as Jocelyn Pierston is represented to be, might pursue his ideal through the world, constantly identifying her in a new personality. Some men are like that. But that any man should take it into his head to regard each reincarnation of the goddess as literally a reincarnation, so that the various women in whom he sees her are mere shells inhabited at various times by the self-same spirit, is something that it stretches credulity to believe. One may grant a certain amount of definiteness to the man's own view of the matter. But Jocelyn Pierston is altogether too definite, and when we are told that he was aware, in his teens, of all that his emotions meant, we feel that Mr. Hardy is trifling with the roots of that human nature which he, more than most modern novelists, knows instinctively. It is permissible to write a fantastical romance, but when the fantasticality is frankly combined with what purports to be truth, then that truth should be made as plausible as ever it could be made—the fancy and the fact must balance. In *The Well-Beloved* all is amorphous and doubtful. When the hero

grasps the fact that the first incarnation of his love was the most potent, and seeks to renew it by loving the daughter of the woman, there is some reasonableness in the situation. When the granddaughter arrives upon the scene and recaptures his heart, she seems to do it by virtue of Mr. Hardy's ingenuity, not through any natural volition imaginable in life.

This unfortunate impression is assisted by the style of the book. Where did Mr. Hardy learn to write as he has written in these pages? The strength is gone and the poetry, except in a few widely separated places. The feeling for nature remains, and there is a hint of the old touch in those chapters which have to do with the ancient promontory, the Isle of Slingers, to which the scene is constantly shifting. But there are some things in this book, like the account of the reception at Lady Channelcliffe's, in the first chapter of Part Second, which might have been written by any of the "society" novelists of the day. How cheap and flat it seems to find Mr. Hardy committing to paper banalities like these: "But he still moved on searchingly, hardly heeding certain spectral imps other than Aphroditean, who always haunted these places, and jeeringly pointed out that under the white hair of this or that ribboned old man, with a forehead grown wrinkled over treaties which had swayed the fortunes of Europe, with a voice which had numbered sovereigns among its respectful listeners, might be a heart that would go inside a nutshell; that beneath this or that white rope of pearl and pink bosom might lie the half-lung which had, by hook or by crook, to sustain its possessor above ground till the wedding day." To read this with the memory of, say, the introduction to *The Return of the Native* in one's mind, is to groan in the spirit. On the whole it seems a great pity that Mr. Hardy did not let this tale lie in the pages of the periodicals through which it first ran a couple of years.

Dr. Eggleston's History...*Paul L. Ford*...*The Book Buyer*

The Beginners of a Nation: A History of the Source and Rise of the Earliest English Settlements in America, with Special Reference to the Life and Character of the People. By Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co.—The present volume, though issued as a complete work, is announced in the preface to be the first part of a synthetic "history of life in the United States"; and that it is, in fact, but half of this first part is proved by its own limitations, for the volume treats of only the beginnings of Virginia, Maryland, and New England, the Dutch, Swedish, and later English settlements being reserved for another work. The book therefore must be judged not merely as a study of the particular migrations and settlements which it discusses, but also, in a larger sense, as a fragment of what is undoubtedly the most ambitious American-history undertaking since Bancroft. Should Dr. Eggleston's energy and patience last to the completion of his scheme on the same scale adopted in this earliest contribution, fifty volumes will be none too few; for even in the present work, with its narrow range, he himself is careful to note purposed hiatus of subjects here and there, reserved for future volumes. In truth, the first volume does not in its method depart very markedly from the older histories, being

far more a history of events than a history of life; but this is the sole resemblance to the older works. and even the comparison, though forced upon the reviewer by the distinction implied in the title, *The Beginners of a Nation*, does Dr. Eggleston a certain injustice. All clearing of ground in preparation for a crop must have a certain resemblance, the true difference comes only after the seeding; yet even in this preparatory work the author, both in his text and in his well-selected and valuable excerpts, gives, here and there, most striking and picturesque glimpses of life in by-gone days.

It is Dr. Eggleston's distinction never to be dull. Even when discussing the dry bones of Puritanism's struggle with vestments and the cross, or its more personal conflicts with Anabaptism, Antinomianism, and all the other bugbear beliefs of that time of religious issues, he vivifies them by his own delightful style and richness of metaphor until they verily seem flesh-and-blood issues. He has, too, a keen sense of humor, however kept in restraint; and one has but to read of the Puritan in the literature of his day, whether it be Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair or the Records of the Corte of the Massachusetts Bay, to know how admirably the subject lends itself to humorous treatment. Finally, the author is scrupulously fair-minded in his general view, and though he has his favorite men and measures, as is inevitable with any thinking being, yet there is a balance shown throughout which indicates the judicial faculty of the true historian.

If the book is to be broadly blamed, it must be chiefly on the proportion of part to part, and this inevitably is largely a personal view dependent on the magnitude which events hold in each person's opinion. But it seems as if the fifty pages devoted to the Roger Williams schism, and the fourteen to the founding of Connecticut, are out of all relation to each other. Williams, it is true, was the first apostle of religious freedom, but his schism accomplished nothing but the founding of a new colony made out of such heterogeneous elements that for a century and a half it was a synonym for disorder and lawlessness; and when religious toleration at last came to pass, its true initiative began in quite another quarter, and owed nothing to this earlier attempt. Then, too, it must never be forgotten that before the Williams movement the Dutch at New York had established a practical toleration, of which persecuted sectaries were already availing themselves. The Connecticut secession, on the contrary, with its underlying and fundamental demand for democratic government, and with its continuous growth and development, marks a distinct milestone in the history of "life." So, too the relative fullness of treatment given to Williams and to Cotton seems out of relation to each other. Cotton dominated the thought of his time to such an extent that, as Dr. Eggleston points out, there was practically room for no other clergyman of force in the colony; but one must search obscure corners to find any influence of Williams' mind upon his generation. He has been read into importance by the present century, because he stood for a principle that still has life in it; just as Cotton, standing for the true questions of his generation, has waned in reputation as what he stood for have

become dead issues. But to the historian, and especially to one trying to depict the life of the people, and therefore, necessarily, their thoughts, Cotton is incomparably the most important and illuminating figure in the history of Puritan New England. Only when the fact is thoroughly grasped that every theological question in that day had its political residuum, and that every political question involved a theological difficulty, can the influence of the man be duly estimated. It does not seem as if Dr. Eggleston has grasped the full significance of what real Puritanism, stripped of its absurdities and inconsequences, meant; though for a moment, in describing what its influence must have been on the dullards of Scrooby, he suggests it. There is as much exaltation, as much that is stimulative, in religious conflict as in battle; and the true Puritans—and by that name is meant the serious-minded in every generation, whether they be typified by the priestly Piers Ploughman, fighting the sins of his own church, or the separatist John Cotton, fighting all churches but his own—have fought a finer battle than those which have decided the fate of kingdoms. It is a pleasure to read so interesting a book. Should the standard set in this first volume but be maintained, a history approaching very close to what is called a "classic" will have been added to our literature.

Beatrice Harraden's New Novel.....London Speaker

Hilda Strafford, A California Story. By Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead & Co.—Few persons will easily forget the delight with which they read Miss Beatrice Harraden's tale called *Ships that Pass in the Night*. That delicate sketch in monochrome made a direct appeal not only to the sympathies but to the intellectual appreciation of a great circle of readers, and secured for its author an abiding place in the favor of the public. Miss Harraden's new story, Hilda Strafford, does not compete in subtle charm with *Ships that Pass in the Night*. Like the earlier tale, it is pitched in a minor key, and is full of a pathos which is all the stronger because it is never forced upon the attention of the reader; but it lacks a good deal of the quiet humor which contributed so largely to the success of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. On the other hand, it is a very powerful story, in which the theme is handled with a mingled force and self-restraint that can only be described as masterly. It is the story of a brave man's fight against difficulties, and of how he is crushed at last by the selfishness of a woman whom he loved. Hilda Strafford, the wife who breaks her husband's heart, not in cruelty of faithlessness, but in sheer inability to attune her soul to his, and to make the sacrifices which love and duty alike demanded of her, is a striking character, and the author, with that quiet, unobtrusive skill which distinguishes her art, succeeds in making her a reality to all who read the book. One feels rather sorry, indeed, for Hilda when, at the close of the story, she leaves the Californian fruit-farm where her short married life had been spent, and goes back to England empty-handed, leaving her husband in his grave, and not taking with her the love of the one man to whom she could have given her heart unreservedly. Though Hilda Strafford is not a book like *Ships that Pass in the Night*, it is a very fine piece of work.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS*

—Tom—(reflectively)—Odd, but that messenger boy is a paradox. Jack—In what way? Tom—Well, he's neither the quick nor the dead.

—He—I wonder what the meaning of that picture is? The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude. She—Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the artist call the picture? He (looking about)—Oh, I see. It's written on a card at the bottom. "Sold."

—"What is that big chest in the attic of which grandma thinks so much?" "That, my son, is the trunk of the family-tree."

—A maid with a duster

Once made a great bluster

A-dusting a bust in the hall;

And when it was dusted

The bust it was busted,

And the bust now is dust.

That is all.

—A man doesn't really know what his will power is until it is passed upon by the courts.

—First doctor—Well, that's just like these actresses! Second doctor—What is? First doctor—Why, that Miss May Cupp won't let us look into her head with the X-ray until she makes up her mind.

—"This is a well-read man," remarked the doctor, as he examined the Indian patient and found him in good health.

—She—The Misses Brown usually sing duets, do they not? He—Yes; they divide the responsibility.

—A woman had the nerve to ask for a seat for her dog in the Empire Theatre the other night. The manager promptly furnished a coupon for "K 9."

—She—Was the piece well done? He—Oh, yes; the critics roasted it.

—Green authors are generally blue till they're read and then they often turn white.

—There was a young lady of Crewe

Who wanted to catch the 2:02;

Said the porter, "Don't hurry,

Or scurry, or flurry;

It's a minute or 2 2 2:02."

—"His cause died with him," said the hunter when he shot the black crow.

—Mrs. Porkcash (affably, having spent the whole afternoon looking at pictures, without buying one)—My dear Mr. Canvas, I wonder, now, if there is anything vainer than you artists about your pictures? Poor Artist—Our efforts to sell them, madame.

—Pat—They do say the car nixt the injine be the most dangerous. Mike—Begorra, then, why don't they lave it off?

—"You ain't forgot dat maximum I tole you yestiday, is you, Sammie?" "No, grand-dad. 'A bird in de han' is wuff two on de roost.'"

—Tacker—That sailors' chorus was awful. What was the matter? Stage Manager—The tars could n't get the right pitch.

—"I wonder why they ever hung that picture." "Probably because they could n't catch the artist."

—"The use of electricity," said Bilkins, "doesn't seem to be such a modern idea after all." "How is that?" asked Wilkins. "Well, you see, Noah must have used the ark light."

—"This bosom," she coldly remarked, "has never known love." "A breast of the times," he faltered, and shuddered.

—First Hen—Why don't you revenge yourself on the master for killing and eating your husband? Second Hen—Oh, I'm laying for him.

—"Are you my own sweet potato?" he asked tenderly. "I yam," she replied, with heartfelt affection.

—"Ah, I think that wood-chopper's song is delightful." "Wood-chopper's song?" "Yes; that one about nearing the end of the job, you know, the—ah—'Last Chord.'"

—Mrs. Tenspot (reading)—Ex-Premier Crispi, of Italy, is taking a course of mud baths near Padua. Mr. Tenspot—Why, I read somewhere that he was out of politics.

—Fond Mother—What do you think baby will be when he grows up? Exasperated Father—I don't know; town crier, likely.

—Hicks—That man is always blowing about his work. Snicks—Yes? Hicks—Yes; he's a blacksmith.

—"Well," said the new legislator, "I performed my first duty for my constituents to-day." "What?" "I voted in favor of adjournment."

—"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?" "Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.

—She—How would you punctuate the following: "Ten dollar bills, for such they were, were blown down the street by the wind?" He—I think I would make a dash after the ten dollar bills.

—Ted—How did that English nobleman manage to borrow money from Chollie? Ned—On being introduced he asked him if he wasn't born on the other side.

—"So he's studying medicine?" "Yes." "He'll never succeed." "Why?" "He lacks patience."

—He—It must be dreadful when a professional singer knows she has lost her voice. She—But it is still more dreadful when she is not aware of the fact.

—Gotham—And so you had a squally passage over. Sayles—Yes; you see the ship had twin propellers.

—Poet's Wife—The wolf is gnawing at the door. Poet—Let him eat it; we can't.

—The Oyster—Here, you! Please keep out of my shell. The Crab—You shellfish old thing!

—"Where there's a will there's a weigh," remarked the fat man after cheating the penny-in-the-slot machine.

—She (coming up suddenly)—Where did that wave go? He (coughing and strangling)—I swallowed it.

—"That settles it," said the cook, as she dropped the eggs in the coffee.

* Compiled from Contemporaries.

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An Old Mexican City: Edwardes Roberts, F. L. Pop. Mo.
Antarctic Exploration: A. H. Markham..North Am. Rev.
At the Cape of Good Hope: Poultney Bigelow..Harper's.
Bangor, Maine: Edward Mitchell Blanding...N. E. Mag.
From Home to Throne in Belgium: C. DeGraffenried, Har.
London Parks: Charles Dana Gibson.....Scribner's.
Mining Camps of the West: Sam Davis.....Chaut.
Ocean Crossings: Lewis Morris Iddings...Scribner's.
On the Mississippi to New Orleans.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
Paris the Magnificent: H. H. Ragan.....Chautauquan.
The English Holland: Henry E. Shelley....N. E. Mag.
The Miracles of the Greek Fire: R. W. Gilder..Century.
The Place of Wailing: Cecil Burleigh...F. L. Pop. Mo.
Two Chinese Funerals: Beulah Carey Gronlund....Lipp.
Wheeling in Tyrolean Valleys: Geo. E. Waring, Jr., Cent.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Cuba.....J. B. Hope.....Atlanta Constitution

(Originally published in 1858.)

O'er thy purple hills, oh, Cuba!
Through thy valleys of romance,
All thy glorious dreams of freedom
Are but dreamt as in a trance.

Mountain pass and fruitful valley—
Mural town and spreading plain
Show the footsteps of the Spaniard,
In his burning lust for gain.

Since the caravel of Colon
Grated first upon thy strand,
Ev'ry thing about thee, Cuba,
Shows the iron Spanish hand.

Hear that crash of martial music?
From the plaza how it swells!
How it trembles with the meaning
Of the story that it tells!

Turn thy steps up to Artares—
There was done a deed of shame!
Helpless men were coldly butchered—
'Tis a part of Spanish fame.

Wander now down to the Punta—
Lay thy hand upon thy throat—
Thou wilt see a Spanish emblem
In the dark and grim garrote.

In the Moro—in the Market—
In the shadow—in the sun—
Thou wilt see the bearded Spaniard,
Where a gold piece may be won.

And they fatten on thee, Cuba!
Gay Soldado—cunning priest—
How these vultures flock and hover,
On thy tortured breast to feast!

Thou Prometheus of the ocean,
Bound down—not for what thou'st done—
But for fear thy social statue
Should start living in the sun!

And we give thee tears, oh Cuba!
And our prayers to God uplift,
That at last the flame celestial
May come down to thee—a gift!

The Dollar.....B. F. Cochran.....Omaha World-Herald

A bright, round dollar rolled on its way,
And I said, "Hello, my friend, please stay
Your onward course. Why not stop here?"
It checked its speed, and then for fear
Of falling flat upon the ground,
It turned and circled round and round,
And flashed its charms upon my sight,
As with a true coquette's delight.

"Establish your claim, if any you have,
I'm nobody's fool, and nobody's slave,"
Said the coin, while keeping just out of my reach.
"Although I serve, I command and I teach.
I am worshiped by beggar and lord and king;
I measure the value of everything;
I prompt men's efforts and lead their desires;
I bring them their food and feed their fires.

"The highest power in all the land
Is mine for protection and mine to command.
I roll through the winding channels of trade,
My imprint avails, I pass unweighed.
I dazzle the eyes of proud millionaires,
And see common rivals racing like hares
To win me and catch my coveted smiles,
And trying all sorts of witless wiles."

"Miss Dollar," said I, "you're a mystery;
You're a wonder, indeed, to a stranger like me;
Jump into my pocket and rest awhile;
I suppose you have traveled many a mile."
"Oh!" said the dollar, "I never get tired;
To be 'on the go' is what's desired;
My mission allows no time for rest,
When I am hidden I lie unblest."

Perplexed at this, I prompt replied,
"How, then, may one in you confide,
And how in the world can wealth increase,
If as soon as you're caught you can force a release?
What is your mission of which you speak,
And what is in it that men should seek?
Is it enough for such as I,
To 'sit on the fence and see you go by'?"

"Again," said the dollar, "I'm called upon
To teach, as I so often have done,
What even a child should be able to see—
I do not bring wealth, but wealth brings me.
Wherever there's wealth to be exchanged,
And mutual faith is not deranged,
I serve as the medium willingly;
Elsewhere I find no need of me."

"And don't I, then, know what wealth is?"
Said I. "Is it not simply this,
Command of dollars and nothing more?
Who's heard of wealth without money before?"
"Ah," said the coin, "there's wealth in brain,
Wealth in land and in fields of grain;
In muscle and nerve there's countless wealth;
And the richest of mines is the mine of health;

"In good reputation are riches untold;
In honor is something better than gold;
And knowledge is wealth, and so is skill;
And money can't measure the wealth of good will.
Where all these abound I'm nimble and gay,
And where these are scarce I have no way
To increase them, or find much use for myself;
There I'm sunk to the level of pelf."

The dollar passed on and out of my sight.
I longed for that dollar so round and bright.
Perhaps I worshipped its magical power,
But I've thought of its words for many an hour,
The sources of wealth it pointed out,
The wonderful things it talked about;
And yet this puzzles me, I confess.
The relation of money to true success.

Faith and Dogma...William H. Hayne..The Independent

Faith is a giant, serene and wise,
With starlit brow and an angel's eyes;
Mansions arise where his feet have trod
On the mighty rock of the grace of God.

Dogma, the dwarf, is a stubborn elf,
Who hugs all tenets that please himself;
He only builds for the world's vast deeds
Frail huts on the sand of unproved creeds.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

338. Several times I have noticed the word "chortle" in such magazines as the Forum, North American Review, etc., etc., and have been unable to find it in Webster's or Worcester's unabridged dictionaries, or in the Century dictionary. Will you kindly give me the definition and pronunciation of it?—Chas. G. Minney, Charlestown, Mass.

[The word "chortle" will hardly be found in any dictionary. We think it was coined by Mr. Arthur Dodgson (Lewis Carroll), the author of *The Hunting of the Snark*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Behind the Looking-Glass*, and is used in a nonsense rhyme in one of these books—in *Behind the Looking-Glass*, to the best of our recollection, as follows:

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O, frabjous day!
Calloo! Callay!"
He *chortled* in his joy.]

339. Can you tell me the author of two poems and where they may be found in print? The first begins, I believe:

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
Arouse thee and awake!
Take back thy long-lost diadem,
Thy regal vestments take.

Of the second I have only a fragment:

Egyptian, Arab, Nubian these,
The bearers of the bow and spear,
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
Behold the gemmed and glittering page,
Helm, turban and tiara shone
A dazzling ring round Pharoah's throne.

I think the title is the Seventh (or Tenth) Plague of Egypt.—J. Chester Lyman, Chicago, Ill.

340. *The Old Rocking Chair*: Some years ago (I think in the winter of 1888-9) there appeared in *Current Literature*'s Choice Verse a charming little poem entitled, "The Old Rocking Chair." Can you oblige me with the author's name; and is it possible to procure a copy of the verses?—H. I. F., New York City.

[The poem to which you refer, *The Old Rocking Chair*, by J. G. Brennan, originally appeared in *Temple Bar*, from which magazine it was copied into *Current Literature* for January, 1889. Back numbers can be had at this office.]

341. *How the Salt came in the Sea*: Can you or some of your host of readers inform me where I can find a poem, *How the Salt Came in the Sea*. It represents two female slaves grinding at a mill which ground out whatever the owner wished. They were abused and in the night ground war and famine. The Northmen captured the mill, and as salt for fish was more precious than gold, the vassals ground it until the vessel sank off Norway, and the maelstrom is but the mill still grinding. It was published in a magazine between 1855 and 1858. Perhaps in the *United States Magazine* or in *Graham's*.—H. A. Dobson, M. D., Washington, D. C.

342. *Improved Search Light*: Some time ago I saw an article mentioning an improvement in Search Lights that would add greatly to their power and lessen cost. Not being interested at the time I made no note of inventor or

paper and can now remember neither, although I think the paper was *Current Literature*. Will you kindly tell me if such was the case, and name the number if so.—G. W., Waukesha, Wis.

[We do not recall the article in question. Perhaps some of the readers of *Open Questions* can help our correspondent to the information he desires.]

343. Will you kindly inform me in *Open Questions* what is the best method of studying the art of pen sketching? If it can be done at home, and how to go about it?—C. N. A., Macon, Ga.

[Pen sketching is best taught in the regularly established art or technical schools, but is not to be mastered except by those who are proficient in the art of draughtsmanship.]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

312. *I Expect to Pass Through This Life But Once*: In reply to question 312 in the February number of *Current Literature*, I write to say that I have the quotation mentioned in one of my scrap books and the name of the author there given is Etienne de Grellet. He was known in America as Stephen Grellet.—(Miss) Jane Findlay Carson, Cincinnati, O.

320. *The Phantasms of the Living*: In reply to question 320 in March number of *Current Literature* I would say that *The Phantasms of the Living* is a book of two large volumes, published in London by Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, and edited by Edmund Gurney, F. W. H. Myers and Frank Podmore, and is the report of the London Society (of which there is a branch in this country), for Psychical Research.—(Mrs.) Virginia Stein, Lafayette Public Library, Lafayette, Indiana.

In the *Open Question* department of the March *Current Literature*, No. 330 may be answered as follows: *Phantasm of the Living*, published in 1887 by Trübner & Co., London (now Kegan, Paul, Trench Trübner & Co.). It was compiled by E. Gurney, F. W. Myers and F. Podmore for the Society for Psychical Research, and embodies their investigations in spiritualism, telepathy, mind reading, witchcraft, haunted houses, etc. It is in two vols., 8vo, and is catalogued at 21 shillings.—A. J. C., Winchenden, Mass.

321. "The pretty girls were made for the boys, dear," is in *Lover's song*, Molly Bawn.—M. McCabe, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

The second couplet of A. G. C.'s question, 321, which should read "Pretty girls were made for boys, dear, and maybe you were made for mine," is from *Samuel Lover's song*, Molly Bawn.—J. C. W., New York City.

323. *Unanswered*: I saw in the last number of your magazine the question, Who wrote the poem *Unanswered*, beginning, "Why is it the tenderest feet must tread the roughest roads?" It was written several years ago by Miss Elizabeth Stewart Martin of Versailles, Ky. She has since passed over the river and solved these questions for herself.—J. D. S., Versailles, Ky.

I notice in our March *Current Literature* that someone inquires for the poem *Unanswered*. I have it, but not the author's name. If you wish a copy I will send it if you will drop a card to that effect.—Mrs. G. M. A. Howe, 367 Norwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

In answer to open question 323 (of the March number) by Wm. Jacey, Waterloo, Ia., will enclose a copy of *Unanswered*, that you may publish it, and state that the author is Elizabeth Stewart Martin.—Frank E. Johnesse, Altman, Colo.